Feb. 12, 1979

THE NEW YORKER

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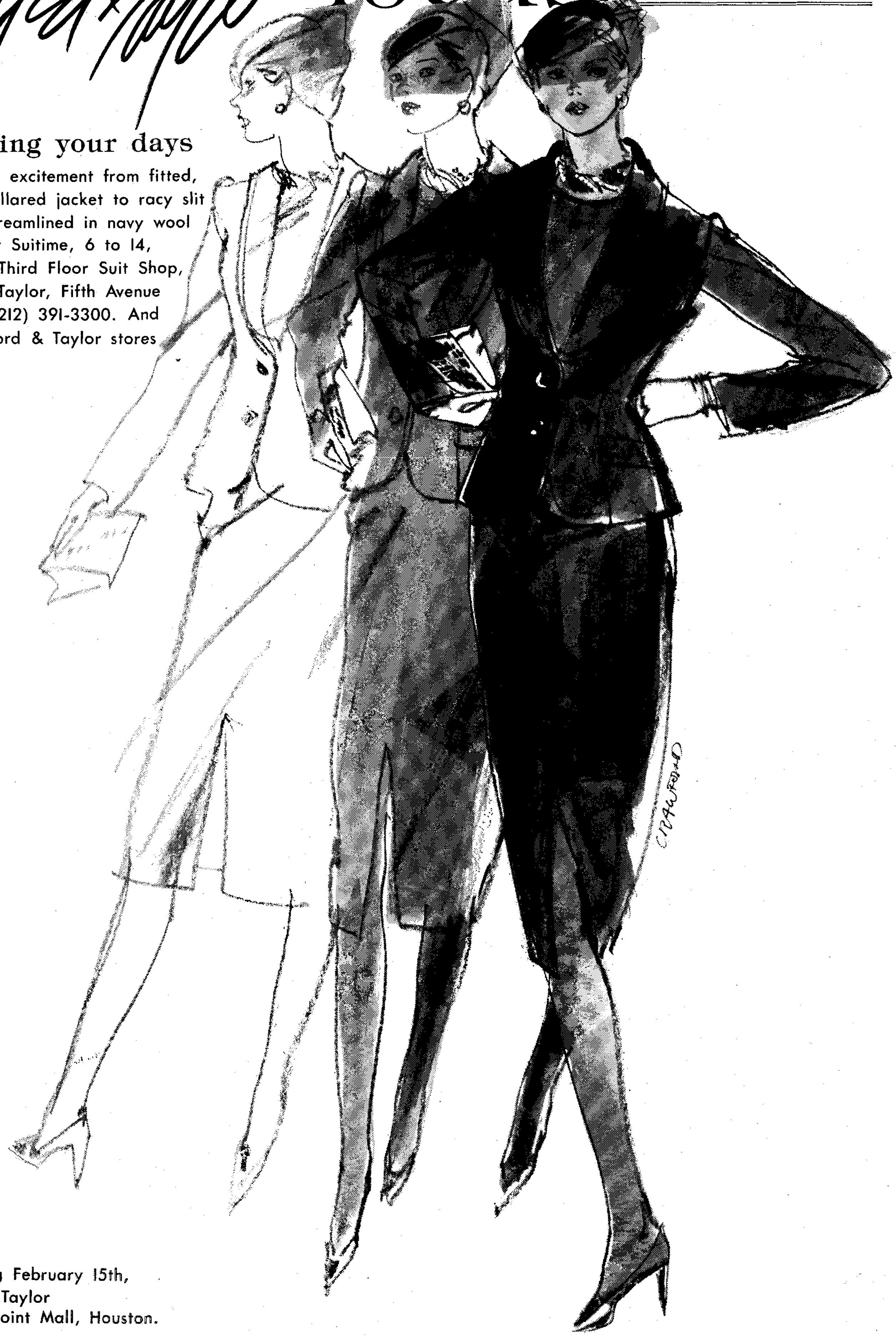

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Are You Now or Have You Ever Been—This rerun of the deplorable interrogation of movie personalities—"the Hollywood Ten"—by the House Un-American Activities Committee in the nineteen-forties and -fifties doesn't make much of a show for a number of reasons. All the words have been taken from the actual transcript and arranged by Eric Bentley. At each performance, Lillian Hellman's well-known letter setting forth her reasons for not testifying is read by Dina Merrill (through Sunday, Feb. 18). (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ballroom—The burden of this commonplace musical is that middle-aged people can be happy, though not easily. With Dorothy Loudon and Vincent Gardenia. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/1/79.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Buried Child—A comic horror play by Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, set on a blighted farm in Illinois. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (11/6/78) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—A revival of a play by Milan Stitt, THE RUNNER STUMBLES, is the third in this season's series. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ The fourth late show (i.e., 11 P.M.) of the season is MINNESOTA MOON, by John Olive. Final performances Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 7-8. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

The Crucifer of Blood—Sherlock Holmes again, in a melodrama that pretends to be by A. Conan Doyle and is really by Paul Giovanni. Paxton Whitehead makes a superb Sherlock, and the scenery by John Wulp is sensationally clever. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays, except Feb. 13, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 12, at 3.)

The Diary of Anne Frank—This revival of the play by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett is disappointing, to say the least, in spite of a good performance by Eli Wallach as Otto Frank and a fine one by Robert Joy as young Peter Van Daan. (1/15/79) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 4.)

The Elephant Man—This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. The action covers his progress there and the questions that his progress raises. Jack Hofsiss directed the superior performance; Philip Anglim is the Elephant Man, Kevin Conway is his attending surgeon, and Carole Shelley is the actress Mrs. Kendal. (1/29/79) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the Eric Bentley version of Arthur Schnitzler's comedy LA RONDE is the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 18. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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Eubie!—Twenty-odd songs by Eubie Blake (at ninety-six the oldest pianist and composer around) give a firm foundation to this merry, fast-paced revue. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays, except Feb. 13, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday at 2.)

An Evening with Quentin Crisp—A one-man show. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. 254-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Grand Kabuki—A company of sixty male actors, dancers, and musicians from Tokyo in a two-week engagement of a double bill, SHUNKAN and RENJISHI. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 18.)

The Grand Tour—One more failed attempt to produce a Jewish musical à la "Milk and Honey," etc., etc. Admirers of Joel Grey will want to see him in spite of the show, not because of it. (1/22/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. The musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Julius Caesar—The first production of a newly assembled Shakespearean troupe composed of experienced, highly proficient black and Hispanic actors. Under the excellent direction of Michael Langham, it is always bold and clear and dramatic. With Roscoe Orman,

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DRAWINGS: *Arnie Levin, James Stevenson, Charles Barsotti, Dana Fradon, Edward Frascino, Ed Fisher, Stan Hunt, Al Ross, Charles Saxon, Mischa Richter, Mort Gerberg, George Price, Edward Koren, Barney Tobey, Warren Miller, Tom Funk, Robert Weber, Lee Lorenz, J. B. Handelsman, William Hamilton*

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Robert Christian, Mary Alice, Morgan Freeman, and Jaime Sanchez, among others. (2/5/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 7-9, at 8; Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 10-11, at 3 and 8; Friday, Feb. 16, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 17, at 3.)

The Kingfisher—An amusing trifle by William Douglas Home about an elderly couple contemplating matrimony. Splendidly acted by Claudette Colbert, Rex Harrison, and George Rose. (12/18/78) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting the thirteen Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in the order in which they were composed. Through Sunday, Feb. 18: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

A Lovely Sunday for Creve Coeur—A new play by Tennessee Williams, with Shirley Knight and Peg Murray, among others. (2/5/79) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 18.)

Man and Superman—A brilliant production of Shaw's paean to the life force. In the cast are George Grizzard, Philip Bosco, Ann Sachs, Richard Woods, and Laurie Kennedy. The direction is by Stephen Porter. (1/1/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 18.)

Monteith and Rand—Two very bright young people perform skits, some of them well-rehearsed set pieces and the rest improvisations of enormous wit and acuity. (1/15/79) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10.)

My Old Friends—A musical by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs, directed by Philip Rose. With Maxine Sullivan. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Gus Edwards' **OLD PHANTOMS** opens Wednesday, Feb. 7, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 18. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

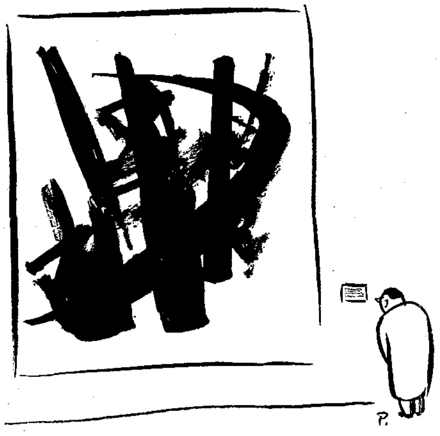
Seduced—A comic, imaginative fantasy about the end of Howard Hughes by the astonishing Sam Shepard. Rip Torn gives a wonderful performance in the leading role, and Pamela Reed is remarkable, too, as a movie star who is summoned to his bedside. Jack Gelber was the admirable director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 25.)

Streetsongs—Geraldine Fitzgerald in a one-woman show. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

They're Playing Our Song—A two-character musical with a book by Neil Simon, music by Marvin Hamlisch, and lyrics by Carole Bayer Sager. Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz are the cast. Directed by Robert Moore. Previews through Saturday, Feb. 10. Opens officially on Sunday, Feb. 11. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Trick—Billed as a comedy thriller and neither comic nor thrilling, this new play by Larry Cohen is bravely enacted by Tammy Grimes, Donald Madden, and Lee Richardson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg—Under the inspired direction of Andrei Serban, this bittersweet musical confection, based on an only so-so French movie, has become a complete delight. Melodic score by Michel Legrand, and captivating scenery and lighting by Michael Yeargan and Ian Calderon, respectively. The good actors, who are also good singers, include Dean Pitchford, as the boy who is drafted and sent to Algiers; Stefanianne Christopherson, as the girl he leaves behind; Judith Roberts, as her mother; Laurence Guittard, as the rich man she marries; and Maureen Silliman, as the nurse-companion the boy marries. Everybody lives happily ever after. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)



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Whoopee!—A musical revived by the Goodspeed Opera House. William Anthony McGuire wrote the book (based on Owen Davis's 1928 play "The Nervous Wreck"), Gus Kahn the lyrics, and Walter Donaldson the music. Charles Repole heads the cast. Directed by Frank Corsaro. Previews through Tuesday, Feb. 13. Opens officially on Wednesday, Feb. 14. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 11, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Wings—Worth seeing for an awesome performance by Constance Cummings as an old lady suffering from, and learning to survive, aphasia. The author is Arthur Kopit. (2/5/79) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **ANNIE**: An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS**: A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **CHAPTER TWO**: A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DA**: In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Lincoln's Birthday at 3.)... **DANCIN'**: Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **DEATHTRAP**: A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Stacy Keach, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **DRACULA**: Raúl Juliá and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **FAMILY BUSINESS**: A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 7,808 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GEMINI**: In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **GREASE**: A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I LOVE MY WIFE**: A rather simple-minded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, by Tom and Dick Smothers, among others. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **MUMMENSCHANZ**: A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY**: A musical comedy (book and lyrics by Comden and Green, music by Cy Coleman) based on the old Hecht-MacArthur play "Twentieth Century" and showing its age. John Cullum, Imogene Coca, and Judy Kaye are its stars. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE PASSION OF DRACULA**: An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10;

Designed by Lulu Roody

Leon Levin

498 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10018

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

THE INCREDIBLE WORLD OF MAGIC & ILLUSION—A magic show starring Richiardi. Reopens Friday, Feb. 9. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 921-8510. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8: "In G Major," "Orpheus," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8: "Kammermusik No. 2," "Pas de Deux," and "Vienna Waltzes.". . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9-10, at 8: "Coppélia.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 10, at 2: "Orpheus," "Pas de Deux," and "Dances at a Gathering.". . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 11, at 1: "The Four Seasons," "Pas de Deux," and "Vienna Waltzes.". . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 11, at 7: "Orpheus," "Pas de Deux," and "Dances at a Gathering.". . . ¶ "A Midsummer Night's Dream": Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 14-16, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 17, at 2 and 8. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 18.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances of mostly modern dance. **PAULINE KONER DANCE CONSORT:** Thursday, Feb. 8, and Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 11, at 2; and Friday, Feb. 16, and Sunday, Feb. 18, at 8. . . . **CHARLES MOORE AND DANCES & DRUMS OF AFRICA:** Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 18, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

TWYLA THARP AND DANCERS—Opening performances of a one-and-a-half-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 25—Thursday, Feb. 15, at 7: Four premières—"Chapters and Verses," "Hair," "1903," and an unnamed work—and "Eight Jelly Rolls." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 16, at 8: "Country Dances/Cacklin' Hen," "1903," the unnamed work, and "Eight Jelly Rolls.". . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8: "Chapters and Verses," "Hair," "The Fugue," and "Sue's Leg." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

JUILLIARD DANCE ENSEMBLE—A program of new and repertory works performed by students of the Juilliard dance department, with the Juilliard Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Richard Fletcher. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 16-17, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 18, at 3; and Monday, Feb. 19, at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-5000. Ext. 235.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Your simple, basic, unpretentious ma-and-pa jazz loft. Free-form drummer **ANDREW CYRILLE** and his quintet, Maono, perform through Saturday, Feb. 10; on Tuesday, Feb. 13, tenor saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN** will arrive with his quintet. On Mondays, pianist **JAKI BYARD** will lead the Apollo Stompers, an eighteen-piece band that shakes the room with sheer blow power. Music from about ten.

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BACK PORCH, 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828)—This tri-level corner restaurant has managed to lure in **DARDANELLE**, a singer and pianist who has no faults. She appears Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight. Dining.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—Songwriter-humorist Michael Brown is present through Saturday, Feb. 10, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Beginning Tuesday, Feb. 13, a double bill: a musical-comedy trio—Peggy Hewett, Norman Rollings—and Miss Faun—at eight-thirty, and Sally-Jane Heit, who is in the Broadway show "Ballroom," at ten-thirty. Dining.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Bassist David Friesen and guitarist John Stowell collaborate through Saturday, Feb. 10; Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 14-17, bassist Teruo Nakamura will lead his sextet, the Rising Sun. Sets begin at nine and eleven Wednesdays and Thursdays, and at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

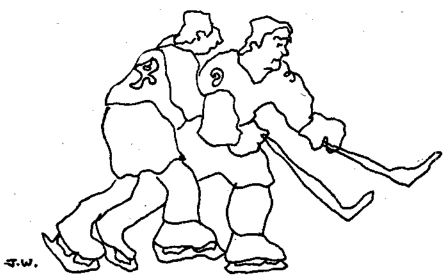
BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A safe but admirable collection of popular music in a setting considerably more intimate than the Palladium, Avery Fisher Hall, or Madison Square Garden. Guitarist Jorge Santana, brother of Carlos, performs on Wednesday, Feb. 7. Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 8-11, there will be a four-night tribute to Jimi Hendrix and Janis Joplin (in which songs associated with Hendrix and Joplin will be performed, in keeping with the "Beatlemania" formula, by Hendrix and Joplin impersonators). On Monday, Feb. 12, guitarist **DAVID BROMBERG** will show up with a large group of friends; and on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 16-17, singer Peter Hammill will perform British avant-garde rock music. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—One of the few places where one can find tunes by Bud Powell, Barry Manilow, David Amram, Billy Joel, and Dave Frishberg all on the same jukebox. **TOMMY FLANAGAN**, the wonderful bop sideman and composer, and Ella's piano accompanist for years, is here through Saturday, Feb. 10. On Sunday, Feb. 11, house favorite **JIMMY ROWLES** will come in for one week. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—If one cannot fly to Rio, this is the next best thing. Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, and others performed by a Brazilian trio and a vocalist. A lovely place to dance or, at least, practice one's Portuguese. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, music from Carnaval. Dining. Closed Mondays.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a subtle, rhythmically inspired guitarist who plays fervent jazz that is disguised as hotel music, heads up a dance trio through Saturday, Feb. 17, from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, works with bassist **BRIAN TORFF** in the Café Carlyle while Bobby Short is away. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** does some strong piano work weeknights from nine-thirty to twelve-forty-five.



CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Located in the back of the Carnegie Hall Building, this room—a chic, dark-brown setting with hanging trellises and hanging plants—offers knockwurst and fried potatoes on the menu, and the considerably lighter **ELLIS LARKINS** on the bandstand. Quiet and elegant, Larkins slips onto the piano bench at about eight and fanfarelessly plays in his delicate, understated way. Sometimes, at the end of a set, he'll join the applause, for a brief self-conscious moment, grin, and throw both hands down suddenly, as if to say, "Aw, go on." Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This street is still not ready for the Easter parade, but CBGB's (as it is affectionately called by punk-rock admirers), the Tin Palace (see below), and a few other restaurants and punk-rock outposts have given new life to the area at night. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER** is not only a legendary blues singer but also a funny, rocking, and altogether charming entertainer. She's present Tuesdays through Saturdays—with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis—singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. Miss Hunter and company share the facilities and trade sets Tuesdays through Fridays with blues and boogie-woogie pianist **LLOYD GLENN**, who also performs on Sundays and Mondays. The music begins with Mr. Glenn at eight every night but Saturday (his night off), when it begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—A bustling taste-of-New Orleans restaurant, where the musicians seem to be expected to provide background Bourbon Street tourist music. Trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM**, his clear, easy tone still intact, plays and sings from a hip thirties repertoire through Friday, Feb. 9. On Monday, Feb. 12, trombonist **VIC DICKENSON** will come in with a trio. Music Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

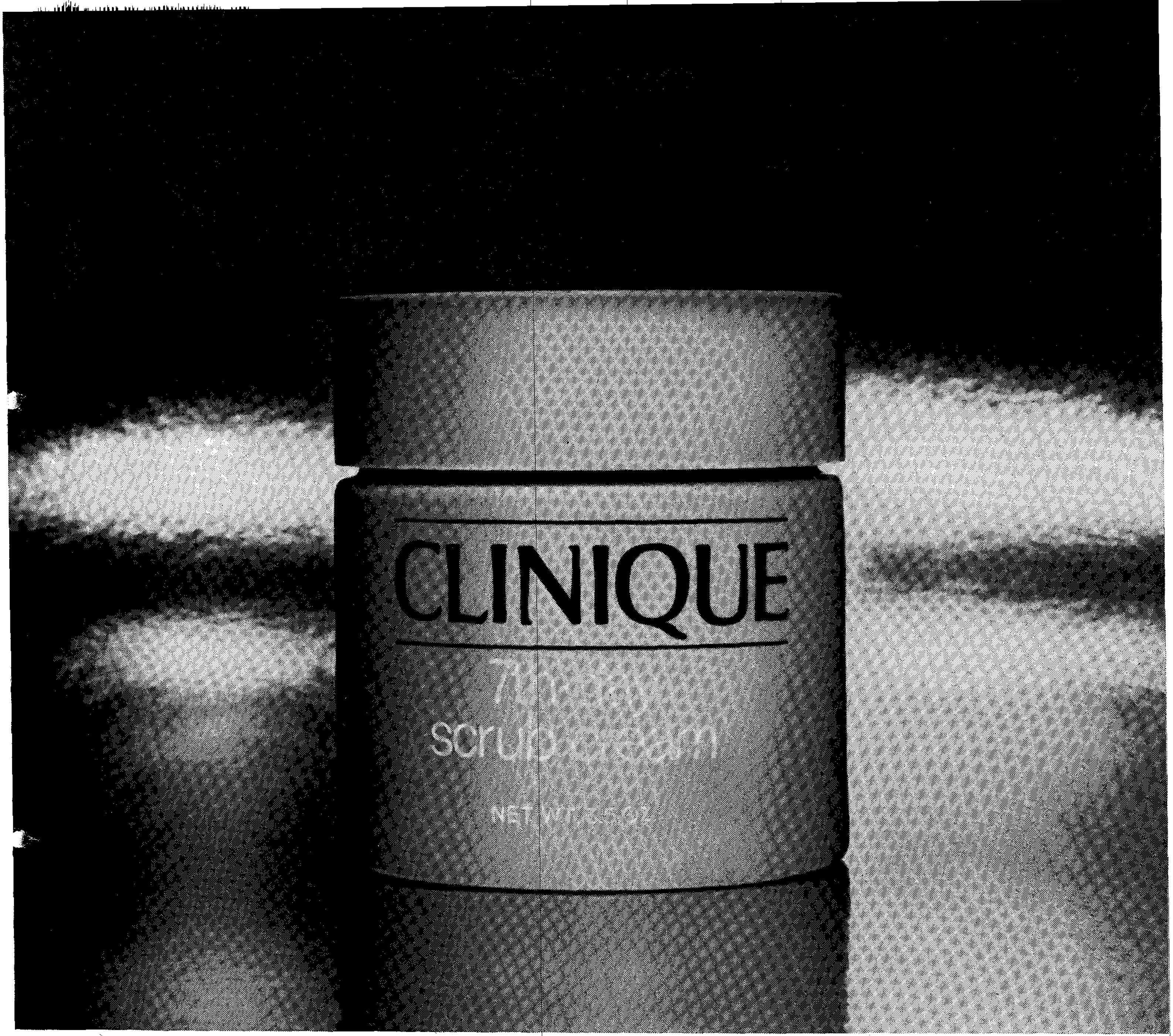
DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON**, the international café-society singer and pianist, holds court in the carpeted lounge of this restaurant Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A businesslike traditional-jazz sextet occupies the bandstand weeknights from nine-thirty. On Sunday, Feb. 11, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will lead a quintet that features pianist **JOHN BUNCH**, from eight-thirty. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA**, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three; on Sundays, Mr. O'Brien and Miss Sherman get a head start at seven. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER**, pianist **DON FRIEDMAN**, and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ**; and Tuesdays to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and a trio. Weeknights, Loumell Morgan and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Conga wiz **RAY BARRETTO** is here, leading his vigorous young quintet Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Unobstructed views of the Manhattan-Brooklyn bridges, the Staten Island ferry circuit, and the Rockaways. Inside, **MARTY NA-**



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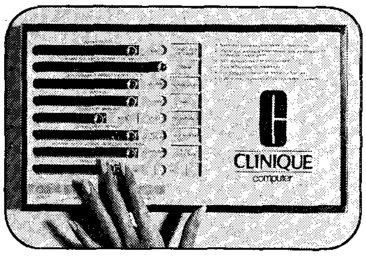

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

POLEON'S trio plays for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Various and assorted jazz players—some of them are competent unknowns, some are established veterans, and others are downright famous—turn up to jam in this (for the most part) mainstream jazz loft. If one doesn't like the living-room atmosphere—couches and pillow furniture and a fireplace—there are tables in the back, and even a bar, where one can order snacks and soft drinks. The established visiting performers are saxophonist Richie Cole on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9-10, and trumpeter Dizzy Reece on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 16-17. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—ROY ELDRIDGE is buoyed by five resident Dixieland journeymen Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist BILLY TAYLOR and his bassist, VICTOR GASKIN, work in this pleasant corner Village restaurant Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—For those hankering to escape a current local phenomenon known as "Texas chic." This place is *not* Texas chic, but it does have a genuine Texas feel to it. Singer, guitarist, and songwriter JAMES TALLEY, President Carter's favorite country musician, leads his band on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 7-8. Sunday and Monday, Feb. 11-12, will be rather special: a visit by a group called the South Side All-Stars. The band is pure Chicago blues, and three important Chicago players are in its ranks—JUNIOR WELLS, on blues harp, and guitarists JIMMY DAWKINS and HUBERT SUNLIN. On Tuesday, Feb. 13, Georgia folkie Larry Jon Wilson will drop in; and on Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 14-15, Robert Gordon will play rockabilly with his band. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Right now, JACKIE CAIN and ROY KRAL are doing an all-Sondheim program Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Trumpeter Hugh Masekela leads his African-American jazz-funk quintet through Saturday, Feb. 10. Music from ten to two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—AL HAIG, one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and Saturdays and Sundays from nine-fifteen until two. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blue Blowers, a traditional sextet that features drummer FREDDIE MOORE, takes over. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Part of Bleecker Street may be under renovation, but the brick walls here still look the same. If, as some people think, a folk revival is under way, then a folk-rock revival can't be too far behind, and GEORGE GERDES, a singer and humorist, is just the person to lead it. His songs are good, and his backup band is tight and competent. Through Saturday, Feb. 10. Monday, Feb. 12, will belong to Grover, Margaret, and Za Zu Zaz, a quartet that concentrates on forties jump music. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—BOBBY ROSENGARDEN and his orchestra have the run of this Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Weeden, Finkle, and Fay—Bill Weeden, Dave Finkle, and Sally Fay—sing satirical songs at the eight-thirty show; singer Barbara Cook does the eleven-thirty show. They're all here Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

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SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A comfortable new upstairs jazz room—one can hear the music in the ground-floor bar, too. So far, the management has lured in fine players. The current lineup: Wednesday, Feb. 7, saxophonist Richie Cole; Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 8-11, JUNIOR COOK and BILL HARDMAN and their quintet; Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 13-14, saxophonist Robin Kenyatta; and beginning Thursday, Feb. 15, tenor saxophonist GEORGE COLEMAN. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

STORYTOWNE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—HELEN HUMES, a delightfully old-fashioned singer in her smiles, gestures, between-song remarks, and general manner, is here Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 8-10; the following Thursday through Saturday (Feb. 15-17), powerful drummer ELVIN JONES will lead a trio. Music from about nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Drummer BARRY ALTSCHUL leads an out-there ensemble through Saturday, Feb. 10; on Tuesday, Feb. 13, saxophonist CHICO FREEMAN will arrive with a quartet. On Sundays, drummer PETE LA ROCA fronts a quartet, and on Mondays, tenor saxophonist and Horace Silver alumnus JUNIOR COOK works with a quintet. Music from about ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A loose, relaxed room that attracts both musicians and listeners. Drummer MICHAEL CARVIN, trumpeter CHARLES SULLIVAN, and a fine quintet will perform stirring mainstream jazz on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9-10; and Thursday through Saturday, Feb 15-17, drummer JOE CHAMBERS will head up his quintet. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A record-industry hangout and rock-and-roll showcase for up-and-coming rock bands, although sometimes established performers will drop by, too. Shows nightly, except Sundays, at midnight and two, usually. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9-10, have been set aside for the WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET—OLIVER LAKE, DAVID MURRAY, HAMIET BLUIETT, and JULIUS HEMPHILL. On Friday, Feb. 16, trumpeter Hugh Masekela will come in for three nights opposite percussionist OLATUNJI and his group. All this activity is in the large, barnlike downstairs room, and it begins at about nine-thirty.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—DANNIE RICHMOND, Charles Mingus's drummer for years, has gathered together a quintet that plays all-Mingus sets, with the very fine EDDIE GOMEZ providing the bass lines. Through Sunday, Feb. 11. On Monday, Feb. 12, bassist SAM JONES will be in charge of a big band, and on Tuesday, Feb. 13, pianist BILL EVANS will come in with his trio. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Armen Donelian usually has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hamburger retreat for students and a nightly stage for aging swing musicians who can still swing. THE COUNTSMEN—ex-Basie-ites DICKY WELLS and EARLE WARREN and their quintet, one of the most popular groups that appear here regularly—will be on deck through Sunday, Feb. 11. On Wednesday, Feb. 14, trumpeter Franc Williams will move in his quartet. On Mondays, pianist BROOKS KERR—he's only in his twenties but he can swing anyway—works with drummer SONNY GREER. Music every night from nine. Student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Clark Terry and his big band, with Bucky Pizzarelli's trio. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Feb. 8, at 7:30.)

FRANK WRIGHT SEXTET—With Eddie Jefferson. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, Feb. 9, at 11.)

TITO PUENTE'S ORCHESTRA—With Cheo Feliciano, Celia Cruz, Willie Colon, and others. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8 and midnight.)

COUNTRY GAZETTE—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.)

FRANK LOWE-PHILLIP WILSON QUARTET—With James Newton. (Public Theatre. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 11.)

TITO PUENTE—With others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Sunday, Feb. 11, at 2:30. *Admission by contribution.*)

ERNIE WILKINS—Lecturing and performing at Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St. 477-3077. Sunday, Feb. 11, at 3.

LYRICS AND LYRICISTS—The second in a series of five programs entitled "The Great Lyricists Remembered" (in this case Cole Porter), with Brendan Gill, John Cunningham, Fred Ebb, Kitty Carlisle Hart, and Sandy Stewart. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday and Monday, Feb. 11-12, at 8.)

OSCAR BRAND—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Monday, Feb. 12, at 3. No tickets necessary.

TODD RUNDGREN and **UTOPIA**—With others, in a benefit concert. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Feb. 16, at 9. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

THE CLASH and **BO DIDDLEY**—Palladium. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

MILTON AVERY (1893-1965)—Oils and gouaches of outdoor scenes (Mexico, the Gaspé) and interiors from the forties when his work reflected a Fauvist influence. Through March 1. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

WILLIAM BAILEY—Realist still-lifes and figures in several mediums. Through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

WALTER DARBY BANNARD—Recent paintings in which streaks of gel are mixed in with acrylics in such a way that they leave strong-colored ripples on the surface, creating an effect much like the surface of a beach when the tide has receded. Through Thursday, Feb. 15. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

MORRIS BRODERSON—Large, quirky watercolors and a couple of oils by a painter who combines craftsmanship with a strange, almost surreal, sense of composition. Through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

STUART DIAMOND—Three-dimensional wall pieces in painted wood and found objects. Through March 3. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

AKIBA EMANUEL—Lively bronze and terra-cotta sculptures by an artist whose works range from figurative to abstract, and whose themes come from religious and mythical sources. Through Feb. 23. (Nardin, a new gallery at 25 E. 73rd St. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 6.)

FRANK FAULKNER—Acrylics applied to paper in dense geometric patterns. Through March 3. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

XAVIER GONZALEZ—Large and sometimes rather

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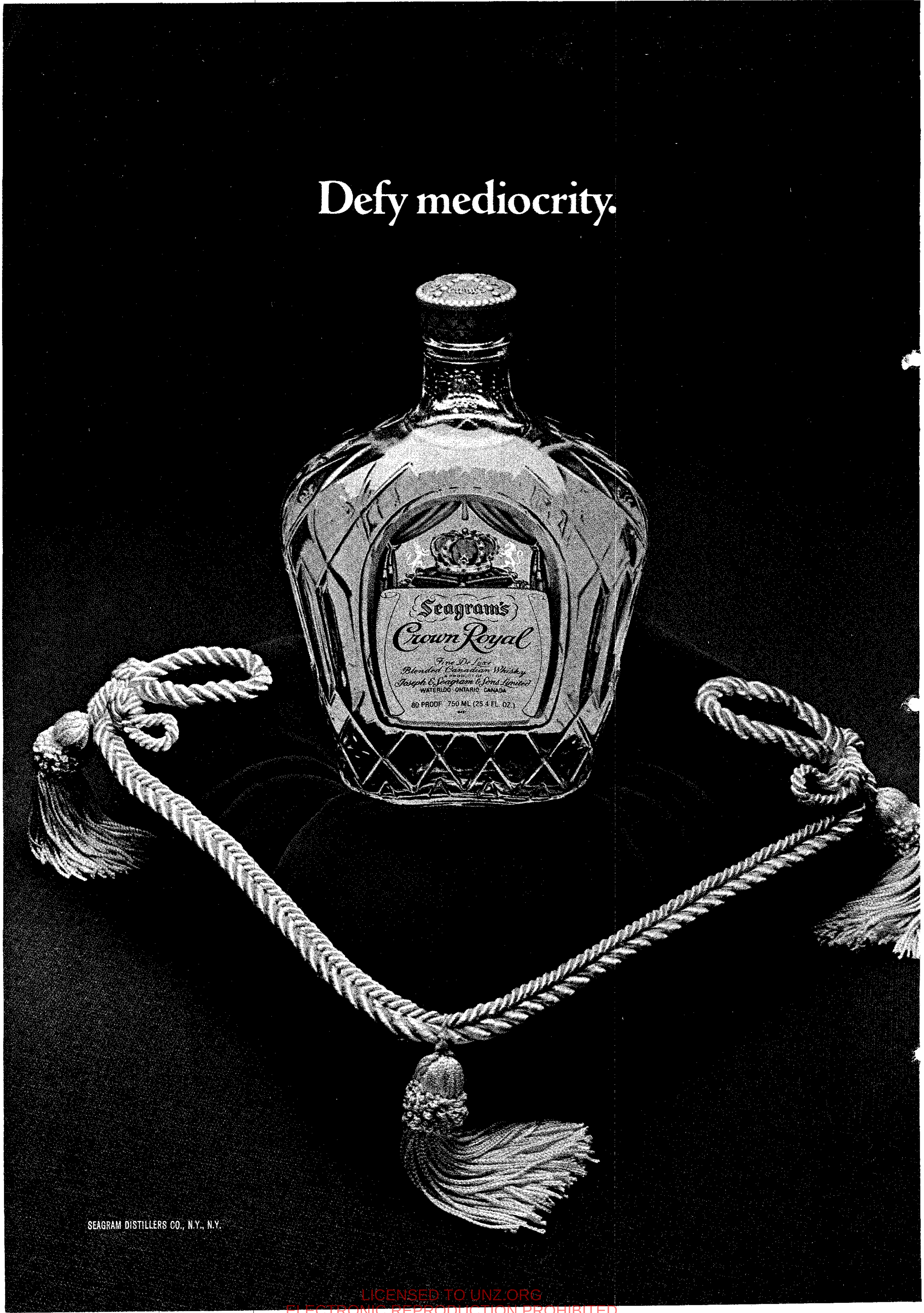
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

spooky representational paintings by this Spanish-born artist, whose subjects include the mid-Manhattan rush hour and a mysterious seascape entitled "Return of the Marie Celeste." Through March 10. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St. Open Mondays.)

Karl Hagedorn—A two-gallery exhibit of paintings and works on paper depicting imaginary machinery in strong, clear colors. A large triptych, together with preparatory studies, dated 1978, is at Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ Works covering a twenty-year period are at Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, 11 to 7; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.) Both shows through Saturday, Feb. 17.

Jim Houser—Beach chairs silhouetted against a deep-blue sky, a lifeguard's stark-white station, and an isolated frame house all acquire gothic qualities in this artist's handling. Through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Craig Kauffman—Large works by a California artist who glues paper to a silk-canvas ground and draws skimpy, tubelike abstract forms on it with watercolor. Through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Karl Knaths (1891-1971)—Paintings done after 1945 by this Provincetown artist, whose more or less abstract works clearly reflect his proximity to the sea. Through Feb. 28. (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Lois Lane—Drawings and collages. Through Feb. 22. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Anthony Padovano—Sculptural forms, in marble, bronze, limestone, and fieldstone, that seem to nestle together comfortably. Some are freestanding, and others are meant for tabletops. Through Feb. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Carl-Henning Pedersen—Mythical birds and sky phenomena painted in flaming watercolors in Martinique by this Danish artist, a member of the Cobra group, who spends much of his time travelling. Through Feb. 24. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Jeanne Reynal / Elsie Kent—Mosaics of jungle animals and of a few domesticated ones by an artist who works in bright-colored chips of stone. Through Saturday, Feb. 10. / Sensitive pastels depicting the beaches and the tangled undergrowth behind the beaches on Fire Island. Through Wednesday, Feb. 14. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Miriam Schapiro—A two-gallery display of works by an artist known for her patterned, variegated collages: acrylic-and-fabric on canvas at Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St., and works on paper at Gladstone-Villani, 38 E. 57th St. Both shows through Feb. 28.

David Smyth—Six rather narcissistic sculptures that combine steel silhouettes of the artist's body with mirrors and with photographs of him. Also drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Anthony Toney—Semi-abstract figure paintings of the artist in his studio and other subjects. Through Feb. 24. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Norman Turner—The Jersey countryside around the Delaware Water Gap provides much of this painter's subject matter. Through Wednesday, Feb. 14. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Paul Van Hoeydonck—Fantastic bronze-and-stainless-steel heads that are meant to represent visitors from another planet. Through March 3. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Group Shows—At the ARSENAL GALLERY, 830 Fifth Ave., at 64th St.: A loan show, selected from the collections of the Metropolitan Museum, of paintings, sculptures, and photographs by twenty-five black artists, among them Alma Thomas, Alvin Loving, and Gordon Parks. Through March 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.) . . . DAVIS & LONG, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: About thirty paintings and drawings, taken from the gallery stock and dating from the late eighteenth century to the early twentieth; included are a fine pair of paintings (three parrots on a branch and a sunset in Malta) by Edward Lear, and a hurried watercolor hitting the high spots of a Venetian scene by John Singer Sargent. Through Feb. 24. . . . FORUM, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Gallery artists, including Raphael Soyer and Laura Ziegler, in a show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Through March 7. . . . SHEPHERD, 21 E. 84th St.: A total of a hundred and forty-two nineteenth-century French and other Continental drawings, watercolors, and oil sketches. Through March 10.

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GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Larry Bell—Abstract patterns, mostly stripes, arrived at by a vacuum process in which incredibly thin coats of vaporized mineral are transferred to paper. The examples in this exhibit are done with aluminum or quartz, and the color is controlled by tinkering with the spectrum so that only certain rays of light are employed. Through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Goodman, 38 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Stanley Boxer—Color-field paintings built up to an impressive thickness on the canvas with small brush strokes of oil paint, giving the surface a special sort of texture. Through Wednesday, Feb. 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Colleen Browning—The graffiti on the subway cars in these realist paintings come from the actual cars; in many instances, the passengers portrayed, however, are friends of the artist. Other works include a portrait of Terence Cardinal Cooke. Through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Cynthia Carlson—This artist specializes in colorful three-dimensional abstract ceramic squiggles, ranging in size from a couple of inches to a foot and a half across and applied directly to a wall in place of a wallpaper pattern. Through Feb. 24. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Chandler—Drawings on a grid pattern across which parallel dotted lines are extended, with an occasional dot of pastel color in one or another of the grids. Through March 10. (Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St.)

Burgoyne Diller (1906-65)—Paintings, drawings, and collages, dated 1938-62, by this pioneer Neo-Plasticist, whose niche in the hierarchy of abstract art seems secure not only by virtue of his own works but because of his success in keeping the abstract movement alive during the Depression by seeing to it, as a W.P.A. administrator, that abstractionists got their share of assignments. Through Thursday, Feb. 15. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Etnier—Paintings of Maine and Nassau. Through March 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Elisabeth Frink—Bronzes, many of horses or active male figures, plus drawings and a series of outsize stylized heads by this leading British sculptor. Through March 9. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Nick Ghiz / Richard Alden—Tabletop-size sculptures of convoluted forms suggestive of seashells, done in alabaster, marble, and walnut. / Meticulous drawings of the artist's home—kitchen, bedroom, worktable, closet doors, a windowsill—done with colored pencils except for one remarkable detail, a glimpse through a screened window where the screen is done in ink. Through March 3. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Maurice Grosser / Daniel Lang—Paintings dating from 1932 to the present by this veteran landscapist. / Landscapes. Through Feb. 21. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lee Hall—Large abstract landscapes that have a layered look; they are based on the Connecticut countryside, mostly, and are done in sombre colors. Through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Hoyland—Two shows of abstract works: on canvas at Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St., and on paper at Jacobson, 24 W. 57th St. Both shows through Feb. 24.

James Juszczyk—New paintings. Through March 3. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Lee Krasner—Large-scale paintings dated 1959 to 1962. Through March 10. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Winifred Lutz—A new set of her three-dimensional handmade paper sculptures, plus a single platform constructed from pine. Through March 1. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Harry Nadler—New abstract oils. Through March 3. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Nadil Nahas—This painter, who specializes in geometric forms and outlines them in ribbons of primary colors, has now added strong colors to the backgrounds, which heretofore have been pale and inconspicuous. Through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Athena Tacha—Three models for outdoor sculptures, and nine drawings in a variety of mediums. Through March 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Horacio Torres (1924-76)—Paintings of monumental female nudes, most of them never exhibited before, by this Uruguayan artist who broke away from the Constructivist tradition of his celebrated father, Torres-García, and worked in this country until his untimely death. Through Thursday, Feb. 15. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Sally Vagliano—Landscape paintings; first solo show in New York. Through Feb. 22. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Susan Weil—Crumpled, torn, and folded paper painted with colored inks. Through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jean Zaleski—Cows in paintings and drawings. Through March 1. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the HAMMER, 51 E. 57th St.: Works by more than forty artists, among them Robert Henri, Grandma Moses, Henry F. Farny, and Rockwell Kent. Through March 3. (Open Mondays.) . . . PACE, 32 E. 57th St.: Traditional African art from the Cameroon grasslands, looking a little hostile to the plate-glass and stainless-steel world it is being exhibited in. Through March 10. . . . ZARRE, 41 E. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by eleven artists who concentrate on decorative patterns of one kind or another. Joyce Kozloff, Tony Robbin, and Kendall Shaw are among the group. Through March 3.

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Dobereiner—Large wall pieces made of sections of sanded Douglas-fir plywood fitted together on a flat background in such a way that the grain produces a convincing three-dimensional effect. Through Sunday, Feb. 11. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St.)

Michael Goldberg—Large abstract paintings. Through Feb. 24. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Dale Henry / Roberta Allen—Eight new works. / Conceptual works that include both drawings and a diagram taped to the floor. Through Feb. 27. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Donald Judd—A survey of his sculptures. Through Feb. 24. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Steve Kelsey / Daniel Douke—Large, open triangular wall pieces, the largest seven feet tall, made of plywood and daubed with paint. / This artist, member of an emerging school called "material illusionism," makes packing cases—complete with tape, brown-paper covering, and sometimes tacks and nails—out of canvas, gesso, and acrylics, and they do look exactly like packing cases. Through Feb. 24. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Steve Linn—The star of this sculpture show is a huge, full-scale Kenworth truck made of laminated white ash sanded down to a matte finish. Inside the cab are boots, goggles, a lunchbox, and other appointments, all of wood or bronze. Also in the exhibit are the trunk end of a rodeo cowboy's car, also of ash, containing a saddle, a lariat, and so on, and an homage to the Wallendas—a wooden bicycle and a balancing rod perched on a high wire. Through Feb. 24. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Douglas Mazonowicz—Fifty serigraphs representing cave paintings in France, Spain, and elsewhere. Through March 31. (Bayard, 456 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Daphne Mumford—Paintings of sleeping nudes

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and people in leotards, sometimes in the deep woods, sometimes curled up on the floor, sometimes apparently in levitation, and sometimes in a dreamland of soap bubbles. Through Thursday, Feb. 15. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

Judy Penzer / Marjorie Abramson—Life-size watercolor portraits of friends of the artist, done in pairs, cut out, and shown behind Plexiglas. / Decorative abstract ceramic sculptures based on vegetable, marine, and organic forms. Through Feb. 21. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Jim Richmond—A hundred or so small (eight inches by ten) paintings of cows, beginning with straightforward studies of Holsteins and Jerseys and moving on to abstractions and tricks—photographs of buildings touched up with collage to look like cows, a series of vertical stripes whose variations in width create a cow, and so on. Through Friday, Feb. 16. (Jamie, a recently opened gallery at 148 Spring St.)

Ed Shostak / Suzan Pitt—Freestanding sculptures, and drawings. Through Feb. 28. / The artist's animated film, "Asparagus," is on view here, along with preparatory drawings for it. Through Feb. 21. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Bill Spencer / Patty Larrick—A white wall space nine feet high and twenty feet long is covered with irregular columns of random numbers painted in black. / Pale drawings of interiors done in colored pencil. Through Wednesday, Feb. 14. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Andy Warhol—Wall-to-wall Warhols—sixty-seven paintings lined shoulder to shoulder around the sides of this large exhibition room, plus sixteen more in the rear gallery. The identical pattern—a vaguely conical abstract shape—is silk-screened on each canvas, which has previously been brushed over with acrylics in various rich colors. Through March 10. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 8; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Architectural Drawings—Visionary proposals for dealing with city life by celebrated architects from all over the world—Gropius, Mies, Kahn, Mendelsohn, Soleri, Fuller, Kikutake. The end of the hall is dominated by four huge Le Corbusier sketches (one is over twenty feet long) done in bright pastels to illustrate a series of Columbia lectures on urban planning, and the other works in the exhibit have a similar dash—enough to set them apart from the blueprint bleakness that afflicts most exhibitions of this sort. Through March 24. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Show—Twenty artists born between the Depression and the end of the Second World War (Joan Snyder, Jake Berthot, Brice Marden, among them) have one recent abstract painting apiece. Through March 3. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Stephen Csoka—A retrospective of his paintings, drawings, and prints. Through March 17. (Fashion Institute of Technology, Shirley Goodman Resource Center, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Barry Le Va—Two related exhibits of works completed between 1967 and the present: an installation, plus drawings, at The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. (opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8), and about forty-five drawings at the Parsons School of Design, 2 W. 13th St. (open Mondays). Both shows through Saturday, Feb. 10.

Wendell Minor—Hard-edge representational paintings of Southwestern subjects—a house by the side of the road, a riverbank strewn with boulders, a Mission-style church, a country store. Through Saturday, Feb. 17. (Hadler-Rodriguez, 35 E. 20th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Adams—Thirty-five recently made photographs of natural land formations in the West. Through Feb. 24. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.). . . ¶ In a collateral exhibit starting Friday, Feb. 9, the Museum of Modern Art will show Adams' early works (from the sixties), depicting urban and rural scenes in and around Colorado Springs and Denver. See below, under "Museums," for further information.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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11	12	13	14	15	16	17

Karl Blossfeldt (1865-1932)—High-contrast photographs of microscopic details of plants, recently printed from his glass plates, some of them more than seventy-five years old. Through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952)—Historical documentation of North American Indian tribes. Through Feb. 24. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesdays until 9.)

Robert Frank—All eighty-three photographs which appeared in his 1959 book "The Americans" are on view here. Also, a less well-known group of prints made in New York in the late forties and fifties, including portraits of Motherwell, de Kooning, Gandy Brodie in his loft, and an unusually soft-toned one of Meyer Schapiro playing with a small child. Through Feb. 24. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Tom McCarthy—Bizarre color collages by a man who said of his career as a conventional photographer, "I more or less gave up." Through Saturday, Feb. 10. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Carl Toth / Robert Heinecken—Color photographs in which small mechanical objects are seen alongside Polaroid pictures of them. / Erotic prints with text, plus a four-by-five-feet mosaic of two hundred and fifty-five Polaroid prints—of arms, legs, torsos, genitals, everything. Through March 3. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Burk Uzzle / Lucien Clergue—Urban street scenes. / Surrealist studies of nudes. Through March 10. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Two shows. More than a hundred works by David Octavius Hill, Charles Nègre, and Auguste Salzmann, all of whom began their careers as academic painters. . . . ¶ Photojournalist pictures of Europe between the two wars by Lucien Aigner. Through March 11. (Open Sundays.). . . **MUSEO DEL BARRIO**, 1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St.: Mexico in the twenties and thirties by Tina Modotti, Paul Strand, and Edward Weston. Through Feb. 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10:30 to 4:30; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.). . . **PFEIFER**, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Sixty self-portraits by as many women photographers, whose approaches range from the classical to the surreal, and whose materials include Xerox reproductions and pages from journals. Through Friday, Feb. 9. . . . **SRAGOW**, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St.: A small selection of prints (some are gravures) by Kertész, Brandt, Model, and others. Through Feb. 24. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.). . . **STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM**, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.: Works by five photographers—John Pinderhughes, Coreen Simpson, Frank Stewart, Jules Allen, and Dawoud Bey. Through March 11. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.). . . **WHITNEY DOWNTOWN MUSEUM**, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.: Industrial scenes by Charles Sheeler, Berenice Abbott, Lewis Baltz, and others. Through Feb. 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—King Tut, of course. . . . ¶ A show of more than a hundred costumes worn by dancers in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, supplemented by costume and set sketches (by Bakst, Cocteau, others) and advertising posters. . . . ¶ An exhibit of fifty drawings by students of Hans Hofmann, including Helen Frankenthaler, Lee Krasner, and Giorgio Cavallon. The works date from the twenties to the fifties. Through March 4. . . . ¶ Fifteenth- and sixteenth-century drawings by North European artists. From the Lehman Collection. Through March 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of Jackie Winsor's geometric floor sculptures made of unpainted wood, rope, nails, brick. Through March 6. . . . ¶ Paul Klee prints. Through April 3. . . . ¶ An exhibit of thirty collages by Anne Ryan. Through March 6. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** About forty pictures taken in the sixties by Robert Adams. Starts Friday, Feb. 9. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of thirty-five works by Piet Mondrian (paintings and works on paper, including two sketchbooks), dating mostly from the twenties and thirties. Through Feb. 25. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Thirteen paintings constitute the memorial exhibition of Lorser Feitelson (1898-1978), the influential California artist whose styles ranged from post-Surrealist to hard-edge abstraction. Through Sunday, Feb. 11. . . . ¶ The 1979 biennial exhibition starts Wednesday, Feb. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The twenty-first National Print Exhibition includes two works each by seventy-five artists. Through Sunday, Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by four British Victorian artists: George Frederic Watts, Frederick Leighton, Albert Moore, and Alfred Gilbert. Starts Saturday, Feb. 10. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of nearly sixty color photographs (plus slides) of desert flowers found in the American West. Through Feb. 28. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Calligraphy as a decorative form in the arts of the Muslim world, demonstrated in a show of manuscript pages, pottery, textiles, and metalwork dating from the seventh century to the nineteenth. Through March 11. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of designs for buildings, interiors, and objects commissioned by the eccentric King Ludwig II of Bavaria. Also costumes, furniture, porcelains, and textiles that were actually used by the king. Through March 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection 1 E. 70th St.—Two examples of Hans Holbein the Younger's miniature paintings have been mounted in conjunction with his permanently installed portraits of Sir Thomas More and Thomas Cromwell. The subjects of the miniatures are More's daughter and son-in-law. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of manuscripts and first editions of Franz Schubert's works. Through Feb. 18. . . . ¶ A selection of fifty drawings that have recently been added to the museum's collections, among them a red-chalk drawing of a seashell by Watteau, and two Ingres portraits. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Woman Folk Artist in America," a display of paintings, drawings, and textiles. Among the artists are the contemporary Mat-

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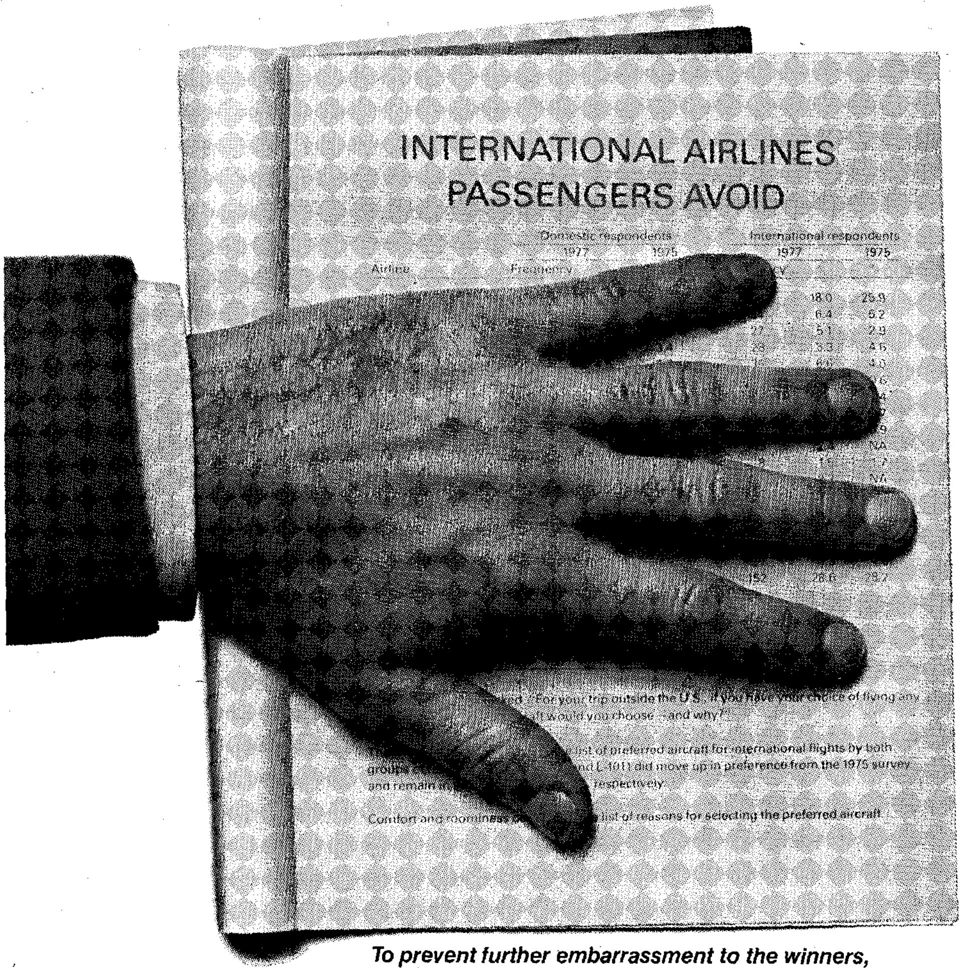

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tie Lou O'Kelley, whose painting is titled "Picking Blueberries on the Fourth," and Susan McCord, whose vine-patterned pieced-and-appliquéd cotton quilt is dated 1845. Through April 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Katharine Cornell's career is the subject of an exhibit of about two hundred objects, among them photographs by Steichen and Genthe, a portrait by Charles Dana Gibson, and costumes. Through Feb. 18. (Open daily except Tuesday, Feb. 13. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection has put together an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and first editions by Henry James, Theodore Dreiser, Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow, and other authors active in the eighteen-nineties. (Open daily, except Thursdays, Sundays, and Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Drawings by Patti Smith, Alan Saret, Tom Martin, Auste Peciura, and Nancy Spero; color photographs by Laurie Simmons; a three-dimensional installation by Pieter Holstein; an installation using photographs by Ken Feingold. All shows through Saturday, Feb. 10.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Beth B & Scott B (film), Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8:30; Virginia Piersol (film), Tuesday, Feb. 13, at 8:30; Diane Torr (dance), Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8:30; works that either literally or conceptually follow a book format: Jenny Snider and Stephanie Brody Lederman, through Saturday, Feb. 10, and Ida Applebroog and Angels Ribe, starting Tuesday, Feb. 13

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Henry Flynt and Christer Hennix (audiotapes), Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8:30; Leroy Jenkins (improvisational music for a quintet: flute, clarinet, French horn, bass clarinet, and violin), Friday and Saturday, Feb. 9-10, at 8:30; Kenneth King (dance with film), Tuesday through Saturday, Feb. 13-17, at 8:30; Sherrie Levine (photographic installation), through Saturday, Feb. 10; Kevin Noble (videotapes), starting Tuesday, Feb. 13.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8: "Tosca," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, and Renato Capecchi; conducted by James Conlon. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 8, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Marilyn Horne, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 9, at 8: "Aida" with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ermanno Mauro, Garbis Boyagian, Paul Plishka, and John Cheek; David Stivender. (A nonsubscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 10, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Shirley Love, John Alexander, and Allan Monk; Richard Woitach. (A nonsubscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8: "Tosca," with Teresa Kubiak, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, and Renato Capecchi; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 12, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Marilyn Horne, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leontyne Price, Edita Gruberova, Tatiana Troyanos, René Kollo, John Shirley-Quirk, and Dale Duesing; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Ariel Bybee, Barry Morell, and Allan Monk; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Tosca," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Carlo Bergonzi, Cornell MacNeil, and Renato Capecchi; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 16, at 7:15: "Don Carlo," with Renata Scotto, Marilyn Horne, Giuseppe Giacomini, Sherrill Milnes, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 17, at 2: "Die Zauberflöte," with Leona Mitchell, May Sandoz, Alma Jean Smith, Seth McCoy, Christian Boesch, Harald Stamm, James Atherton, and Allan Monk; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leontyne Price, Edita Gruberova, Tatiana Troyanos, René Kollo, John Shirley-Quirk, and Dale Duesing; James Levine.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Daniel Barenboim conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursdays and Saturdays at 8:30; Fridays at 2; and Tuesdays at 7:30.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Mstislav Rostropovich conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Cleveland Orchestra—Lorin Maazel conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8, an all-Brahms program, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano; and Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8, with Christa Ludwig, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Feb. 16, at 8, with Leonid Kogan, violin.)

NDR Symphony Orchestra of Hamburg—Zdenek Macal conducting, with Jorge Bolet, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Budapest Symphony Orchestra—Adam Medveczky conducting, with Miklós Szenthelyi, violin. (Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Antonia Brico conducting a program of dance scores. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, Feb. 11, at 2.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Sunday, Feb. 11, at 2:30. No tickets necessary.)

Clarion Concerts Orchestra—Newell Jenkins conducting a program of Viennese music, with Kenneth Cooper, piano; Gerardo Levy, flute; and Henry Schuman, oboe. The final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Hamao Fujiwara, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Musica Sacra—Richard Westenburg directing an all-Vivaldi program, with Irene Oliver, soprano, and Diane Curry, mezzo-soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 7:30.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Debussy's "Le Martyre de St. Sébastien," with Jennifer Barron, soprano; Joan Caplan, mezzo-soprano; Muriel Costa-Greenspon, alto; David Anderson, dancer; Charles Berendt and Richard Glockner, narrators; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Feb. 11, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

RECITALS

Gary Graffman—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Ivan Moravec—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 7-8, at 8, with Emanuel Ax, piano. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 10, and Friday, Feb. 16, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Eugenia Zukerman and Carlos Bonell—Flute and guitar. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Concert-Party—The fourth in a series of seven concerts, this one played by the Chilingirian String Quartet. Drinks and coffee are available from a bar. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Feb. 9, at 8. For information about tickets, call 752-4907.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Yo-yo Ma, cello; Charles Wadsworth, harpsichord; André-Michel Schub, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 9, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 11, at 5.)

Zola Shaulis and Jane Shaulis—Piano and mezzo-soprano, in a program entitled "A Celebration of J. S. Bach." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 2.)

Haydn Quartet—The first of two all-Haydn recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 5:45.)

Evelyn Lear and Thomas Stewart—Soprano and baritone. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Music Before 1800—The eighth in a series of fourteen recitals, this one played by Louis Bagger, harpsichord, and entitled "Frescobaldi and the Virginalists." (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Feb. 11, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

New World Consort—A program entitled "Music of Minstrels and Kings," devoted to music in England between 1150 and 1620. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Feb. 11, at 4. For information about tickets, call 874-1371.)

Jubal Trio—Lucy Shelton, soprano; Sue Ann Kahn, flute; and Susan Jolles, harp. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

York Winds—A wind quintet from Canada. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Feb. 11, at 8:30.)

Ingrid Dingfelder—Flute, with the Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York conducted by Richard Kapp. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—An all-Schubert program, with Gary Graffman, piano, and James Van Demark, double bass. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Boehm Quintette—With the Philharmonia CETA Orchestra of New York conducted by Paul Dunkel. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Elaine Barkin, Robert Morris, Harvey Sollberger, and others, performed by Robert Miller, piano; Mr. Sollberger, flute; and others. (Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, Feb. 12, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Hermann Prey—Baritone, in two all-Schubert benefit recitals. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. 685-0008. Tuesday, Feb. 13, at 8:45, "Winterreise;" and Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8:45, "Schwanengesang" and other songs.)

Turan-Mirza Kamal—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Pierre Feit Concertino—Chamber music. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. Tuesday, Feb. 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Stephanie Jutt—Flute, with a chamber orchestra conducted by Gunther Schuller; Randall Hodgkinson, piano; and others. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of contemporary music, with William Blount, clarinet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Sequeira Costa—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Contemporary Music of the Americas—Hilde Somer, piano; Andrew Bolotowsky, flute; Jane Taylor, bassoon; Jerry Kirkbride, clarinet; and the Paul Price Percussion Ensemble. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Christoph Eschenbach and Young-Uck Kim—A recital of Mozart sonatas for piano and violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Leonard Rose—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Concert Royal and the New York Baroque Dance Company—James Richman conducting a chamber group in the first in a series of three concerts of baroque music on original instruments, this one devoted to chamber music and dance of the seventeenth century. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

America's Architects of Musical Space—A retrospective of innovations in musical expressiveness, performed by Continuum, a group including Bethany Beardslee, soprano; Jayn Rosenfeld, flute; Gordon Gottlieb, percussion; John Graham, viola; Cheryl Seltzer, piano; and Joel Sachs, acting as pianist and conductor of a chamber ensemble. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Feb. 10, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Feb. 17, at 8. . . . **rutgers university athletic center,** Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. San Diego, Sunday, Feb. 11, at 1:45. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kansas City, Tuesday, Feb. 13, at 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Friday, Feb. 16, at 8. (For information about tickets, call 201 932-2766.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 12-13.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** National Hockey League All-Stars vs. Soviet Union All-Stars, for the National Hockey League Challenge Cup, Thursday, Feb. 8, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 10, at 2; and Sunday, Feb. 11, at 8. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, Feb. 14, at 7:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Colorado Rockies, Tuesday, Feb. 13, at 8:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 21. The Lucky Draw, Saturday, Feb. 10. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 31.

Squash Racquets—United States Women's Squash Championships—Tournament matches, Friday, Feb. 9, at 6 and 8, and Saturday, Feb. 10, at 10 and noon. . . . ¶ Quarterfinals, Saturday, Feb. 10, at 2 and 5. . . . ¶ Semifinals, Sunday, Feb. 11, at 11. . . . ¶ Finals, Sunday, Feb. 11, at 3. (Uptown Racquet Club, 151 E. 86th St. For information about tickets, call 860-8630.)

Track Meet—Millrose Games. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 9, at 6:30.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, March 10. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Feb. 8, at 2: Jewelry, from many owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 9, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century works of art, from various owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 10, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese jade carvings and other works of art, from several collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, Feb. 15-16, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 10. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, Feb. 9, at 10:30 and 2: Oriental decorative works of art, including early pottery, Ming ceramics, porcelains, bronzes, paintings on glass, and hardstones; from many sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 13-14, at 10:30: Jewelry, from the estate of Mrs. Lathrop Brown and from other sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, Feb. 8.

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11	12	13	14	15	16	17

ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 19. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 11: "With Babies and Banners: Story of the Women's Emergency Brigade" and "In the Best Interests of the Children."
Feb. 12: Theatre closed.
From Feb. 13: "The Cycle."

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"California Suite."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Feb. 13: "Magic" and "Carrie."
From Feb. 14: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Feb. 8: "A Slave of Love."
From Feb. 9: "Quintet."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Feb. 8: "King of the Gypsies."
From Feb. 9: "The Warriors."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Heaven Can Wait."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 8: "The Brink's Job."
From Feb. 9: "In Praise of Older Women."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Great Train Robbery."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Feb. 8: "Days of Heaven."
From Feb. 9: "Hardcore."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Feb. 8: "Max Havelaar."
From Feb. 9: "The Innocent."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Autumn Sonata."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Deer Hunter."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"An Unmarried Woman."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Through Feb. 8: "Same Time, Next Year."
From Feb. 9: "Agatha."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"On the Yard."

Gemini 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Feb. 8: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers."
From Feb. 9: "When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder."

Gemini 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Feb. 8: "The Innocent."
From Feb. 9: "When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Feb. 8: "The Last Wave."
From Feb. 9: "Quintet."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Once in Paris."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Feb. 15: "California Suite."
From Feb. 16: "Ice Castles."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through Feb. 13: "Magic."
From Feb. 14: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Bread and Chocolate."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Great Train Robbery."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Superman."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Feb. 8: "Secrets."
From Feb. 9: "The Warriors."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 15: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers."
From Feb. 16 (tentative): Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 8: "Circle of Iron." From Feb. 9: "Hardcore."
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 8: "The Class of Miss MacMichael." From Feb. 9: "In Praise of Older Women."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Movie Movie."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Halloween."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 8: "The Class of Miss MacMichael."
From Feb. 9: "In Praise of Older Women."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Days of Heaven."
Theatre 2: "Bread and Chocolate."
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 8: "Goin' South." From Feb. 9: "The Lord of the Rings."
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 15: "Violette." From Feb. 16: "Tracks."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Bread and Chocolate."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Feb. 8: "The Lord of the Rings."
From Feb. 9: "Murder by Decree."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Movie Movie."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Wifemistress."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Great Train Robbery."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Feb. 8: "The Last Wave."
From Feb. 9: "Quintet."

Cinema Studio 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Your Turn, My Turn."

Cinema Studio 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Feb. 8: "Black Orpheus" and "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."
From Feb. 9: "Max Havelaar."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Days of Heaven."

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "California Suite."
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 8: "The Class of Miss MacMichael." From Feb. 9: "Watership Down."
Theatre 3: "Moment by Moment."
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 8: "Goin' South." From Feb. 9: "The Lord of the Rings."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
"Movie Movie."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 13: "Up in Smoke" and "Handle with Care."
Feb. 14-15: "That Obscure Object of Desire" and "Pardon Mon Affaire."
From Feb. 16 (tentative): "California Suite" and "The Cheap Detective."

TIMES SQUARE

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"The Great Train Robbery." (†)

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Feb. 8: "The Late Great Planet Earth."
From Feb. 9: "Quintet." (†)

Embassy, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's Animal House."
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 8: "Magic." (†) From Feb. 9: "The Late Great Planet Earth."
Theatre 4: "Moment by Moment." (†)

Forum, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Wiz."

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Superman." (†)

Loews State 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through Feb. 8: "King of the Gypsies." (†)
From Feb. 9: "The Warriors." (†)

Loews State 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
Through Feb. 8: "Circle of Iron." (†)
From Feb. 9: "Hardcore." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through Feb. 15: "California Suite." (†)
From Feb. 16: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Invasion of the Body Snatchers." (†)

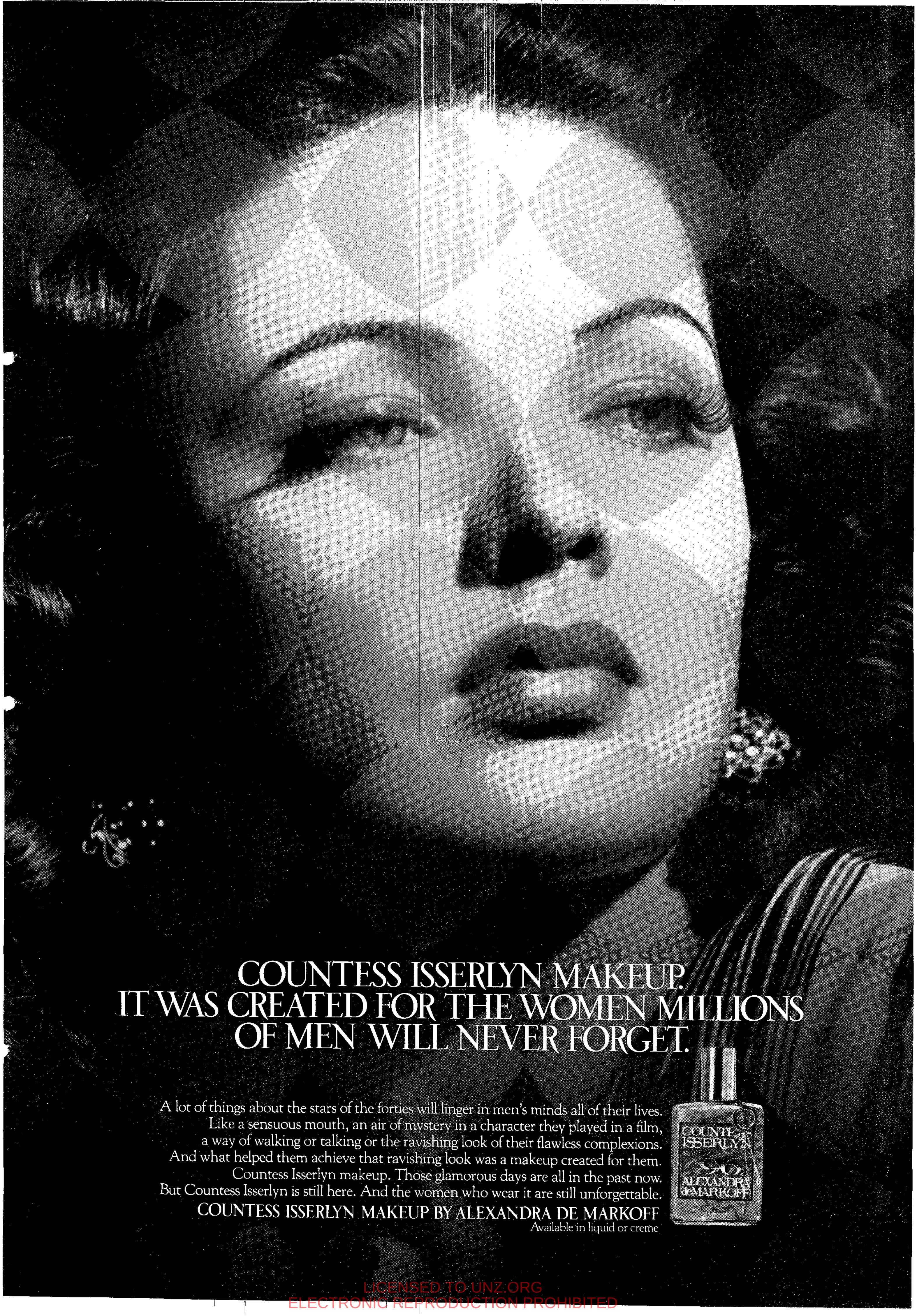
R.K.O. Cinerama 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through Feb. 8: "A Different Story" and "A Touch of Class."
From Feb. 9: "In Praise of Older Women." (†)

R.K.O. Cinerama 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Feb. 15: "The Class of Miss MacMichael." (†)
From Feb. 16: "Ice Castles." (†)

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through Feb. 8: "Brass Target."
From Feb. 9: "The Last Wave." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Feb. 7: "Orpheus" (1949), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer; and "Paris Belongs to Us" (1960), in French, directed by Jacques Rivette, with Betty Schneider, Françoise Prévost, and Jean-Claude Brialy.
Feb. 8: "Angel Face" (1953), directed by Otto Preminger, with Robert Mitchum, Jean Simmons, Mona Freeman, and Herbert Marshall; and "The Nun" (1965; "La Religieuse"), in French, directed by Jacques Rivette, with Anna Karina.
Feb. 9 through the afternoon of Feb. 11: "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (†); and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig.
Feb. 11 at 7:30: "L'Amour Fou." (†)
Feb. 12: "The Lion Hunters" (1965), directed by Jean Rouch, an anthropological film shot on the Upper Niger, in West Africa; and "The Connection." (†)
Feb. 13: "Party Girl" (1958), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Robert Taylor, Cyd Charisse, and Lee J. Cobb; and "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" (1953), directed by Howard Hawks, with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.
Feb. 14: "Céline and Julie Go Boating"



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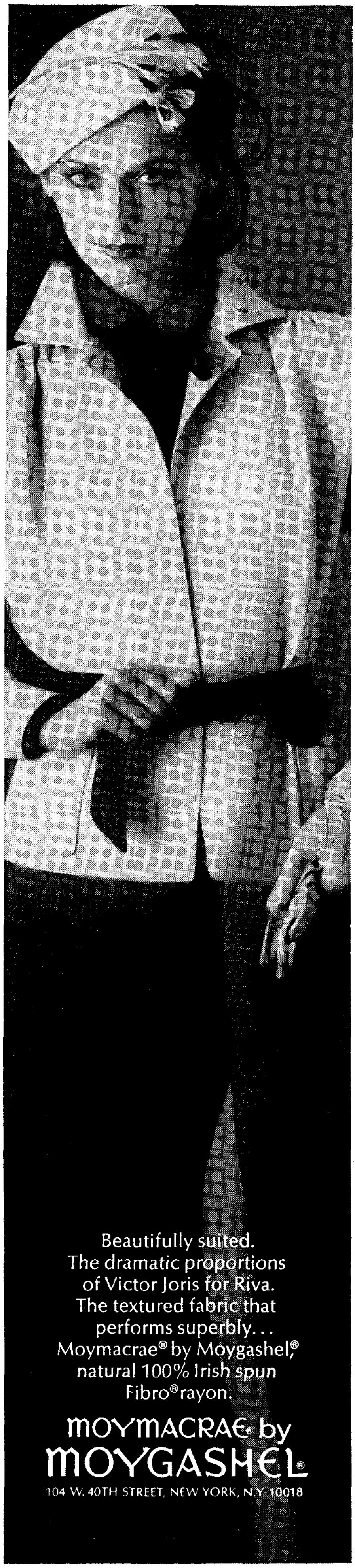

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(1974), in French, directed by Jacques Rivette, with Juliet Berto and Dominique Labourier.

Feb. 15: "The Seventh Victim" (1943), directed by Mark Robson, with Tom Conway and Jean Brooks; "Cat People" (1942), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Simone Simon, Kent Smith, and Tom Conway; and "I Walked with a Zombie" (1943), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Frances Dee and James Ellison.

Feb. 16-17: "La Grande Illusion" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Feb. 7: "The Birth of a Nation" (1915), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, and Henry B. Walthall.

Feb. 8: "The Duellists" (1978), directed by Ridley Scott, with Keith Carradine and Harvey Keitel; and "Royal Flash" (1975), directed by Richard Lester, with Malcolm McDowell, Oliver Reed, Alan Bates, Britt Ekland, and Florinda Bolkan.

Feb. 9: "Casablanca" (1942), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), directed by John Huston, with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.

Feb. 10: "Tommy" (1975), directed by Ken Russell, with Ann-Margret, Oliver Reed, and Roger Daltrey; and "Easy Rider" (1969), directed by Dennis Hopper, with Hopper, Peter Fonda, and Jack Nicholson.

Feb. 11: "Othello." (†)

Feb. 12: "Forbidden Planet" (1956), directed by Fred M. Wilcox, with Walter Pidgeon, Anne Francis, and Leslie Nielsen; and "Five Million Years to Earth" (1967; "Quatermass and the Pit"), directed by Roy Ward Baker, with James Donald, Andrew Keir, and Barbara Shelley.

Feb. 13: "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970) and "Fata Morgana" (1971), both films in German, directed by Werner Herzog.

Feb. 14: "The Fountainhead" (1949), directed by King Vidor, with Gary Cooper, Patricia Neal, and Raymond Massey; and "Lust for Life." (†)

Feb. 15: "Repulsion" (1965), directed by Roman Polanski, with Catherine Deneuve, Yvonne Furneaux, John Fraser, and Ian Hendry; and "Images" (1972), directed by Robert Altman, with Susannah York and René Auberjonois.

Feb. 16: "Between the Lines" (†); and "His Girl Friday" (1940), directed by Howard Hawks, with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.

Feb. 17: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden; and "Sweet Bird of Youth." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Feb. 8: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe" (1973), in French, directed by Yves Robert, with Pierre Richard; and "Pardon Mon Affaire." (†)

Feb. 9-10: "Woodstock" (1970), directed by Michael Wadleigh, a film of the 1969 festival; and "Jimi Hendrix" (1973), a documentary.

Feb. 11-12: "Outrageous!" (1977), directed by Richard Benner, with Craig Russell and Hollis McLaren; and "Trash" (1970), directed by Paul Morrissey, with Joe Dallesandro and Holly Woodlawn.

Feb. 13: "1900" (1977), directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Robert De Niro, Burt Lancaster, Donald Sutherland, Dominique Sanda, Sterling Hayden, and Gérard Depardieu.

Feb. 14-15: "Dersu Uzala" (1978), in Russian, directed by Akira Kurosawa, a Soviet-Japanese co-production; and "Gate of Hell" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa, with Machiko Kyo.

Feb. 16-17: "FM" (1978), directed by John A. Alonzo, with Michael Brandon, Eileen Brennan, Alex Karras, and Cleavon Little; and "American Hot Wax" (1978), directed by Floyd Mutrux, with Tim McIntire.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Feb. 7: "Best Foot Forward" (1943), directed by Eddie Buzzell, with Lucille Ball, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven, Nancy Walker, and William Gaxton; and "Cover Girl" (1944), directed by Charles Vidor, with Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly, and Phil Silvers.

Feb. 8-10: "Midnight" (1939), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, John Barrymore, Mary Astor, and Francis Lederer; and "Tovarich" (1937), directed by Anatole Litvak, with Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, Basil Rathbone, Anita Louise, and Morris Carnovsky.

Feb. 11-12: "Auntie Mame" (1958), directed by Morton da Costa, with Rosalind Russell, Forrest Tucker, and Coral Browne; and "Thoroughly Modern Millie." (†)

Feb. 13-14: "Maisie" (1939), directed by Edwin Marin, with Ann Sothern, Robert Young, Ian Hunter, Ruth Hussey, and Cliff Edwards; and "Emma" (1932), directed by Clarence Brown, with Marie Dressler and Myrna Loy.

Feb. 15-17: "Dinner at Eight" (†); and "Bombshell" (1933), directed by Victor Fleming, with Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, Franchot Tone, Frank Morgan, and Una Merkel.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Feb. 8: "Judex" (1963) and "La Faute de L'Abbé Mouret" (1970), both films in French, directed by Georges Franju.

Feb. 9-10: "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Trevor Howard, and Joseph Cotten; and "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane.

Feb. 11-12: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Les Enfants Terribles." (†)

Feb. 13: "Apache" (1954), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Burt Lancaster, Jean Peters, and Charles Bronson; and "Ulzana's Raid" (1972), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Burt Lancaster and Bruce Davison.

Feb. 14-15: A program of four black musical revue films: "Killer Diller," "Boogie Woogie Dream," "Jivin' in B-Bop," and "Symphony in Black."

Feb. 16-17: "The Fugitive Kind" (†) and "The Teahouse of the August Moon." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Feb. 7: "Gold Diggers of 1933" (1933), directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Ruby Keeler, Ginger Rogers, Dick Powell, Joan Blondell and Aline MacMahon; and "Colleen" (1936), directed by Alfred E. Green, with Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, Jack Oakie, and Ruby Keeler.

Feb. 8: "Ladies of the Chorus" (1949), directed by Phil Karlson, with Adele Jergens and Marilyn Monroe; and "Gilda" (1946), directed by Charles Vidor, with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.

Feb. 9-10: "The Case of the Velvet Claws" (1936), directed by William Clemens, with Warren William as Perry Mason; and "Case of the Stuttering Bishop" (1937), directed by William Clemens, with Donald Woods as Mason this time.

Feb. 11: "Midnight" (1939), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Claudette Colbert, Don Ameche, John Barrymore, Mary Astor, and Francis Lederer; and "No Time for Love" (1943), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Ilka Chase, and Richard Haydn.

Feb. 12: "Scaramouche" (1952), directed by George Sidney, with Stewart Granger, Eleanor Parker, Janet Leigh, and Mel Ferrer; and "Beau Brummell" (1954), directed by Curtis Bernhardt, with Stewart Granger, Elizabeth Taylor, Peter Ustinov, and Robert Morley.

Feb. 13: "Ship Ahoy" (†) and "Lady Be Good." (†)

Feb. 14: "A Place in the Sun" (1951), directed by George Stevens, with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, Shelley Winters, and Raymond Burr; and "Desire Under the Elms" (1958), directed by Delbert

Mann, with Sophia Loren, Anthony Perkins, and Burl Ives.

Feb. 15: "The Man Who Laughs" (†) and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." (†)

Feb. 16: "Ziegfeld Follies" (1946), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Fred Astaire, Judy Garland, Gene Kelly, Lena Horne, and Fanny Brice; and "Ziegfeld Girl." (†)

Feb. 17: "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 8 at 2:30: "Sport Parade" (1932), directed by Dudley Murphy, with Joel McCrea, Robert Benchley, and Marian Marsh; and "Bring 'Em Back Alive" (1932), directed by Clyde Elliott, with Frank Buck.... ¶ Feb. 8 at 6: "Hell's Highway" (1932), directed by Rowland Brown, with Richard Dix, Rochelle Hudson, and Tom Brown.... ¶ Feb. 8 at 8:30: "Allegro Non Troppo" (1977), in Italian, directed by Bruno Bozzetto (who will be present), a six-episode animated and live-action musical film; English subtitles.... ¶ Feb. 9 at 2:30: "Are These Our Children?" (1932), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Eric Linden, Arline Judge, and Ben Alexander.... ¶ Feb. 9 at 6: Several early Danish silent films, including "Afgrunden" (1910), directed by Urban Gad, with Asta Nielsen; introduction by Danish film historian Marguerite Engberg.... ¶ Feb. 10 at noon: "If You Knew Susie" (1947), directed by Gordon Douglas, with Eddie Cantor, Joan Davis, and Bobby Driscoll.... ¶ Feb. 10 at 2:30: "Are These Our Children?"... ¶ Feb. 10 at 5: "Sport Parade."... ¶ Feb. 11 at noon: "If You Knew Susie."... ¶ Feb. 11 at 2:30: "Break of Hearts" (1935), directed by Philip Moeller, with Katharine Hepburn, John Beal, and Charles Boyer.... ¶ Feb. 11 at 5: "America, America" (1963), directed by Elia Kazan, with Stathis Giallelis, Elena Karem, and Frank Wolfe.... ¶ Feb. 12 at noon: A program of seven animated films by Bruno Bozzetto.... ¶ Feb. 12 at 2:30: "Bring 'Em Back Alive."... ¶ Feb. 12 at 6: "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" (1940), directed by John Cromwell, with Raymond Massey, Ruth Gordon, and Gene Lockhart.... ¶ Feb. 13 at noon: A program of seven animated films by Bruno Bozzetto.... ¶ Feb. 13 at 2:30: "Murder, My Sweet" (1945), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Dick Powell and Claire Trevor.... ¶ Feb. 13 at 6: A program of four documentaries by film-school students or recent graduates.... ¶ Feb. 15 at 2:30: "The Soldier and the Lady" (1937), directed by George Nicholls, Jr., with Anton Walbrook, Fay Bainter, and Akim Tamiroff.... ¶ Feb. 15 at 6: "Thirteen Women" (1930), directed by George Archainbaud, with Ricardo Cortez, Myrna Loy, and Irene Dunne.... ¶ Feb. 15 at 8:30: "The Richest Girl in the World" (1934), directed by William Seiter, with Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, and Fay Wray.... ¶ Feb. 16 at 2:30: "Prestige" (1932), directed by Tay Garnett, with Adolphe Menjou, Melvyn Douglas, and Ann Harding.... ¶ Feb. 16 at 6: "Murder, My Sweet."... ¶ Feb. 17 at noon: "Mighty Joe Young" (1949), directed by Ernest B. Schoedsack, with Terry Moore, Robert Armstrong, and Ben Johnson.... ¶ Feb. 17 at 2:30: "The Big Street" (1942), directed by Irving Reis, with Henry Fonda, Lucille Ball, and Agnes Moorehead.... ¶ Feb. 17 at 5: "Hell's Highway." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (794-0630)—Through Feb. 10: "Asparagus" (1978), directed by Suzan Pitt. Showings continuously from noon to 5:45.... ¶ Starting Feb. 14: In conjunction with the 1979 biennial exhibition, film and video works made during the past two years will be shown in both the second-floor film-video exhibition space and the first-floor lobby gallery. The programs change daily and/or weekly; our best advice is to phone the museum for exact film and video titles and time schedules and ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of twelve recent animated films from the National Film Board of Canada. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Entermedia, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (475-4191)—Through Feb. 8 at 5:30 and 8:45: "Pleasantville" (1977), directed by Vicki Polon and Kenneth Locker.... ¶ Through Feb. 8 at 7 and 10:15: "Loose Ends" (1975), directed by David Morris and Victoria Wozniak.... ¶ Feb. 9-11 at 5:30 and 8:40: "Nomadic Lives" (1977), directed by Mark Obenhaus.... ¶ Feb. 9-11 at 7:05 and 10:15: "Tracks" (1976), directed by Henry Jaglom.... ¶ Feb. 12-14 at 5:30 and 8:45: "Street Corner Stories" (1978), directed by Warrington Hudlin.... ¶ Feb. 12-14 at 7:15 and 10:30: "The Scenic Route" (1978), directed by Mark Rappaport.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Agatha—With Dustin Hoffman and Vanessa Redgrave, directed by Michael Apted. (Cinema I; starting Feb. 9.)

L'Amour Fou (1968)—During the first half hour, there's a strong temptation to flee from this legendary Jacques Rivette film, which moves back and forth between the rehearsals for an experimental production of Racine's "Andromaque" and the disintegrating marriage of the actor-director (Jean-Pierre Kalfon) and his actress-wife (Bulle Ogier). But those who stick with the film may find that Rivette's measured, unemphatic style begins to take hold. Tight little Bulle Ogier is ominously compelling; she gives a superlative performance. And there has never been anything like the *folie-à-deux* sex-and-destruction orgy that climaxes the marriage. The purpose of the juxtapositions remains damned elusive, but a highly intellectualized horror story develops inside the smooth, elegantly patterned, abstract camera movement. Rivette has a hypnotic style, partly because of his unusual spatial sense and his "normal" use of time. Four hours and twelve minutes. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 11 at 7:30.)

Autumn Sonata—In this Ingmar Bergman film, Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distraught, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/6/78.) (Baronet.)

Between the Lines (1977)—Directed by Joan Micklin Silver, from a screenplay by Fred Barron, about a spirited underground Boston weekly called the *Back Bay Mainline*. Mrs. Silver's film is anecdotal and illustrative, crammed with good characters. The plot is engagingly unaggressive and unsystematic, leading to a climax in which the newspaper is bought by a ruthless smoothie in a tie and a suit who is ready to sack and replace the whole raffish staff. The rebel, nicely, is the receptionist, whose habit is to be courteous to everybody, but who knows a rank herring when she sees one. An endearing picture. (5/9/77) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 16.)

Black Orpheus (1959)—With Marpessa Dawn, directed by Marcel Camus. High baroque about feast days and nights in Rio, greatly admired in its time by the people who didn't find it suffocatingly lush. In Portuguese. (Cinema Studio 2; through Feb. 8.)

Bread and Chocolate—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Quad Cinema, and Guild.)

The Brink's Job—With Peter Falk, Peter Boyle, Allen Goorwitz, Warren Oates, Gena Rowlands, and Paul Sorvino; directed by William Friedkin. (Eastside Cinema; through Feb. 8.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The audience, confined in the madman's universe, sees what the madman sees: distorted perspectives, eerie painted lights and shadows, an angular, warped world of fears and menace. The sets are used expressionistically to convey the madman's thoughts, to intensify the characters' emotions, and to emphasize the meanings of the action. This film is so entrenched in the "masterpiece" classification that a few cautionary remarks should be added, lest your initial reaction be disappointment: you may be delighted that the flats express something, because most of the actors don't; you may find that the décor, which is highly experimental in terms of space and distance but is derivative from the stage use of expressionism, is a monotonous zigzag (too many hooks and no fish). The decorative use of an insane landscape—startling though it is—is not popular and is rarely imitated. "Caligari," the most complete essay in the décor of delirium, is one of the most famous films of all time, and it was considered a radical advance in film technique, yet it stands almost alone—and you'll know why. Werner Krauss is the nightmare image of a psychoanalyst—the mountebank Caligari—with, in his cabinet, the somnambulist Cesare, played by the extraordinary young Conrad Veidt. Directed by Robert Wiene; scenario by Carl Mayer and Hans Janowitz. The Nazis labelled it "degenerate art." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 15.)

California Suite—Neil Simon's four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel. Two are mawkish, bittersweet Wasp pieces (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda; Maggie Smith and Michael Caine), in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet is low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May, and the fourth is slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doctors from Chicago. Simon and the director, Herbert Ross, turn vaudeville into mush. (1/8/79) (Art, and Loews 83rd Quad.... ¶ Loews Tower East, and National; through Feb. 15.... ¶ Olympia; starting Feb. 16, tentative.)

Carrie (1976)—The best scary-funny movie since "Jaws"—a teasing, terrifying, lyrical shocker, directed by Brian De Palma, who has the wickedest baroque sensibility at large in American movies. Pale, gravel-voiced Sissy Spacek gives a classic chameleon performance as a repressed high-school senior whose energy is released only telekinetically, and Piper Laurie plays her deep-voiced, sexy fundamentalist mother. With John Travolta, Nancy Allen, Amy Irving, and William Katt. (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 13.)

The Cheap Detective—Written by Neil Simon for the producer Ray Stark. If Simon were on the moon, he would still write films for Ray Stark or plays for millions of people and dollars. This has Peter Falk in a thin imitation of Humphrey Bogart—thin because it catches Bogart's mannerisms without his cast of thought—and a host of beautiful women, including Louise Fletcher, Ann-Margret, Stockard Channing, Madeline Kahn, Marsha Mason. The picture is facetious, but its freshness manages to take the sting out of death. (7/3/78) (Olympia; starting Feb. 16, tentative.)

Circle of Iron—With David Carradine, Roddy McDowall, and Christopher Lee; directed by Richard Moore. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews State 2; through Feb. 8.)

The Class of Miss MacMichael—With Glenda Jackson, Oliver Reed, Michael Murphy, and Rosalind Cash; directed by Silvio Narizzano. (R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Feb. 8.... ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through Feb. 15.)

The Connection (1961)—The film that had four-letter-word censorship troubles. A group of addicts in a New York flat wait for the pusher, Cowboy (Carl Lee), their "connection." Adapted by Jack Gelber from his play, and directed by Shirley Clarke, the film has an experimental aspect: a documentary-film director (William Redfield) and his cameraman are also in the apartment, making a film of the addicts, and thus "The Connection" tries to be a comment on the relationship of artist and subject, as well as on addiction. The painfully obvious scripted dialogue doesn't jibe too well with the conceit of the documentary's being made, and there are some characters (such as a Salvation Army sister) who carry a whiff of antique dramaturgy. With Warren Finnerty, Roscoe Lee Browne, Garry Goodrow, and Jerome Raphel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 12.)

The Cycle (1974)—An Iranian film, directed by Darius Mehrjui. In Farsi. (Little Theatre; starting Feb. 13.)

Days of Heaven—An eloquent film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cutoff land of wheat fields that are more highly lit than the characters' lives. (9/18/78) (Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; through Feb. 8.)

The Deer Hunter—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship. Without sharing the film's implicit God-and-country, flag-on-the-door political assumptions, one can see that, even with its pulp components and its superman hero (Robert De Niro), it is not merely trying to move people by pandering to their prejudices. It is also caught in its own obsessions. And because the director, Michael Cimino, plays them out on such a vast canvas, the film has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. (12/18/78) (Coronet.)

Dinner at Eight (1933)—Jean Harlow, with her bee-stung pucker and her tinny voice, at her comic best. George Cukor directed this witty, much improved version of the Ferber-Kaufman play, with a big-gun cast that includes Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Wallace Beery, and Edmund Lowe. Among the people who toned up the dialogue were Herman J. Mankiewicz and Donald Ogden Stewart. (Regency; Feb. 15-17. . . . ¶ Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 17.)

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Cinema Studio 2; through Feb. 8.)

Les Enfants Terribles (1950; called "The Strange Ones" when it was first released in this country)—The director, Jean-Pierre Melville, expands Cocteau's novel about the shared disorder and confused narcissism of a brother and sister into a baroque tragicomedy in which the characters move, as compulsively as in a dream, toward self-destruction. With Nicole Stéphane, fiercely elegant as the dominating Elisabeth; Edouard Dermithe as Paul; Renée Cosima as Dargelos and Agatha; Jacques Bernard as Gérard. This film, almost voluptuous in its evocation of temperament and atmosphere, was shot, on a shoestring, in "real" settings—the director's flat, the lobby of the *Petit Journal*, the stage of the Théâtre Pigalle. (When Melville was ill, Cocteau himself directed the summer beach scene, in Montmorency, under snow.) Cocteau provides cryptic, emblematic narration. The music (Bach-Vivaldi) is one of the few effective film usages of great music. In French. (Thalia; Feb. 11-12.)

Le Fantôme de la Liberté (1974)—Buñuel's theme is freedom, in the sense of chance: the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 9 through the afternoon of Feb. 11.)

The Fugitive Kind (1960)—Written by Tennessee Williams, directed by Sidney Lumet. See the film, although the combination of talents accentuates the florid in both men and suppresses poetry. Marlon Brando is a nomadic guitar player, Anna Magnani is the starved wife of a cross invalid in a spiteful Southern community. (Thalia; Feb. 16-17.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress. Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris.)

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Goin' South—Jack Nicholson directed and plays a cackling, scratching, horny, mangy slob in this barnyard comedy set in the Old West. He's about to be strung up, but the Texas border town he's in has an unusual ordinance: a condemned outlaw can escape the noose if a woman of property agrees to marry him. A virginal young Miss Muffet type (Mary Steenburgen), who needs a man to work her gold mine, claims him, and the film is about their squabblings and misunderstandings until they find love—it's a mixture of "Blazing Saddles" and "The African Queen." Nicholson's prankish performance dominates the movie, and because his prankishness also comes out in the casting and the directing, the movie hasn't any stabilizing force; there's nothing to balance what he's doing—no one with a straitjacket. An actor-director who prances about the screen manically can easily fool himself into thinking that his film is jumping; Nicholson jumps, all right, but the movie is inert. With Veronica Cartwright and John Belushi. (12/11/78) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; through Feb. 8.)

The Great Train Robbery—With Sean Connery, Donald Sutherland, and Leslie-Anne Down; directed by Michael Crichton, from his own novel. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton, U.A. East, Cinema 3, and Criterion.)

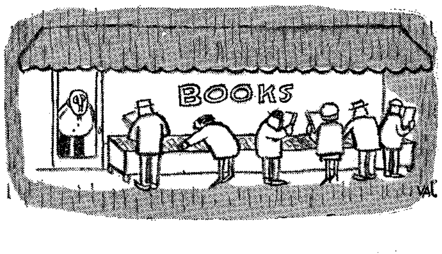
Halloween—With Donald Pleasence and Jamie Lee Curtis, directed by John Carpenter. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Handle with Care (1977)—Underadvertised, this high-spirited small picture has the fully rounded script (by Paul Brickman) and the consistent vision of a classic American comedy. It's about a group of people in a Southwestern town whose CB radios allow them to release their inhibitions; the story deals with the collision of their free-floating ids. As the Samaritan hero—a small-town Boy Scout who never grew up—Paul Le Mat has some of the James Dean-Beau Bridges sensitivity. As a trucker's wife who's as tough as they come, Marcia Rodd has timing comparable to Lily Tomlin's in "The Late Show;" her scenes with Ann Wedgeworth, as a bedraggled passionflower who, it turns out, is married to the same trucker, are the best comic teamwork in recent movies. Jonathan Demme directed, in a soft, subdued style—it's a little mild, maybe, but very pleasant. Released in some areas under the title "Citizens Band." (10/24/77) (Olympia; through Feb. 13.)

Hardcore—With George C. Scott, Season Hubley, and Peter Boyle; directed by Paul Schrader. (Trans-Lux East, R.K.O. 86th St., and Loews State 2; starting Feb. 9.)

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Warren Beatty. (7/10/78) (34th St. East.)

Ice Castles—With Robby Benson, Colleen Dewhurst, Tom Skerritt, Jennifer Warren, David Huffman, and Lynn-Holly Johnson; directed by Donald Wrye. (Loews Tower East, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Feb. 16.)



The Innocent—With Giancarlo Giannini, Laura Antonelli, and Jennifer O'Neill; directed by Luchino Visconti. In Italian. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Gemini 2; through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Plaza; starting Feb. 9.)

In Praise of Older Women—With Karen Black, Susan Strasberg, and Tom Berenger; directed by George Kaczender. (Eastside Cinema, R.K.O. 86th St., Greenwich, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting Feb. 9.)

In the Best Interests of the Children—A fifty-three minute documentary about lesbian mothers and child custody. (Little Theatre; through Feb. 11.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers—Undiluted pleasure and excitement. The scriptwriter, W. D. (Rick) Richter, supplies some of the funniest lines ever heard from the screen, and the director, Phil Kaufman, provides such confident professionalism that you sit back in the assurance that every spooky nuance you're catching is just what was intended. This set of variations on the low-budget classic directed by Don Siegel in 1956 has its own macabre originality. With Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Kevin McCarthy, and Don Siegel. (12/25/78) (Rivoli. . . . ¶ Gemini 1; through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ 86th St. East; through Feb. 15.)

King of the Gypsies—Based on the Peter Maas book, with Eric Roberts, Sterling Hayden, Annie Potts, Shelley Winters, Susan Sarandon, Judd Hirsch, and Brooke Shields; directed by Frank Pierson. (Bay Cinema, and Loews State 1; through Feb. 8.)

Lady Be Good (1941)—A dispensable plot about the tribulations of a married song-writing team, but some classic numbers by the Gershwins ("Fascinating Rhythm," "Hang On to Me," and the great title song) and by Arthur Freed and Roger Edens ("You'll Never Know"), as well as the slightly sickening Oscar Hammerstein II and Jerome Kern effort, "The Last Time I Saw Paris." The cast includes Red Skelton, Ann Sothern, Eleanor Powell, Virginia O'Brien, Robert Young, and Lionel Barrymore. Norman Z. McLeod directed, for M-G-M. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 13.)

The Last Wave—The young Australian director Peter Weir treats the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines in terms of alienation and occult manifestations. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). Weir, who has apparently studied Nicolas Roeg's films, knows how to create an allusive, ominous atmosphere. The portents keep coming, but there's no delivery. The film is over-deliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain keeps us conscious that he's acting all the time. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (1/22/79) (Beekman, and Paramount; through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Victoria; starting Feb. 9.)

The Lord of the Rings—An animated film based on the J. R. R. Tolkien story, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Ziegfeld; through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting Feb. 9.)

Lust for Life (1956)—Unlike the usual Hollywood lives of artists, this biographical movie about Vincent van Gogh (Kirk Douglas) and his loneliness and frustrated attempt at friendship with Gauguin (Anthony Quinn) is thoughtful, ambitious in a dedicated way, and remarkably free of howlers. Perhaps just because it is so concerned with fidelity to the facts it's less exciting than one might hope; something seems to be missing (a unifying dramatic idea, perhaps), but it's far from a disgrace, and the performers are never an embarrassment. The cast includes James Donald as Theo, Pamela Brown, Henry Daniell, Lionel Jeffries, Jill Bennett, Everett Sloane, and Niall MacGinnis. The team of art directors worked out locations and interiors that relate to the paintings, many of which are shown. Vincente Minnelli directed for M-G-M, in CinemaScope and color; John Houseman produced; Norman Corwin adapted the best-selling biography by Irving Stone; Freddy Young and Russell Harlan were the cinematographers; the music is by Miklos Rozsa. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 14.)

Magic—It's intended to be a thriller, but there's little suspense and almost no fun in this account of a schizophrenic ventriloquist (Anthony Hopkins), adapted by William Goldman from his novel, and directed by Richard Attenborough. The gloomily withdrawn Hopkins has no vulgarity in his soul—nothing that suggests any connection with the world of entertainment—and the picture grinds along, as we watch most of the tiny cast being eliminated. With Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter. (12/11/78) (Embassy; through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through Feb. 13.)

The Man Who Laughs (1928)—No one who saw this silent movie as a child is likely to have forgotten it. The Victor Hugo story is of fairly conventional seventeenth-century English court intrigues, except for one detail about the hero, Gwynplaine (Conrad Veidt). The heir to an earldom, he was kidnapped as a child and, at the orders of the king, a political enemy of his father, he was mutilated—his face carved into a perpetual grin. He has no choice but to become a clown. Produced by Universal on a lavish scale, the film is by no means a cheap horror story. The German-born director, Paul Leni, had a true gift for macabre décor, and the film's ambitious mixture of morbidity and historical melodrama is very effective, even with its heavy sentimentality. With the physically elegant Veidt as the hero, the picture has a romantic center that it would not have had with Lon Chaney. (John Barrymore played Gwynplaine on the stage.) Mary Philbin is beautiful, though sticky, as a blind girl who loves the clown; Olga Baclanova is a rowdy, loose duchess who is drawn to him. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 15.)

Max Havelaar—Directed by Fons Rademakers. In Dutch. (Plaza; through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio 2; starting Feb. 9.)

Moment by Moment—With Lily Tomlin and John Travolta, directed by Jane Wagner. (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy.)

Movie Movie—Better than the dum-dum title would suggest: it's a pair of skillful parodies of early-thirties movies, written by Larry Gelbart and Sheldon Keller, and directed by Stanley Donen. The star of both is George C. Scott, who seems to preside. In the first—a black-and-white spoof of Warners fight pictures—he's a white-haired old geezer, a manager-trainer to a young boxer. And in the second—a color parody of backstage musicals, principally based on "42nd Street"—he's slick-haired Spats Baxter, a Broadway impresario. Also with Harry Hamlin, Ann Reinking, Barry Bostwick, Rebecca York, Kathleen Beller, Michael Kidd, Jocelyn Brando, Eli Wallach, Red Buttons, and Trish Van Devere. (12/4/78) (Waverly, Festival, and New Yorker.)

Murder by Decree—With Christopher Plummer as Sherlock Holmes and James Mason as Dr. Watson. Also with Donald Sutherland, John Gielgud, Geneviève Bujold, and David Hemmings; directed by Bob Clark. (Ziegfeld; starting Feb. 9.)

Once in Paris—With Wayne Rogers, Gayle Hunnicutt, and Jack Lenoir; directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (68th St. Playhouse.)

On the Yard—With Thomas Waites and John Heard, directed by Raphael D. Silver. (Cinema II.)

Othello (1966)—A filmed record of the theatrical production starring Laurence Olivier; the techniques employed are pitifully inadequate. But there he is: the most physical Othello imaginable—deep voice, with a trace of foreign music in it; happy, thick, self-satisfied laugh; rolling buttocks; grand and barbaric and, yes, a little lewd. As a lord, this Othello is a bit vulgar—too ingratiating, a boaster, an arrogant man. Who can afford to miss this performance? With Frank Finlay as the pale, parched little Iago—a man consumed with sexual jealousy—and Maggie Smith as the quietly strong, willful Desdemona. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 11.)

Pardon Mon Affaire (1977)—A soubrette of a movie, about a long-faced and very accident-prone Lothario (Jean Rochefort). Directed by Yves Robert, who made "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe." Sabotaged sometimes by coquetry, but its high spirits save it. In French. (8/8/77) (Cinema Village; through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Olympia; Feb. 14-15.)

Quintet—With Paul Newman, Vittorio Gassman, Bibi Andersson, Fernando Rey, and Brigitte Fossey; directed by Robert Altman. (Gramercy, Beekman, Paramount, and Embassy 1; starting Feb. 9.)

Same Time, Next Year—A tepid, sweet meal. Genteel lifelong adultery by two ciphers, played by Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. The time span is from 1951 to 1977. Bernard Slade wrote it, and Robert Mulligan directed it. (12/4/78) (Cinema I; through Feb. 8.)

Secrets—With Jacqueline Bisset and Per Oscarsson, directed by Philip Saville. (Loews Ciné; through Feb. 8.)

Ship Ahoy (1942)—Bert Lahr and Red Skelton turn up in this M-G-M musical starring Eleanor Powell; she taps all the way through, and at the end she taps out a message in Morse code. There are some relatively lively numbers, although Virginia O'Brien isn't as funny as she's meant to be. With Tommy Dorsey and his band and its unbilled vocalist, Frank Sinatra; Sy Oliver did some of the orchestrations, and the number "I'll Take Tallulah" features Buddy Rich, along with Eleanor Powell. Directed by Eddie Buzzell. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 13.)

A Slave of Love—A new Russian classic, made by Nikita Mikhalkov. Set in the Crimea just after the October Revolution, with White Russians still holding out in the south, it tells a story worthy of Chekhov in its simplicity and idiosyncrasy of detail. A preposterously melodramatic film-within-the-film is being made. The woman star is Olga (Yelena Solovei). She longs for a cause almost as if she were yearning for a trip to Moscow; the cause is all around her, but she cannot see it. The film is a most beautiful and fragile story about people out of step with their era. In Russian. (8/28/78) (Gramercy; through Feb. 8.)

Superman—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the film: he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit-or-miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner. With Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, and Margot Kidder. (1/1/79) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Sweet Bird of Youth (1962)—Paul Newman as the gigolo Chance Wayne, and Geraldine Page as the battered, fading star Alexandra Del Lago, in Richard Brooks's slicked-up version of Tennessee Williams' flamboyant pop fantasy. When Newman's bare chest isn't being fumbled at and crooned over by Miss Page, it's being pawed and picked at by Shirley Knight, who plays his fresh-faced girl friend, Heavenly Finley. This hysterical twaddle features a sadistic attack on Newman, engineered by Heavenly's father (Ed Begley), a crooked political boss, and a climactic telephone soliloquy by Miss Page. (We hear her part of a long-distance conversation with Walter Winchell, who convinces her that, far from being a flop in her last picture, she has scored her greatest hit.) Rip Torn and Mildred Dunnock are also involved in the madness. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 17.)

The Teahouse of the August Moon (1956)—John Patrick's Pulitzer Prize-winning play, adapted from Vern J. Sneider's novel, is a whimsical comedy fantasy about the foolishness of the American military bureaucracy's attempts to impose American ideas on occupied countries—in this case Okinawa. Many people thought the play magical, but the movie version, directed by Daniel Mann, is heavily boisterous and an almost total mistake. Marlon Brando starved himself to play the pixie interpreter Sakini, and he worked up some amazingly tricky movements with his legs. But the roguish role is so far outside his range that he's less effective in it than dozens of lesser actors might have been. As the American captain who tries to turn an Okinawan village into a well-scrubbed Yankee community, Glenn Ford grimaces, twitches galvanically, and stutters foolishly. With Machiko Kyo, Paul Ford, and Eddie Albert. (Thalia; Feb. 16-17.)

That Obscure Object of Desire (1977)—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She claims to love him but says, "If I gave in, you wouldn't love me anymore." In this fifth movie version of "La Femme et le Pantin," Pierre Louÿs' short novel about a femme fatale, the role is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, poker-faced except for a squint of amusement and a foxy, crooked smear of a smile, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl, who's physically impulsive, and sensual in a traditional heavy-eyed way. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. Buñuel sets up the Louÿs' story, then treats it glancingly—as a joke to hang other jokes on—and his jokes now don't have the violence underneath to make connections for us. His style is too serene for his subject. In French. (12/19/77) (Olympia; Feb. 14-15.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie (1967)—Produced by Ross Hunter, this lavish, oversized musical spoof set in the twenties was directed in a desperately with-it style by George Roy Hill, and the players work so hard that one begins to suffer for them and, finally, to feel numb. The picture sank Mary Tyler Moore's screen career, and it certainly didn't help Julie Andrews (though she looks her best in the twenties clothes), James Fox, John Gavin, or a rather weary Beatrice Lillie. As for Carol Channing, who gets shot out of a cannon and, as usual, grins like an albino Louis Armstrong, she projects too big for even this elephantine movie. (Regency; Feb. 11-12.)

Tracks—With Dennis Hopper, Taryn Power, Dean Stockwell, and Topo Swope; directed by Henry Jaglom. (Quad Cinema; starting Feb. 16.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. What may be disappointing to those who love Mazursky's earlier work is that in trying to identify with Erica and tell the story from a woman's point of view, he shies away from having her look foolish; in crucial parts, he suppresses his sense of satire, and the picture becomes virtuous. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. Saul is such a rich, loamy Father Earth figure that when Erica resists him in order to satisfy her yearnings for independence she seems puny and a bit of an idiot. (3/6/78) (D. W. Griffith.)

Up in Smoke—You don't have to be an insider to see the humor in dopers' single-minded, never-ending quest for great grass. This piece of stoned-hippie foolishness, starring the comedy team Cheech and Chong, who wrote the script, is fairly consistently funny. With Zane Buzby as the speed freak, and June Fairchild as the woman who snorts Ajax. Directed by Lou Adler. (10/9/78) (Olympia; through Feb. 13.)

Violette—With Isabelle Huppert, Stéphane Audran, and Jean Carmet; directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 15.)

The Warriors—With Michael Beck, James Remar, and Thomas Waites; directed by Walter Hill. (Bay Cinema, Loews Ciné, and Loews State 1; starting Feb. 9.)

Watership Down—An animated film, based on the Richard Adams story. Directed by Martin Rosen, with the voices of Zero Mostel, Ralph Richardson, Harry Andrews, John Bennett, and Denholm Elliott. (Loews 83rd Quad; starting Feb. 9.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder—With Marjoe Gortner, Hal Linden, Peter Firth, Lee Grant, and Candy Clark; directed by Milton Katselas. (Gemini 1, and Gemini 2; starting Feb. 9.)

Wifemistress—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

With Babies and Banners: Story of the Women's Emergency Brigade—A forty-five minute documentary on the role played by women in the General Motors sitdown strike of 1937, directed by Lorraine Grey. (Little Theatre; through Feb. 11.)

Your Turn, My Turn—With Marlène Jobert and Philippe Leotard, directed by François Leterrier. In French. (Cinema Studio 1.)

Ziegfeld Girl (1941)—An odd, rather fascinating M-G-M musical that mixes melodrama with big production numbers. The performers include Judy Garland, James Stewart, Hedy Lamarr, and Dan Dailey, as a sadistic prizefighter who gives Lana Turner a bad time. Robert Z. Leonard directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 16.)

Elizabeth Arden Salon

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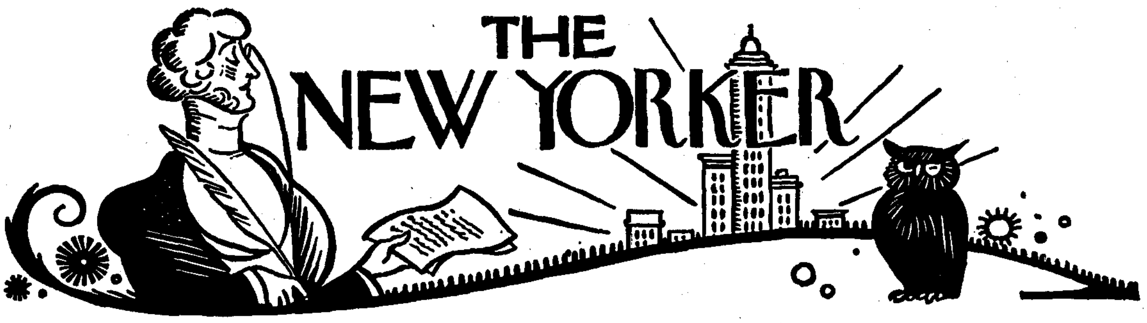
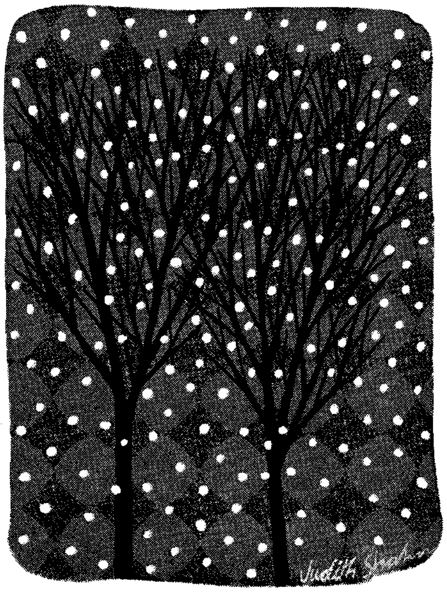


THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FEW events in recent times have arrived more unexpectedly than the revolution now in progress in Iran. In the United States, several light industries for observation and prognostication, including the academic community, the news media, and the Central Intelligence Agency, were caught almost entirely by surprise. The Soviets appear to have been equally unprepared. There was one prescient comment, though, which came from an unlikely quarter. In a very interesting but seldom quoted passage of Alexander Solzhenitsyn's famous Harvard commencement address, he observed, "Every ancient and deeply rooted self-contained culture, especially if it is spread over a wide part of the earth's surface, constitutes a self-contained world, full of riddles and surprises to Western thinking." Russia, he said, was one such world; China, India, and "the Moslem world" were others. In the colonial and post-colonial periods, he noted, it was widely assumed that every society on earth would eventually follow the Western path of development, and he went on, "The persisting blindness of superiority continues to hold the belief that all the vast regions of our planet should develop and mature to the level of contemporary Western systems, the best in theory and the most attractive in practice; that all these worlds are but temporarily prevented (by wicked leaders or by severe crises or by their own barbarity and incomprehension) from pursuing Western pluralistic democracy and adopting the Western way of life. Countries are judged on the merit of their progress in that direction. But in fact such a conception is a fruit of Western incomprehension of the essence of other worlds, a result of mistakenly measuring them all with a Western yardstick." These words could have been studied with profit by American officials, who were scarcely able to believe that a "modernizer" like the Shah could lose popularity with his people. And they could have been instructive to the Shah himself, who appears to have made precisely the mistake of measuring the progress of his own country with an alien, "Western yardstick."

Yet Solzhenitsyn's words did not succeed in awakening the two superpowers to the possibility that rebellions in the Third World against modernization and in favor of traditional ways might be gathering new strength—in a word, that "Westernization" might be on the wane. It may have been Solzhenitsyn's understanding of his own country as one of those with a destiny separate from the West's which led him to this perception. In George Steiner's description, he is "a Slavophile and Orthodox visionary, equally repelled by Soviet Communism and by . . . Western technological materialism." In truth, there is little in our modern period which is to his liking. He is an uncomfortable ally for the adherents of any standard contemporary political creed. American liberals admire his heroic opposition to Soviet repression but are disappointed by his rejection of parliamentary democracy. Conservatives are well pleased with his hatred of Communism but distressed by his strictures against unfettered capitalism, with its pollution of the environment and its "revolting invasion of commercial advertising." Far from taking sides in the dispute between capitalism and Communism, he has assumed a position outside both, regarding them as two rotten branches on the single rotten trunk of an atheistic materialism that took root in the soil of the Renaissance and the French Revolution.



Solzhenitsyn's philosophy bears a surprising resemblance to that of the Iranian revolutionary leader, Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini. Both men radically reject the works of the modern world. Both are religious fundamentalists and theocrats. Both have the courage and strength but also the rigidity and intolerance that often accompany intense religious conviction. (In Khomeini's case, the intolerance appears to run so deep that there is a distinct danger that, having overthrown the dictatorship of the Shah, he will set up another dictatorship in its place.) Both sit in moral judgment not only on their own countries but on the entire world. Both turn to the distant past for inspiration: Solzhenitsyn looks to the Middle Ages for the spirituality that he feels is lacking in the present, and Khomeini seeks the precedent for his "Islamic Republic" in the reign of Imam Ali, a seventh-century Arab caliph and Mohammed's son-in-law. Both men despise modern popular culture—particularly in its American form. Both have spent their lives opposing repressive regimes, but neither is a notable friend of democratic procedure. (Khomeini's grasp of democratic principles is especially weak, or perhaps nonexistent. He professes belief in freedom of speech and artistic expression but goes on to say that "certain things that would lead to the corruption and demoralization of man" or would be "harmful to human dignity" will be "prohibited." Just who is to decide which things fall in the prohibited categories is left unclear, but Khomeini has told an interviewer that he can be regarded as the future "strong man" of Iran.) Both men have spent a part of their lives in exile. Both have a physical appearance of the kind that is often associated with Biblical prophets. Both are ardent patriots. And both have brought bafflement to the ruling circles of the world's great powers.

For several decades, the attention, interest, and energy of capitalists and Communists have been absorbed almost exclusively by the rivalry between their two worlds. Now these rival worlds are on notice that they are both under the scrutiny of two stern pairs of eyes belonging to unbending, independent judges who like absolutely nothing of what they have seen so far.

• •

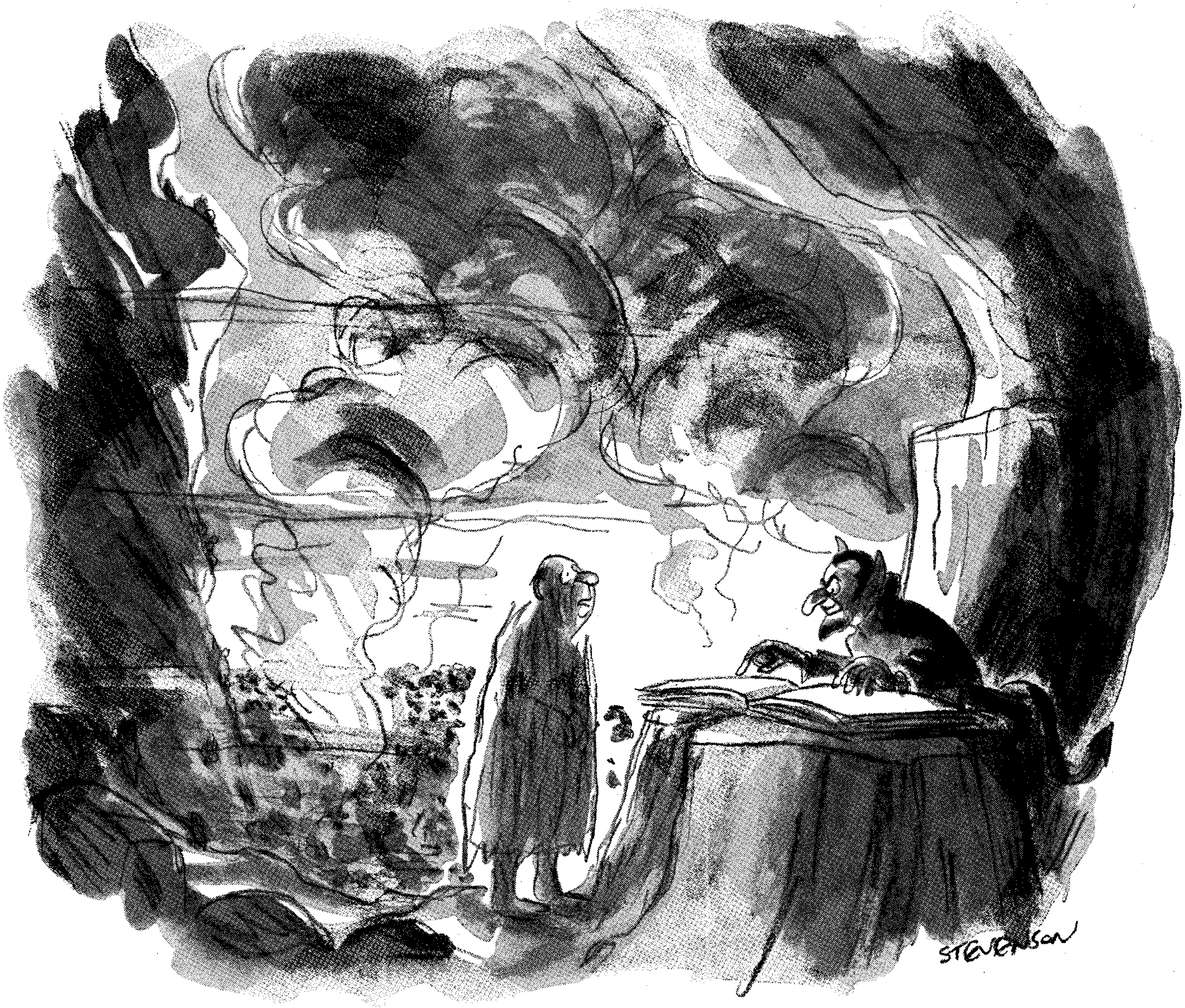
Tom, Dick, and (No) Harry

SOMETHING in what the communications industry calls "the international news" made us wonder, a couple of months past, what the Smothers Brothers would have said about it, in their cheery and offhand but pertinent fashion. Then we remembered that the supper club that had housed them in this town—the first Blue Angel, over on East Fifty-fifth Street—had regrettably breathed its last fifteen years ago, and that the Brothers had been taken off the air five years after that, because, as cheerily and offhandedly and pertinently as ever, they had upheld a point of view (about what was happening in Vietnam) that bothered their network (CBS). Next day, still musing, we realized that the Smothers Brothers were among us once more—that last September they had, almost surreptitiously, assumed the leads in "I Love My Wife," a musical comedy that had already been on Broadway for more than a year. Or not exactly a *comedy;* the running joke, a swapping of wives which does not actually come about, had been embellished by a rather too heavy dosage of smirk. Out of loyalty to the Brothers, we returned to "I Love My Wife," and there we discovered that they had converted all the smirk into true comedy. We decided to track down the friend we call Owl, whose résumés always state that "for the last fifty years of his undergraduate career" he has "majored in night life," to inquire about what had happened to the Brothers in the decade since they dropped below our horizon. Cornered at lunch near our office, Owl said:

Tom, Dick, and Harry Smothers. Ah, yes. Knew them well. (At times, Owl thinks he is W. C. Fields.) Of course, Harry wasn't Harry's name, and neither was Smothers. That was just my own name for him. He was part of the act for a while when it arrived at the Purple Onion, in San Francisco. Spring of '59. Tom and Dick were fresh out of San Jose State and fresh out of the joint just off campus where they did their standup humor and singing, and they had picked up that Harry en route. But Tom and Dick were born here, at Fort Jay, on Governors Island. Their Army-officer parent had been posted there, and when they were still pretty small he was posted to the Philippines and took his family along. The boys were packed off with their mother to California just before Pearl Harbor. Their father was taken prisoner by the Japanese and died on a prison ship. At one time, they had a notion of going to West Point, but finally decided against it.

Where have they been? You don't get to Vegas, the way I do—Vegas, the American megalopolis that replaced the Old Spanish Trail campground of *Las Vegas*—or you would have seen them there after their fall from television. You would have seen them together in other clubs out West, and you would have seen them separately when they began doing regional theatre. Clubs are the best training in the world for actors, provided the trainees can conquer the change in technique the stage requires. I remember that Tom conquered it in a big hurry when he was at the Cherry County Playhouse out at Traverse City, in that wonderful resort part of Michigan's Lower Peninsula. He was doing "Play It Again, Sam," and when he walked onstage for the first time and the audience applauded him he went out of character and began taking bows. He'd forgotten he wasn't working a club. Dick and I still tease him about that. And I can recall seeing Dick do "The Prisoner of Second Avenue." They kept on working, steadily, and then they became landed gentry. Dick bought land in Santa Cruz, on the coast south of San Francisco, and he had fifteen acres in grapes, and he set up a winery, and at a concourse of California winegrowers at the Los Angeles County Fair last year—with about a thousand entries—his Gewurztraminer won Grand Prize; Tom has acreage in the wine country north of San Francisco, in Sonoma County, and his vines, which he has already set out, should come onstream in 1985 and be ready to supply Dick's winery. So we may not be seeing so much of the Brothers in the future.

Well, they have had their fun. They've done Broadway, and made out well indeed. The show got re-reviewed here and there after they moved in. Then came an invitation to go to the White House. And they've introduced new bits of business and new bits of dialogue into the show, working with Gene Saks, who directed it, and on their own as well. Being allowed to do that is always heartening to a performer. And being landed gentry means you don't have to work in any old play or club or television show—you can *pick.* Tom will go on with the theatre, but Dick's got a household and that win-



"But I thought once the I.R.S. applied a penalty, that was the end of it."

• •

ery. Still, it's not far from the town where he and his brother and I had the time of our young lives as they played the Purple Onion—the town where he can work again whenever he might want to. In '59, there was an undergraduate audience every night at the Onion, and also at the hungry i, the club run by Enrico Banducci, who was the untitled night mayor of San Francisco. Those clubs were the counterparts of the Blue Angel and the Ruban Bleu here. The Brothers were making fun of everything, and so—on the same bill—was Phyllis Diller, a local girl not far along in *her* career. Over at the i, Mort Sahl was reading the daily papers out loud and offering his merrily mordant commentary thereon. When Edmund Wilson's treatise "The Scrolls from the Dead Sea" was published, Sahl was instantly into that topic, too, sure that his audience, from the big campuses in Berkeley and Palo Alto, would know what he was joking about, and he was right. It was Banducci, by the bye, who—when he set himself and his club up in an inexpensive cellar in San Francisco's North Beach—decided not to cover up the walls of soft old red brick, and so began a fashion in bars and restaurants and clubs across the country.

And then Tom and Dick came East to the Blue Angel, and then to their own operation on the television screen. They and their colleagues finally dished up what I think they called "A Fable for Our Times." It seemed to be happening in King Arthur's Court. The war was on in Vietnam, and L. B. J., as the King, had just abdicated. His sword, Excalibur, had been thrust deep into a hunk of granite onstage. And only he who could withdraw it could be L. B. J.'s successor. Bob Kennedy, Wallace, and Humphrey, Knights of the Round Table, failed. Then some nondescript character—the standup comic Pat Paulsen, who was a mock candidate for the Presidency on a Stop the Vietnam War platform—walks onstage, goes over to the sword, and pulls it out easy as pie. The Brothers' show was nominated for an Emmy three times, and in its last year the show's writers really did get an Emmy. Next, of course, the Smothers Brothers got bumped off the air. Happens to other people, too. A girl I knew won a Tony one season and was never able to get herself cast for any other show on Broadway.

About San Francisco back then. We all thought that Sahl, because of his quick turn of mind, had it good at the hungry i—what to say popped automatically out of him as he read the newspapers. But the Smothers Brothers had to work up their skits from virgin sources, and they felt it dishonest ever to repeat themselves. What a horselaugh that would have got out of the standup comedians working Miami and Vegas! Then Tom and Dick found that doing twenty-one shows a week, all new wordage, was too much for people who didn't use writers to do their "original" thinking. No matter: they kept on inventing as fast as they could. One night, Sahl wanted a night off from the hungry i, and the Smothers Brothers went over from the Onion and subbed for him. It was done in the communal spirit of the times—of San Francisco before disco, before Haight-Ashbury.

I see Tom and Dick together at lunch, and they're together onstage for practically the full length of "I Love My Wife," and I see them together at supper after the theatre. People say to them, "How can you two stand being with each other all the time?" They say, "Why not? We've got plenty to talk about." One night during the holidays, a bunch of us picked them up backstage and went around the corner to Frankie & Johnnie's for supper, and they did all the talking. What were they talking about? Not themselves or their work. They were telling us about the grandfather they grew up with after they lost their father. Then Dick said, "I've got to call home. We'll soon have to be doing the crushing and bottling, and it has to be done exactly right." He and I got into a cab, because we live close to one another, and Tom said he had a date with a girl who's in their show, and he started to walk toward Eighth Avenue. Six pretty girls, about the age we had been back in San Francisco, were coming *from* Eighth Avenue. They saw Tom, and they began shrieking "It's Tommy Smothers!" and sort of patting him on the back, as if they'd just found their runaway house cat. Tom stood smiling at them. "Everything's all right," Dick said to me. "Tom's still where he belongs—onstage." And then the traffic light turned green.

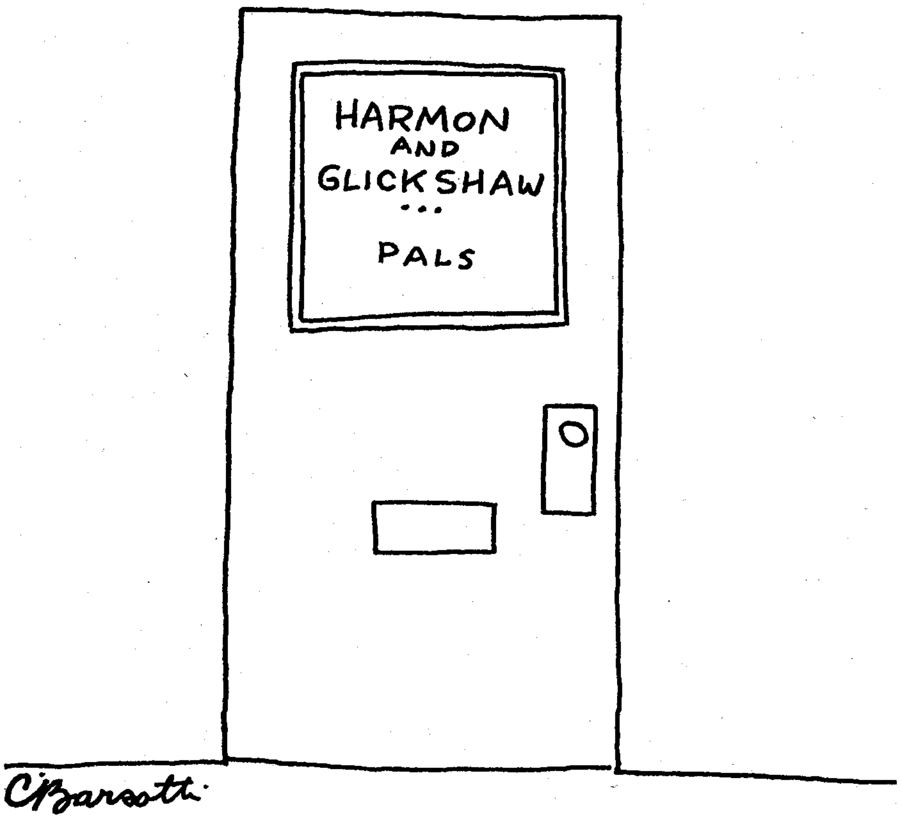
The World of Letters

HERE is some information and advice that some editors of fiction (Thomas Congdon, editorial director of Thomas Congdon Books, E. P. Dutton; Thomas Dunne, executive editor, St. Martin's Press; George Glay, editorial manager, Harlequin Books; Newton A. Koltz, senior editor, Bantam Books; Richard Marek, president, Richard Marek Publishers; Maureen Baron, executive editor, Fawcett Books; Betty Prashker, editorial director of trade books, Doubleday; Ann Reit, editor, Scholastic Magazines; Sol Stein, novelist and publisher, Stein & Day) gave to some aspiring fiction writers, each paying twenty-five dollars (including lunch), at the Overseas Press Club the other day:

Word of mouth is what really sells a book. An ad in the New York *Times* doesn't necessarily help, but it's nice for the author.

Royalty statements are made out only every six months, because making them out costs a lot.

A fiction writer can write about anorexia nervosa, abortion, death, and homosexuality in hard-cover books for young adults but not in soft-cover books for young adults.



Teen-agers feel the same things as adults; they just don't have the words for them.

The teen-age book-publishing market is a flourishing book-publishing market.

Some fiction editors will buy a proposed book after seeing only a sample chapter and an outline. Sometimes an outline will be enough, sometimes a sample chapter will be enough.

Catch your reader in the first three pages.

Every chapter should make the reader want to go on to the next.

Chemistry is very important between writer and editor.

Big scenes are very important in a novel.

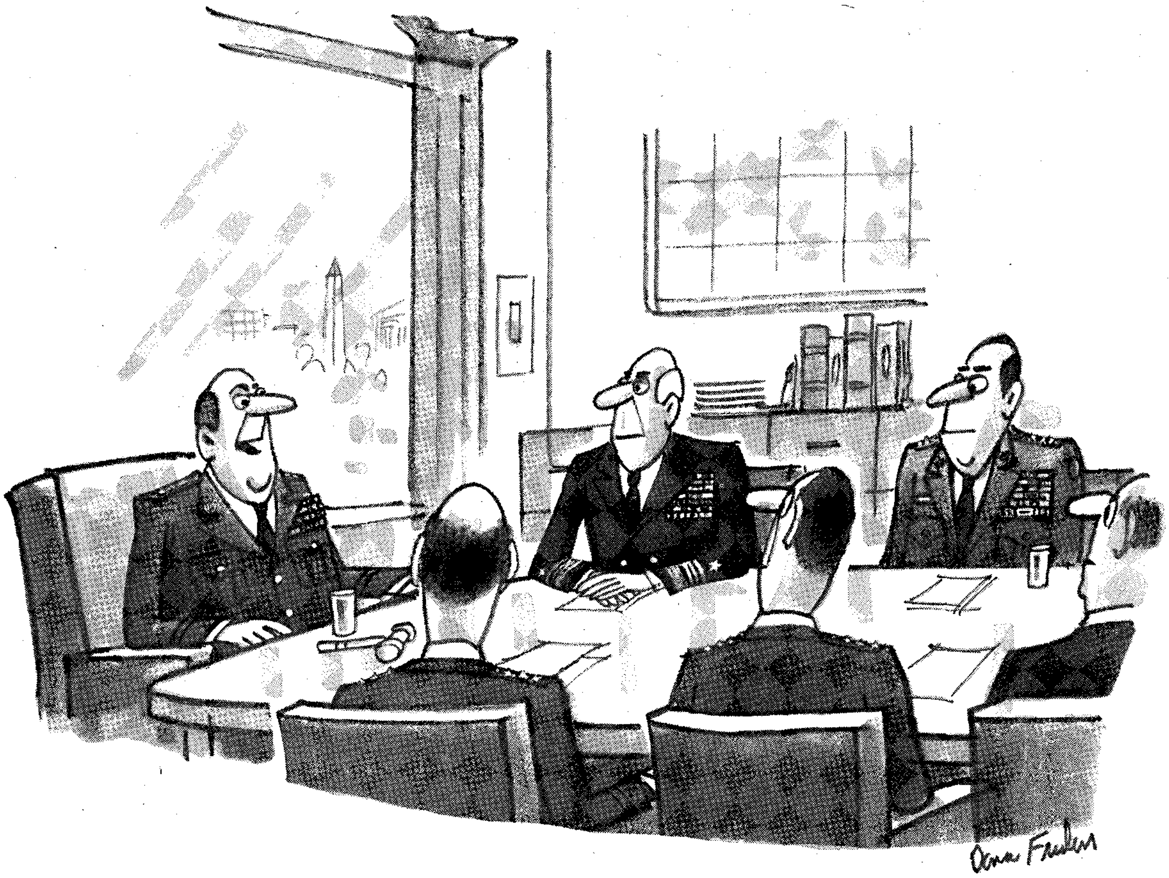
Deep editing is very important in putting a novel together.

Tremendous plot is not always important in writing a novel.

If you have been a nonfiction writer and want to be a fiction writer, that can be very frightening. Journalists are afraid of length; that may be why it is hard for them to write fiction.

Stoneyard

IN James Bambridge's line of work, which happens to be building cathedrals, it sometimes helps to be able to see only what one wishes to see. Mr. Bambridge has this gift. One recent afternoon, he stood on the edge of a playing field, in an area that will soon become a working stoneyard, populated by working stonecutters and stone carvers, north of the Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine, at 113th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, and looked upward. Above him, rising a hundred and thirty-eight feet from the foundation, he could see the unfinished north tower of the cathedral. There is a matching truncated tower at the south corner. Construction of the cathedral began in 1892 and proceeded—if unsteadily—until 1911, when it was interrupted. It resumed in 1916 and halted completely in 1941. Under Mr. Bambridge's guidance, it is about to resume again, and continue for at least five years. Mr. Bambridge was trained as a stonemason but is now a master builder, with full responsibility for the new work on the cathedral. His guidance involves supervising the sawing of huge blocks of Indiana limestone into workable slabs, preparing drawings and patterns for the cutting and carving of the stones that will go into the cathe-



"All those in favor of declaring the military budget sacrosanct raise their right hand."

dral, numbering the stones, and, finally, guiding each stone into its designated spot in the tower. It now seems plausible that someday the towers will rise one hundred and fifty-two feet higher. As Mr. Bambridge stood beside the playing field, however, he wasn't preoccupied with thoughts of a finished product. After staring up at the air space that the towers might fill, he lowered his gaze to ground level. Heavy rain had fallen the previous day, and his shoes were sinking an inch or so into the mud. "Right now, the only thing I'm thinking of is getting this stoneyard under way," he said, moving toward higher ground.

After consulting with Michael Antonson, a young architect, who was carrying a sketch of the proposed layout of the stoneyard, Mr. Bambridge pointed to various spots on the perimeter of the playing field. "Where we're standing now is where the road goes, where the trucks will bring in the quarried stone," he said. "Six inches of wire-reinforced concrete in the roadbed. The mobile crane will stand *there*, and the gang saw, for the initial cutting, over there. We'll have the circular saws—those are the ones with the diamond-impregnated blades—here, and the planer, which makes the moldings and curves, next to it. The masonry sheds for the cutters go on the opposite side of the road, and over there is the workshop for the cold-weather months. When we've cut and carved the stones and numbered them, we'll stack them against the base of the building. The rough-hewn quarry blocks will go along the fences. That way, the people passing by on the sidewalk can see what we're up to here."

Part of the plan for the construction project calls for the training of apprentice masons, most of whom will come from Morningside Heights, the cathedral's neighborhood. Mr. Bambridge, who is now fifty-one years old, served his own apprenticeship, for five years after the Second World War, with Trollope & Colls, a London firm that had a contract to restore the Houses of Parliament to pre-war condition. From there, he gravitated toward cathedrals. Of late, he has been coming to New York periodically from England, where he has been supervising the restoration of the west end of Wells Cathedral, in Somerset. Before he began that job, he directed the final work on the recently completed Anglican cathedral in Liverpool. "The foundation cornerstone was laid there in 1904," he said. "I arrived in 1967. The previous contractor went into liquidation—not because of the cathedral but from another job. He left on a Friday. I came in the following Monday and stayed for ten years."

Building a Gothic-style cathedral out of hand-worked masonry takes a while—a few decades here, a few decades there—and Mr. Bambridge looks and acts like a patient man. He has a neatly trimmed mustache and slightly wavy gray-streaked brown hair and a robust manner. He wears a necktie on the job. During his most recent trip to New York, he stayed busy constantly, but nothing about him seemed rushed. When we went to visit him, he had fallen a bit behind his schedule for the day (some optimistic representatives from a brass foundry had wanted to discuss a possible contract for the tower bells; they were, we guessed, three or four years ahead of *their* schedule), so he gave us a brisk tour of the cathedral, where there is plenty of interior masonry work to be done, and then led us out onto the playing field. He and Michael Antonson looked at the final drawings for the stoneyard and agreed that they could, at last, picture what it would look like. For Mr. Bambridge, this signified an uncharacteristic leap of vision. The architectural renderings of a completed Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine, for instance, have been extant for fifty years. The plans show, among other things, hundred-foot-long and hundred-and-sixty-foot-high transepts, projecting north and south from the main body of the cathedral. Construction of the south transept has never begun. Vertical and diagonal steel girders protrude at the hundred-foot level from the unfinished north transept. When we asked Mr. Bambridge whether he thought he might someday work on that part of the church, he glanced toward the north transept and quickly looked away. "That's not even under consideration—not in my mind, at least," he said firmly. "I don't even know that that exists."

LOOSE LEAVES

(SOME PAGES LEFT OUT OF THE NEW EDITION OF
THE NOTEBOOKS OF F. SCOTT FITZGERALD)

DESCRIPTIONS, ATMOSPHERE, ETC.

A COUPLE in impeccable evening dress danced obliquely across the floor, she with a starched smile, he with the expression of a Bones man stuck between trains in Kansas City. Only moments later, at the punch bowl, did Randolph realize what it was about them that struck him as so poignant: they had apparently, either by accident or out of indifference, put on each other's clothes.

"Me? Me?" she tintinnabulated. "Me? Me? Me?"

His shove transported her through the French doors and two stories down into the bed of melancholy azaleas below.

Black rabbit crossing magician's path.

Age offered no release. She still enjoyed being kissed after too much sherry, though now the uninspired mouth of a chauffeur would suffice.

If he was to avoid a future in drygoods, then he would just have to make his tumbling known, and determined to do so at the next family dinner.

They passed a wistful sight on their way back to the Algonquin. A man, attempting to demonstrate the Lindy, had got his foot wedged between two balusters, and a woman, apparently his mistress, was coolly auctioning off his spats to the crowd of curious spectators who had gathered.

Débutante with crushed corsage from efforts of astigmatic lover.

He knew at once that he had been right about her masochism. It explained why she kept the name Oha.

Girl with more fingerprints between metatarsi and scapulae than public statuary.

MOMENTS, SCENES

ZIEGFELD, drunk, crushing Easter lilies at Isadora Duncan's party while his florist wept.

After gin, rolling down grade quoting Yeats, Lausanne; drinking champagne from hubcaps, Provence; Ernest dodging thrown ham, Dijon.

Dogs finding us in silo.

Girl at party who asked me contemptuously if I wrote "The Furtive Dermis." Clash and subsequent impassioned exchange in alcove, with mutual sotto-voce climaxes, invitation to St. Louis. Ticket.

Her nose arrived before the rest of her face, disconcerting him and making a chaos of the kiss he had so carefully planned.

"Turn right at the third sheep."

"Can't. Ewe turns aren't legal here."

"I want you to have this," he said, kissing her one last time with tear-streaked lips, pressing something into her hand, turning then and running after the troop train, which was already sounding its final sad whistle.

Only later, on the steps of the cathedral, with her heart tilting like a drunken hummingbird in her breast, did she open her hand to see what he had given her: a special permit allowing her to touch the merchandise at Fortnum & Mason.

TITLES, NAMES

INDIAN names—Red Herring
Sitting Duck
Passing Buck
Running Watch
(Swiss father?)
Stepping Goose
(German father?)

Bars—Bar Nun
Bar Mitzvah

Novels—"Rheum and Bored"
"Frisked in Limbo"
"Summer Hair"
"Naked in Mufti"
"To Have and to Skimp"
"(Sic) 'Em"

IDEAS, THOUGHTS

MEDIUM whose wife finds ectoplasm on his collar.

Husband believes he has heart murmur but later discovers his wife is a ventriloquist.

Terhune snubbed by dogs.

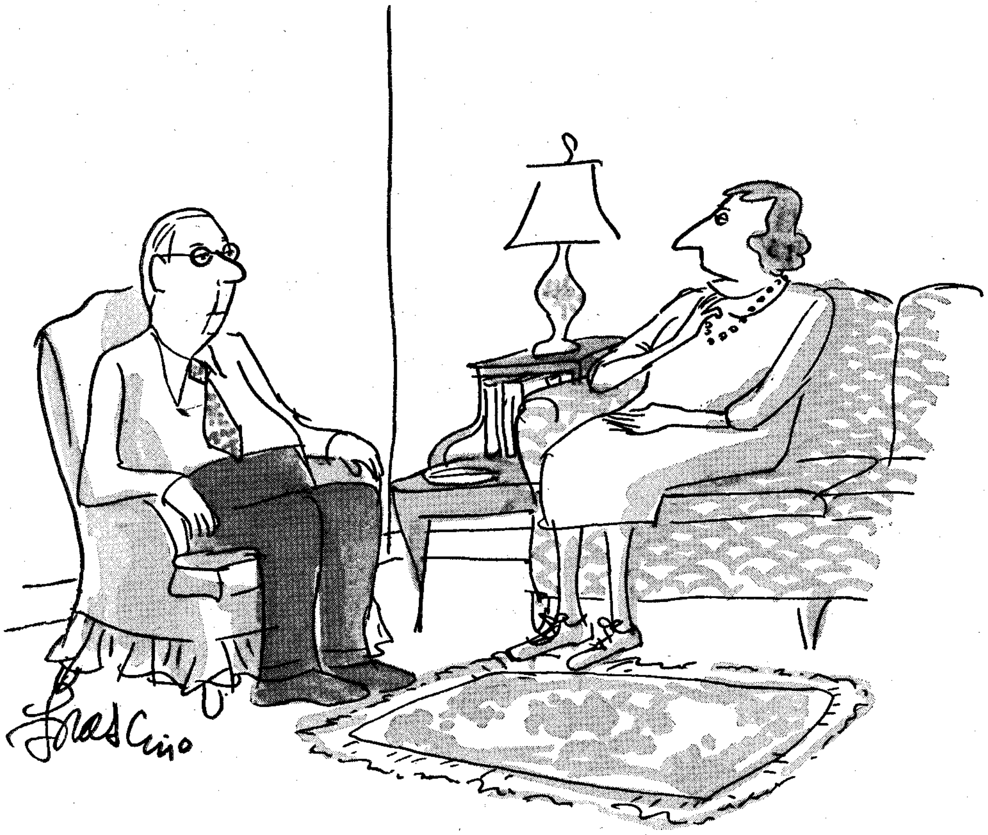
"There's no such word as Kant"—Hegel.

Punch-drunk fighter who cannot write memoirs: each time he reaches end of carriage, bell rings and he starts slugging typewriter.

Transition in "Côte d'Azur" novel. Tragedies: Amory arrested for yodelling in hospital zone. Maynard's brother force-wrapped by *pâtissier*. Pets develop twitch.

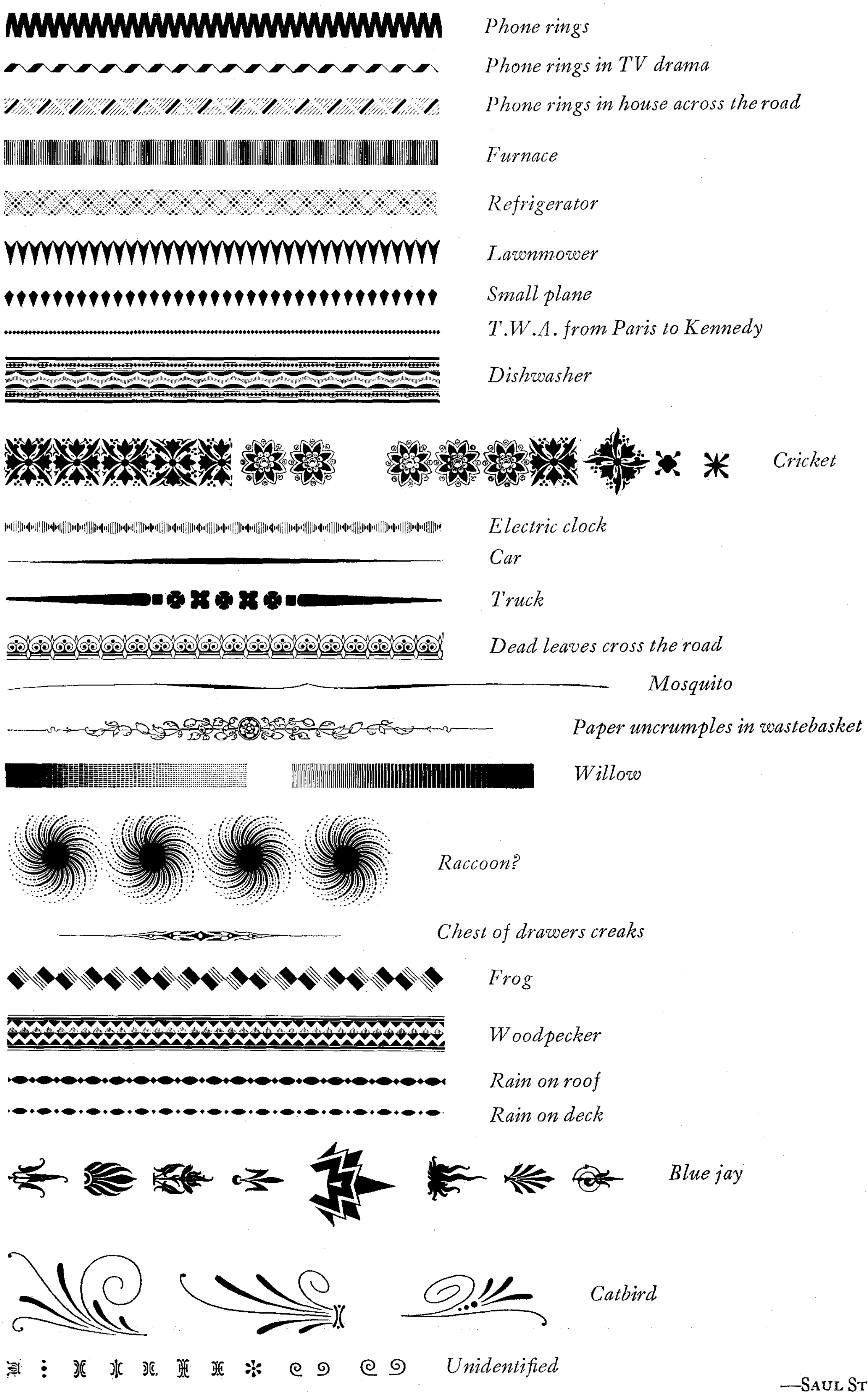
Ear-lobotomies.

—LARRY TRITTEN



"You leave nothing to the imagination."

COUNTRY NOISES


Phone rings
Phone rings in TV drama
Phone rings in house across the road
Furnace
Refrigerator
Lawnmower
Small plane
T.W.A. from Paris to Kennedy
Dishwasher
Cricket
Electric clock
Car
Truck
Dead leaves cross the road
Mosquito
Paper uncrumples in wastebasket
Willow
Raccoon?
Chest of drawers creaks
Frog
Woodpecker
Rain on roof
Rain on deck
Blue jay
Catbird
Unidentified

—SAUL STEINBERG

BAUM, GABRIEL, 1935–(   )

UNCLE AUGUST

AT the start of the nineteen-sixties Gabriel Baum's only surviving relative, his Uncle August, turned up in Paris. There was nothing accidental about this; the International Red Cross, responding to an appeal for search made on Gabriel's behalf many years before, had finally found Gabriel in Montparnasse and his uncle in the Argentine. Gabriel thought of his uncle as "the other Baum," because there were just the two of them. Unlike Gabriel's father and mother, Uncle August had got out of Europe in plenty of time. He owned garages in Rosario and Santa Fe and commercial real estate in Buenos Aires. He was as different from Gabriel as a tree is from the drawing of one; nevertheless Gabriel saw in him something of the old bachelor he, too, might become.

Gabriel was now twenty-five; he had recently been discharged from the French Army after twenty months in Algeria. Notice of his uncle's arrival reached him at the theatre seating two hundred persons where he had a part in a play about J. K. Huysmans. The play explained Huysmans' progress from sullen naturalism to mystical Christianity. Gabriel had to say, "But Joris Karl has written words of penetrating psychology," and four or five other things.

The two Baums dined at the Bristol, where Gabriel's uncle was staying. His uncle ordered for both, because Gabriel was taking too long to decide. Uncle August spoke German and Spanish and the pale, scrupulous French and English that used to be heard at spas and in the public rooms of large, airy hotels. His clothes were old-fashioned British; watch and luggage were Swiss. His manners were German, prewar—pre-1914, that is. To Gabriel, his uncle seemed to conceal an obsolete social mystery, but a few elderly Central Europeans would have placed him easily as a tight, unyielding remainder of the European shipwreck.

The old man observed Gabriel closely, watching to see how his orphaned nephew had been brought up, whether he broke his bread or cut it, with what degree of confidence he approached his asparagus. He was certainly pleased to have discovered a younger Baum and may even have seen Gabriel as part of God's subtle design, bringing a surrogate son to lighten his old age, one to whom he could leave Baum garages; on the other hand it was clear that he did not want just any Baum calling him "Uncle."

"I have a name," he said to Gabriel. "I have a respected name to protect. I owe it to my late father." He meant his own name: August Ernst Baum, b. Potsdam 1899–(   ).

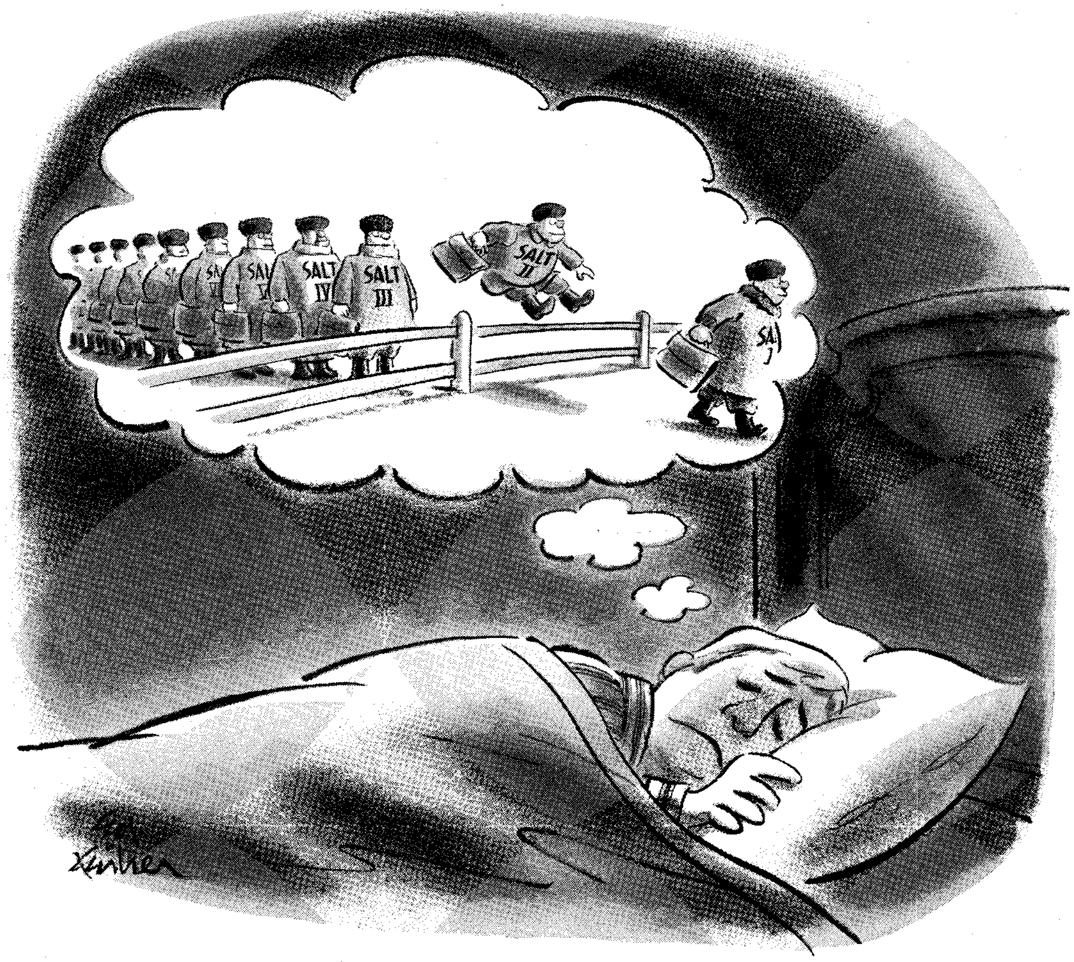
After dinner they sat for a long time drinking brandy in the hushed dining room. His uncle was paying for everything.

He said, "But were your parents ever married, finally? Because we were never told he had actually *married* her."

Gabriel at that time seemed to himself enduringly healthy and calm. His hair, which was dark and abundant, fell in locks on a surprisingly serene forehead. He suffered from only two complaints, which he had never mentioned to anyone. The first had to do with his breathing, which did not proceed automatically, like other people's. Sometimes, feeling strange and ill, he would realize that heart and lungs were suspended on a stopped, held breath. Nothing disastrous had come of this. His second complaint was that he seemed to be haunted, or inhabited, by a child—a small, invisible version of himself, a Gabriel whose mauled pride he was called on to salve, whose claims against life he was forced to meet with whatever thin means time provided, whose scores he had rashly promised to settle before realizing that debt and payment never interlock. His uncle's amazing question and the remark that followed it awoke the wild child, who began to hammer on Gabriel's heart.

He fixed his attention on a bottle—one of the dark bottles whose labels bear facsimiles of gold medals earned at exhibitions no one has ever heard of, in cities whose names have been swept off the map: Breslau 1884, Danzig 1897, St. Petersburg 1901.

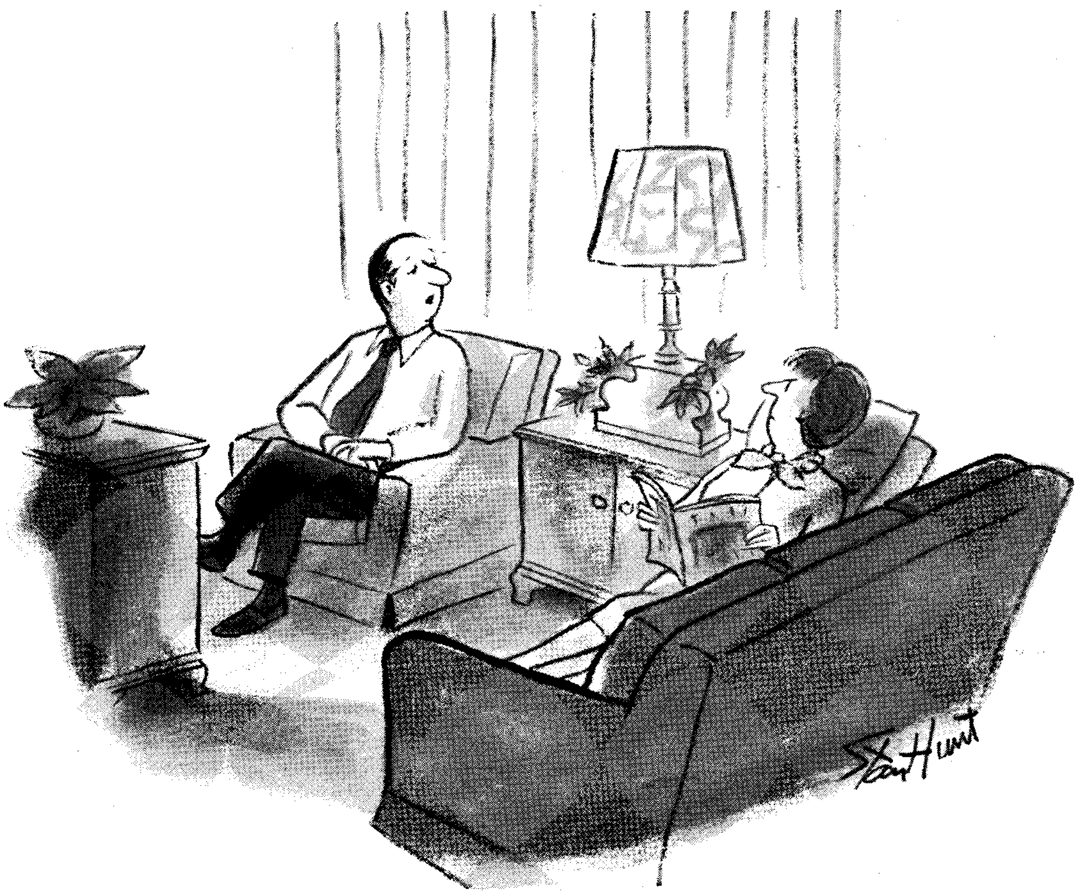
"The only time I ever saw her, they certainly were not married," his uncle resumed. "It was during the very hot autumn of 1930. He had left the university announcing that he would earn his living writing satirical poetry. My father sent me to Berlin to



see what was going on. *She* was going on. Her dress had short sleeves. She wore no stockings. She had a clockwork bear she kept winding up and sending round the table. She was hopelessly young. 'Have you thought about the consequences?' I asked him. 'No degree. Low-grade employment all your life. Your father's door forever closed to you. And what about *her*? Is she an heiress? Will her father adopt you?' She was said to be taking singing lessons," he added, as if there were something wrong with that.

"Shut him up," ordered the younger Gabriel, but Gabriel was struggling for breath.

"I have lost everything and everyone, but I still have a name," said his uncle. "I have a name to protect and defend. There is always the trace of a marriage certificate somewhere. Even when the registry office was bombed. Even when the papers had to be left behind. How old were you the last time you saw them?"



"Funding for the 'Dick Cavett Show' has been provided by this station and other public-television stations, and by a grant from the Chubb Group of Insurance Companies, with additional funding from Allen Services Corporation."

• •

"Eight," said Gabriel, now in control.

"Were they together?"

"Oh, yes."

"Did they have time to say goodbye?"

"They left me with a neighbor. The neighbor said they'd be back."

"Where was this?"

"Marseilles. We were supposed to be from Alsace, but their French sounded wrong. People noticed I wasn't going to school. Someone reported them."

"Sounded wrong!" said his uncle. "Everything must have sounded wrong from the minute he left the university. It is a terrible story," he said, after a moment. "No worse than most, but terrible all the same. Why, why did he wait until the last minute? And once he had got to Marseilles what prevented him from getting on a boat?"

"He was a man of action," said Gabriel.

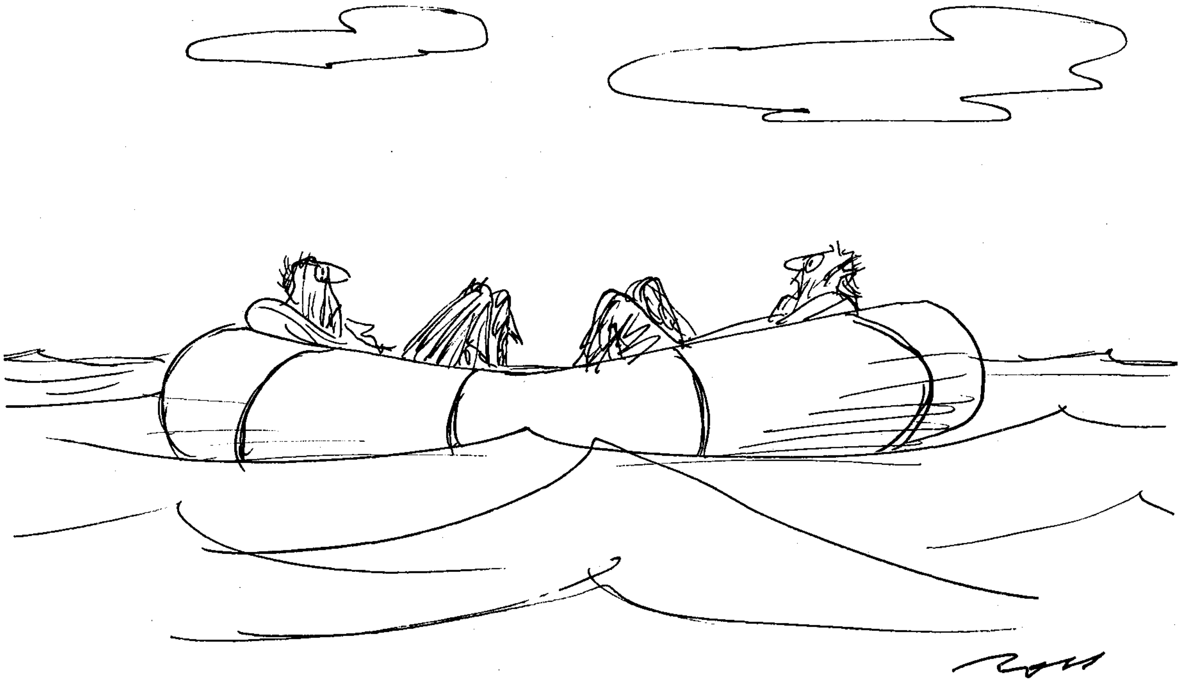
If his uncle wanted another Baum, he did not want a frivolous one. He said, "He was much younger than I was. I never saw him after 1930. He went his own way. After the war I had the family traced. Everybody was dead—camps, suicide, old age. In his case, no one knew what had happened. He disappeared. Of course, it took place in a foreign country. Only the Germans kept accurate records. I wish you knew something about the marriage. I know that my late father would not have wanted a bastard in the family."

After leaving Paris, Uncle August visited Nice, Lugano, and Venice, which he found greatly changed; then he returned to South America. He sent long letters to Gabriel several times a year, undeterred by the fact that he seldom received an answer. He urged his nephew to take a strong, positive line with his life and above all to get out of Paris, which had never amounted to more than an émigré way station. Its moral climate invited apathy and rot.

Gabriel read his uncle's letters in La Méduse, a *bar-tabac* close to the old Montparnasse railway station. Actors and extras for television were often recruited there; no one remembered how or why this arrangement had come about. Gabriel usually sat with his back to the window, at a table to the right of the door facing the bar. He drank draught beer or coffee and looked at magazines other customers had left behind. Glancing up from one of his uncle's letters, he saw the misted window in the mirror behind the bar. In a polluted winter fog neon glowed warmly—the lights of home.

His uncle wrote that he had liquidated his holdings at a loss and was thinking of settling in South Africa. He must have changed his mind, for a subsequent letter described him retired and living near a golf course, looked after by the housekeeper he had often told Gabriel about—his first mention of any such person. A heart attack made it tiring for him to write. The housekeeper sent news. Gabriel, who did not know Spanish, tried to get the drift. She signed "Anna Meléndez," then "Anna Baum."

Gabriel was playing a Brecht season in a suburban cultural center when word came that his uncle had died. "The Caucasian Chalk Circle" and "Mother Courage" alternated for an audience of schoolchildren and factory



"I know you need a new suit, but first things first!"

workers brought in by the busload, apparently against their will. Gabriel thought of Uncle August, his obstinacy and his pride, and truly mourned him. His uncle had left him an envelope he did not bother to open, being fairly certain it did not contain a check.

No Baum memorial existed, and so he invented one. Upon its marble surface he inscribed:

Various Baums:	Gone
Father:	1909–1943 (probably)
Mother:	1912–1943 (probably)
Uncle:	1899–1977
Gabriel B.:	1935–( )

Beneath the last name he drew a line, meaning to say this was the end. He saw, however, that the line, far from ending the Baum question, created a new difficulty: it left the onlooker feeling that these dates and names were factors awaiting a solution. He needed to add the dead to the living or subtract the living from the dead—to come to some conclusion.

He thought of writing a zero, but the various Baums plus four others did not add up to nothing. His uncle by dying had not diminished the total number of Baums but had somehow increased it. Gabriel, with his feet on the finish line and with uncounted Baums behind him, was a variable quantity: for some years he had been the last of the Baums; then there had been two of them. Now he was unique again.

Someone else would have to work it out, he decided—someone unknown to him, perhaps unborn. In the meantime he had the memorial in his head, where it could not be lost or stolen.

Gabriel's Liselotte

SOON after Gabriel's uncle's visit, a generation of extremely pretty German girls suddenly blossomed in Paris. There would be just that one flowering—that one bright growth. They came because their fathers were dead or exiled under unremarkable names. Some of them were attracted to Gabriel—Gabriel as he was, with the dark locks, the serene brow—and he was drawn in turn, as to a blurred reflection, a face half recalled.

Gabriel at that time still imagined that everyone's life must be about the same, something like a half-worked crossword puzzle. He was always on the lookout for definitions and new solutions. When he moved close to other people, however, he saw that their lives were not puzzles but problems set in code, no two of which ever matched.

The pretty girls went home, finally, whistled back by solemn young men with solemn jobs. They had two children apiece, were probably rinsing the gray out of their hair now. (Gabriel cut his own as short as possible as it grew scarce.) He remembered Freya, who had thrown herself in the Seine over a married man but who could swim, and Barbara, whose abortion two or three of them had felt bound to pay for, and Marie, who had gone to Alsace and had nearly been crowned Miss Upper Rhine before they found out she was a foreigner. Gabriel's memory dodging behind one name after the other brought him face to face with his Liselotte. Daughter of a dead man and a whore of a mother (which seemed to be a standard biography then), embarked on the au-pair adventure, pursuing spiritual cleanness through culture, she could be seen afternoons in Parc Monceau reading books of verse whose close print and shoddy bindings seemed to assure a cultural warranty. There was something meek about the curve of her neck. She had heard once that if one were arrested and held without trial it was an aid to sanity to have an anthology of poems in one's head. Poor Liselotte, whose aid to sanity never got beyond "*Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit, si bleu, si calme!*," held the book flat on her knees, following the words with her finger.

"Who would want to arrest you?" Gabriel asked.

"You never know."

Well, that was true. Thinking there might be a better career for her, he gave her lines to try. She practiced: "Is it tonight that you DIE?" "Is it TONIGHT that YOU die?" Gabriel counted six, seven, eight shades of green around the place in Parc Monceau where she sat asking this. He used to take the No. 84 bus to see her—he who never went out of Montparnasse unless he had to, who had never bothered to learn about bus routes or the names of streets. For the sake of Liselotte he crossed the Seine with prim, gloved women, with old men wearing slivers of ribbon to mark this or that war. Liselotte, now seeking improvement by way of love, made him speak French to her. She heard, memorized, and recited back to him without flaw his life's story. He had promised the child-Gabriel he would never marry a German, but it was not that simple; in an odd way, she did not seem German *enough*.

She had learned her lines for nothing. The director he introduced her to also thought she did not look German. She was one of the brown-eyed Catholic girls from around Speyer. She prayed for Gabriel, but his life after the prayers was the same as before. She had a catch in her voice, almost a stammer; she tried to ask Gabriel if he wanted to marry her, but the word caught. He said to himself that she might not enjoy being Liselotte Baum after having been Liselotte Pfligge. Her stepfather, Wilhelm Pfligge—of Swiss origin, she said—had tried to rape her; still, she had his name. Gabriel thought that if the custom of name changing had been reversed and he had been required, through marriage, to become Gabriel Pfligge, he might have done so without cringing, or at least with tact. Perhaps he would have been expected to call Wilhelm Pfligge "Papa." He saw Papa Pfligge with a mustache, strangely mottled ears, sporty shoes, a springy walk, speaking with his lips to Gabriel's ear: "We both love Liselotte so much, eh?"

While Gabriel continued to develop this, giving Papa Pfligge increasingly preposterous things to say, Liselotte gave up on love and culture and the au-pair adventure and went home. He accompanied her to the Gare de l'Est and lifted her two cases to the overhead rack. Then he got down and stood on the gray platform and watched her being borne away. The train was blurred, as if he were looking at it through Liselotte's tears.

For a time her letters were like the trail of a child going ever deeper into the woods. He could not decide whether or not to follow; while he was still deciding, and not deciding, the trail stopped and the path became overgrown behind her.

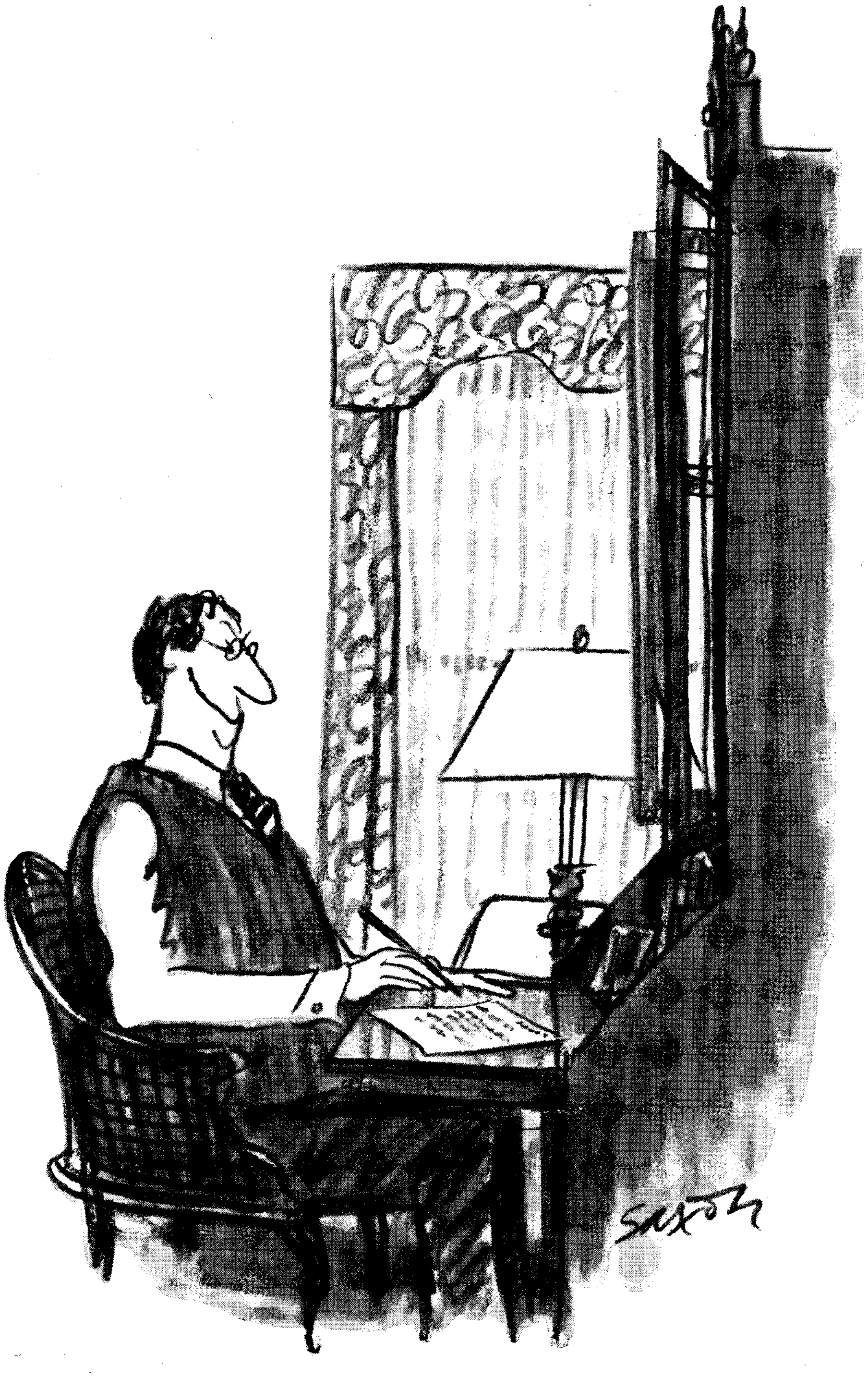
THE INTERVIEW

UNTIL he could no longer write letters, Gabriel's uncle nagged him with useless advice. Most of it was about money. Owing to Gabriel's inability to produce his father's marriage certificate (in fact, he never tried), his uncle could not in all conscience leave him Baum possessions. It was up to Gabriel, therefore, to look after his own future. He begged Gabriel to find a job with some large, benevolent international firm. It would give him the assurance of money coming in, would encourage French social-security bureaucrats to take an interest in him, and would put him in the way of receiving an annuity at the age of sixty-five.

"Sixty-five is your next step," his uncle warned, for Gabriel's thirtieth birthday.

He counselled Gabriel to lay claim to those revenues known as "German money," but Gabriel's parents had vanished without trace; there was no way of proving they had not taken ship for Tahiti. And it would not have been in Gabriel's power to equate banknotes with a child's despair. His uncle fell back on the Algerian War. Surely Gabriel was entitled to a pension? No, he was not. War had never been declared. What Gabriel had engaged in was a long tactical exercise for which there was no compensation except experience.

The Algerian-pension affair rankled with Gabriel. He had to fill out employment forms that demanded assurance that he had "fulfilled his military obligations." Sometimes it was taken for granted that he had been rejected out of hand. There was no rational basis for this; he supposed it must be because of "Profession: Actor." After his return he continued to take an interest in the war. He was like someone who has played twenty minutes of a match and has to know the outcome. As far as he could make out, it had ended in a draw. The excitement died down, and then no one knew what to put in the magazines and political weeklies anymore. Some journalists tried to interest Gabriel in Brittany, where there was an artichoke glut; others hinted that the new ecumenicity beginning to seep out of Rome was really an attack on French institutions. Gabriel doubted



"No pun intended."

SAINTLY HERMITS IN A LANDSCAPE

In the next small room we find Starnina's panel which shows the artist to have had a highly developed understanding of nature. Starnina (1354?-1408?) remains, however, an enigmatic figure; Berenson does not mention him, and the attempt to attribute this picture to the young Uccello was never convincing.—*Guide to the Uffizi.*

There are, by my tally, just a hundred
of us here, monks living and dead, maybe
more—without a jeweller's loupe, who could tell?
Nor am I sure the dead ones count, except
to suggest a symbolic enterprise
to the living (more about that later) . . .
We are all over the place, even up
in a tree, even down in the dragon's
mouth. Look over there on the extreme right,
just beyond the white-walled village—see him?—

your common or yellow-bellied dragon
waiting for one of us to wade across,
above the double bridge, where the water
thins to a more negotiable gold—
though why that dragon fails to negotiate
the stream in our direction I can't guess.
All the other animals are here, beasts
of burden, birds of prey, one dancing bear,
and there comes Brother Anselm from behind
the ragged hills, riding on a leopard!

I always said there was something showy
about Brother Anselm, he could never
be content like the rest of us to ward
off jackals, herd our long-horned antelope,
or discipline a fox which has just gnawed
through the neck of Father Eustace's hen.
Do you see anyone else riding? No,
we walk, even on water, or else we are
transported, as by devils, through the air
to bleak caves with little more than a bell

and a basket to make our wants known. Wants!
We farm, we fish, and Brother Fred can bake
(if you call that baking). Once in a while
someone remembers us and sends real bread
from town. You might suppose those two in red
gowns were angels, up where George the novice
is reading to the new abbot (we read lots),
but they are merely rich ladies who hope
to have it both ways; every now and then
they stay the night, listening. Then we feast,

and that brings me—feasting does—to my point,
or at least to my line. Any depiction
of human life—and Lord knows ours is that,
if "human" means warfare with what is not—
goes to show nothing exists by itself,
not even the eminent thunder rattling
St. Anthony, who has just wrapped St. Paul
(of Thebes, dead at a hundred and thirteen)
in a yellow mantle he had himself
received from Athanasius, attended

by one of our reverent lions (rather
a desert specialty, that); not even,
between the pines, some intricate red roofs
which correspond to a red silk binding
of the sermon read over a red silk bier
of our patriarch of earthly arcades
in the opposite corner; not even . . .
But it is hard for me to put you in
the picture over here: there have been no
enlargements made of the entire left half;

we must abide by a general sense of pink
and delicate architecture reproached
by certain precipices only, for—
as the Preacher saith—better is the sight
of the eye than the wandering of desire.
And it *is* better, this unrequited
attachment of ours to things in general,
this long perspective we might call tragic
if we did not, like Starnina, call it
love—taken out of scale, taken close up,

it is holocaust. I say Starnina
"calls" it love, by which I mean he labors
to label what he shows, and thereby
calls them love, these cenobite practices
he discovers to us in little boats,
on large boulders, among lilac buildings,
for love is shown in violence, supreme
love in levity. Which joy, once a meagre
publicity of pagans, is for this painter
the giant secret of his anchorites

whose world is an adventure, not a scheme,
and our differences from each other
an absolute sanctity. Nothing
exists by itself . . . Who is the man, anyway,
this Starnina of mine? One Gherardo
of Florence, who being nobler in blood
than in nature, by Vasari's account,
brought more harm on himself than on his friends
thereby, and more harm still would have brought
if he had not dwelt a long time in . . . Spain!

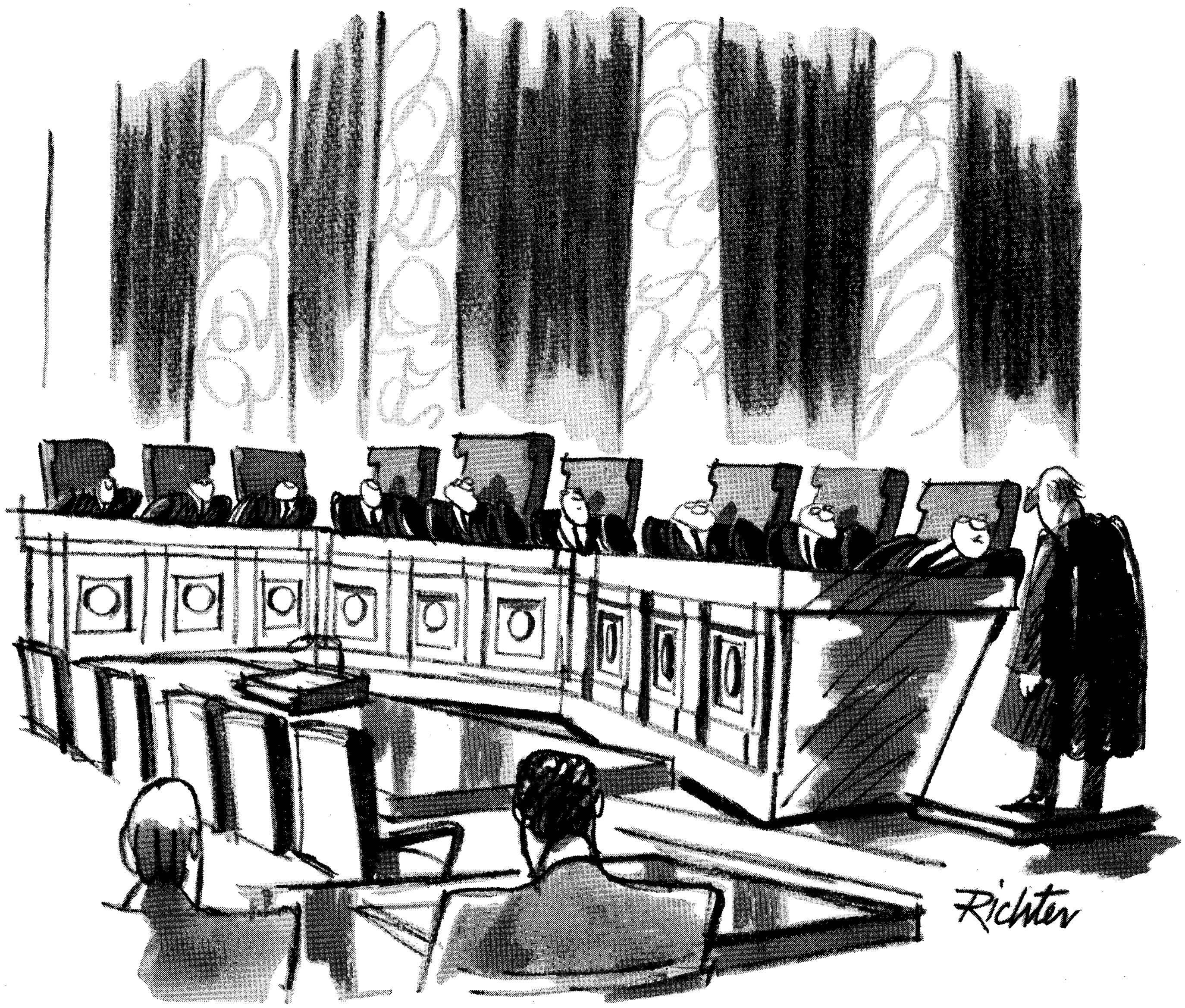
where he learned gentleness and courtesy,
so that, on returning, those who bore him
hatred received him lovingly. Spain, then,
or the desert behind Thebes—any place
of trial—is inconceivable without
a semblance of self-exposure. And then
disappearance. Maybe we are not his
at all, because there was no Starnina . . .
Look! A man may vanish as God vanished,
by filling all things with created life.

—RICHARD HOWARD

• •

this. Looking for news about his pension, he learned about the Western European consumer society and the moral wounds that were being inflicted on France through full employment. Between jobs, he read articles about people who said they had been made unhappy by paper napkins and washing machines.

Most of the customers in La Méduse were waiting for a television call. The rest were refugees, poets' widows, and foreign students looking for work to supplement their scholarships. Up at the bar, where drinks were cheaper, were clustered the second-generation émigré actors Gabriel thought of as bachelor orphans. Unlike Gabriel, they had been everywhere—to Brazil, where they could not understand the language, and to New York, where



"I'm afraid there's been some mistake."

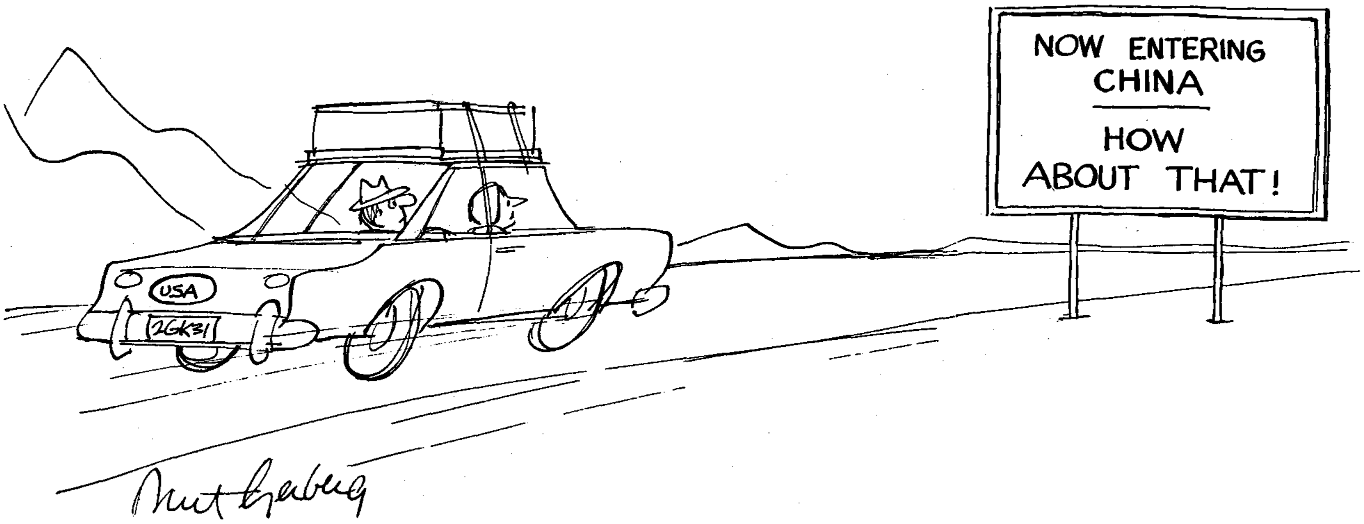
• •

they complained about the climate, and to Israel, where they were disappointed with the food. Now they were in Paris, where they disliked the police.

Sometimes Dieter Pohl shared Gabriel's table. He was a Bavarian Gabriel's age—thirty—who played in films about the Occupation. Dieter had begun as a private, had been promoted to lieutenant, and expected to become a captain soon. He had two good facial expressions, one for victory and one for defeat. Advancing, he gazed keenly upward, as if following a hawk to the vanishing point. Sometimes he pressed binoculars to his eyes. Defeat found him staring at his boots. He could also be glimpsed marching off into captivity with a bandage around his head. The captivity scene took place in the last episode. Gabriel, enrolled as a victim, had generally been disposed of in the first. His rapid disappearance was supposed to establish the tone of the period for audiences too young to recall it.

It was around this time, when French editorial alarm about the morally destructive aspect of Western prosperity was at its most feverish, that a man calling himself Briseglace wandered into the bar and began asking all the aliens and strangers there if they were glad to be poor. He said that he was a journalist, that his wife had left him for a psychiatrist, and that his girlfriend took tickets in a cinema farther along the street. He said that the Montparnasse railway station was to be torn down and a dark tower built in its place; no one believed him. He wore a tie made of some yellow Oriental stuff. His clothes looked as if they had been stitched by nuns on a convent sewing machine. Gabriel and his generation had gone into black—black pullovers, black leather jackets, soft black boots. Their haircuts still spoke of military service and colonial wars. Briseglace's straggling, grayish locks, his shapeless and shabby and oddly feminine-looking overcoat, his stained fingers and cheap cigarettes, his pessimism and his boldness and his belief in the moral advantages of penury all came straight from the Latin Quarter of the nineteen-forties. He was the Occupation; he was the Liberation, too. The films that Dieter and Gabriel played in grew like common weeds from the heart of whatever young man he once had been. Gabriel's only feeling, seeing him, was disgust at what it meant to grow old.

The dark garments worn in La Méduse gave the place the appearance of a camp full of armed militia, into which Briseglace, outdated civilian, had stumbled without cause. Actually, the leather jackets covered only perpetual worry. Some people thought



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Briseglace was with the C.I.A., others saw a K.G.B. agent with terrifying credentials. The orphans were certain he was an inspector sent to see if their identification papers were forgeries. But his questions led only to one tame conclusion, which he begged them to ratify: it was that being poor they were free, and being free they were happy.

Released from immediate danger, a few of the aliens sat and stood straighter, looked nonchalant or offended, depending on how profound their first terrors had been. Dieter declared himself happy in a profession that had brought him moral satisfaction and material comfort, and that provided the general public with notions of history. Some of those at the bar identified themselves as tourists, briefly in Paris, staying at comfortable hotels. Someone mentioned the high prices that had to be paid for soccer stars. Another recalled that on the subject of personal riches Christ had been ambiguous yet reassuring. Briseglace wrote everything down. When he paid for his coffee he asked for the check, which he had to turn in for expenses. Gabriel, who had decided to have nothing to do with him, turned the pages of *Paris-Match*.

Six weeks later Gabriel emerged in the pages of a left-wing weekly as "Gabriel B., spokesman for the flotsam of Western Europe."

Gabriel read, "His first language was German. Lacking the rudder of political motivation, his aimless wanderings have cast him up in Montparnasse, in the sad fragrance of coffee machines. Do you think he eats in the Jewish quarter, at Jo Goldenberg's, at La Rose d'Or? Never. You will find Gabriel B. gnawing veal cutlets at the Wienerwald, devouring potato dumplings at the Tannhäuser. For Gabriel B. this bizarre nourishment constitutes a primal memory, from infancy to age twelve." "Seven," Gabriel scrupulously corrected, but it was too late—the thing was in print. "This handsome Prince of Bohemia has reached the fatal age of thirty. What can he do? Where can he go? Conscience money from the wealthy German republic keeps him in cigarettes. A holdover from bad times, he slips through the good times without seeing them. The Western European consumer society is not so much an economic condition as a state of mind."

Gabriel read the part about the Prince of Bohemia two or three times. He wondered where the Wienerwald was. In the picture accompanying the article was Dieter Pohl, with his eyes inked over so that he could not be identified and use the identification as an excuse for suing the magazine.

There was no explaining it. Dieter was sure he had not sat for a portrait; Gabriel was positive he had not opened his mouth. He thought of posting the article to Uncle August, but his uncle would take it to be a piece of downright nonsense, like the clockwork bear. Dieter bought half a dozen copies of the magazine for his relatives in Bavaria; it was the first time that a picture of him had ever been published anywhere.

Gabriel's escape from annihilation in two real wars (even though one had been called something else) had left him with reverence for unknown forces. Perhaps Briseglace had been sent to nudge him in some new direction. Perhaps the man would turn up again, confessing he had never been a journalist and had been feigning not in order to harm Gabriel but to insure his ultimate safety.

Nothing of the kind ever happened, of course. Briseglace was never seen again in La Méduse. The only reaction to the interview came from a cousin of Dieter's called Helga. She did not read French easily and had understood some of it to mean that Dieter was not eating enough. She sent him a quantity of very good gingerbread in a tin box and begged him, not for the first time, to pack his things and come home and let a woman look after his life.

Unsettling Rumors

As he grew older and balder, stouter and more reflective, Gabriel found himself at odds with the few bachelors he still saw in Montparnasse. They tended to cast back to the nineteen-sixties as the springtime of life, though none of them had been all that young. Probably because they had outlived their parents and were without children, they had no way of measuring time. To Gabriel the decade now seemed to have been like a south wind, making everyone fretful and jumpy. The colder their prospects, the steadier his friends had become. They slept well, cashed their unemployment checks without grumbling, strolled along the boulevards through a surf of fallen leaves and discarded calls to revolution, stood in peaceful queues in front of those cinemas that still charged no more than eleven francs. Inside, the seats and carpets were moldering slowly. Half the line shuffling up to the ticket office was probably out of work. His friends preferred films in which women presented no obstacles and created no problems and were shown either naked or in evening dress.

Much of Gabriel's waking time was now spent like this, too—not idly but immersed in the present moment.

Soon after the Yom Kippur War, a notice had been posted in La Méduse: "Owing to the economic situation no one may sit for more than thirty minutes over a single order." The management had no legal means of enforcing this; still the notice hung there, a symptom of a new harshness, the sourness engendered by the decline.

"That sign was the end of life as we knew it in the sixties," said Dieter Pohl. He was a colonel now, and as fussy as a monarch at a review about a badge misplaced or a button undone. Gabriel had no equivalent staircase to climb; who ever has heard of a victim's being promoted? Still, he had acquired a variety of victim experiences. Gabriel had been shot, stoned, drowned, suffocated, and marked off for hanging; had been insulted and betrayed; had been shoved aboard trains and dragged out of them; had been flung from the back of a truck with such accidental violence that he had broken his collarbone. His demise, seen by millions of people, some eating their dinner, was still needed in order to give a push to the old dishonorable plot—told ever more simply now, like a fable—while Dieter's fate was still part of its moral.

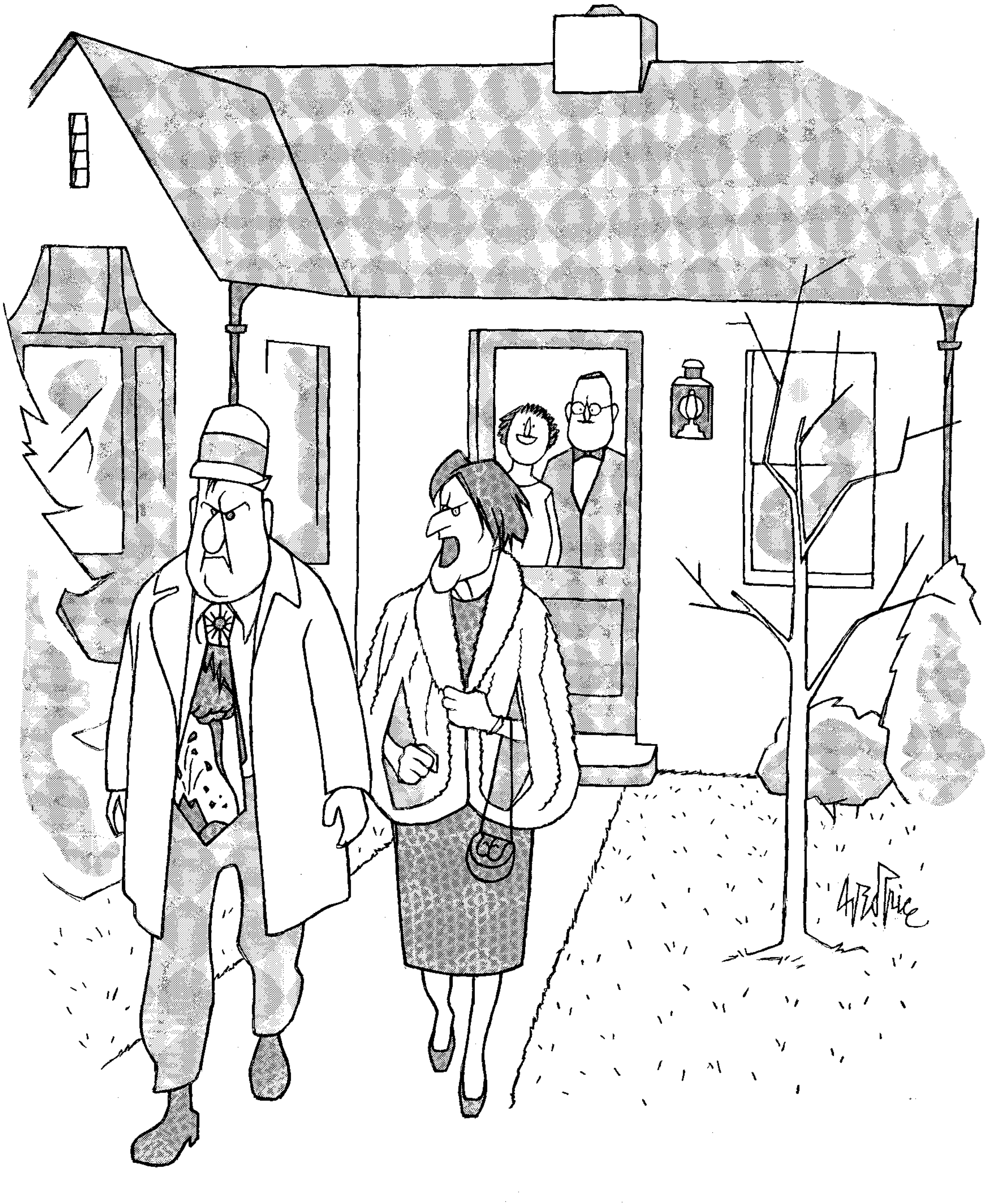
On this repeated game of death and consequences Dieter's seniority depended. He told Gabriel that the French would be bored with entertainment based on the Occupation by about 1982; by that time he would have been made a general at least once, and would have saved up enough money to buy a business of some kind in his native town.

He often spoke as if the parting were imminent, though he was still only a colonel: "Our biographies are not the same, and you are a real actor, who took lessons, and a real soldier, who fought in a real war. But look at the result—we ended up in the same place, doing the same work, sitting at the same table. Years and years without a disagreement. It is a male situation. Women would never be capable of such a thing."

Gabriel supposed Dieter to mean that women, inclined by nature to quick offense and unending grudges, were not gifted for loyal friendship. Perhaps it was true, but it seemed incomplete. Even the most solitary of the women he could observe—the poets' widows, for instance, with their crocheted berets, their mysterious shopping bags, their fat, waddling dogs—did not cluster together like anxious pigeons on the pretext of friendship. Each one came in alone and sat by herself, reading whatever fascinating stuff she could root out of the shopping bag, staring at strangers with ever-fresh interest, sometimes making comments about them aloud.

A woman can always get some practical use from a torn-up life, Gabriel decided. She likes mending and patching it, making sure the edges are straight. She spreads the last shred out and takes its measure: "What can I do with this remnant? How long does it need to last?" A man puts on his life ready-made. If it doesn't fit, he will try to exchange it for another. Only a fool of a man will try to adjust the sleeves or move the buttons; he doesn't know how.

Some of the older customers were now prey to unsettling rumors. La Méduse was said to have been sold by its owner, a dour Breton with very small eyes. It would soon be converted to a dry cleaner's establishment, as part of the smartening up of Montpar-



"That necktie of yours rattled every damn window in the house."

nasse. The chairs, the glasses, the thick grayish cups and saucers, the zinc-covered bar, the neon tubes on the ceiling—sociological artifacts—had been purchased at roaring prices for a museum in Stockholm. It seemed farfetched to Gabriel but not impossible; the Montparnasse station had been torn down, and a dark, ugly tower had been put in its place. He remembered how Briseglace had predicted this.

Gabriel had noticed lately that he was not seeing Paris as it was but the way it had stayed in his mind; he still saw butchers and grocers and pastry shops, when in reality they had become garages and banks. There was a new smell in the air now, metallic and hot. He was changing, too. Hunger was drawn to his attention by a feeling of sadness and loss. He breathed without effort. The child-Gabriel had grown still. Occupation films had fallen off a little, but Gabriel had more resources than Dieter. He wore a checked cap and sang the "Internationale;" he was one of a committee bringing bad news to Seneca. He had a summer season playing Flavius in "Julius Caesar," and another playing Aston in "The Caretaker" and the zoo director in "The Bedbug." These festivals were staged in working-class suburbs the inhabitants of which had left for the Côte d'Azur. During one of those summers La Méduse changed hands, shut for three months, and opened with rows of booths, automobile seats made of imitation leather, orange glass lampshades, and British First World War recruiting posters plastered on the walls. The notice about not sitting for more than thirty minutes had vanished, replaced by an announcement that ice cream and hamburgers could be obtained. Washrooms and telephones were one flight up instead of in the basement; there was someone on hand to receive tips and take messages. At each table was a bill of fare four pages long and a postcard advertising the café, which customers could send to their friends if they wanted to. The card showed a Medusa jellyfish with long eyelashes and a ribbon on its head, smiling out of a tiny screen. Beneath this one could read:

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MEETING PLACE FOR TELEVISION
STARS IN PARIS

Gabriel tried a number of booths before finding one that suited him. Between the automobile seat and a radiator was a space where he could keep magazines. The draught beer was of somewhat lower quality than before. The main difference between the old place and the new one was its smell. For a time he could not identify it. It turned out to be the reek of a chicory drink, the color of boot polish, invented to fight inflation. The addition of sugar made it nauseating, and it was twice as expensive as coffee had ever been.

THE SURRENDER

DIETER heard that a thirteen-hour television project about the Occupation was to be launched in the spring; he had seen the outline. He said, "For the moment they just need a few people to be deported and to jump off the train."

Some old-timers heard Dieter say, "They want to deport the Poles," and some heard, "They are rounding up the foreign-born Socialists," and others swore he had asked for twelve Jews to be run over by a locomotive.

Dieter wore a new civilian winter costume—a light-brown fur-lined winter coat and a Russian cap. He ate roasted chestnuts, which he peeled with

HEAVEN AND EARTH

It was a circle when I heard it first,
mid-March, about ten years ago,
of songbirds, lost,
I thought, circling in confusion in the night.
The sky was overcast.
I couldn't see a single star.

I stood there, face up, following the sound,
my head circling like the birds,
around and around.
They must be thrushes, a flock of them, I thought,
too early, northbound,
and feeling, as I felt, the cold,

and excitedly conferring up there.
It was like standing in a bell.
Then they moved higher.
They are climbing, I thought, gaining altitude
before leaving the air
above me empty as a church.

It was then that, swung once more, the bell broke
and fell, ringing all around me
a new music,
the sound now as if each of the pieces sang,
liquid and ecstatic,
of unearthly generation.

It was, I thought then, the sound of heaven.
When it was over, the sky
silent again,
it seemed to me the dead had celebrated
overhead, and withdrawn,
not to return in my lifetime.

March proved me wrong. Snow fell but the same song
circled up through another night
and fell, ringing,
and often, waking to moonlight, I heard it
as winter turned to spring.
It had to be a single bird.

Now, ten years later, I have learned its name.
Each March I watch to see
the woodcock skim
the ground, turn and spiral up to build his bell,
then break it up and come
down through his music to the earth—

a very plain bird, plump, with a long bill,
useful for unearthing earthworms.

—JON SWAN

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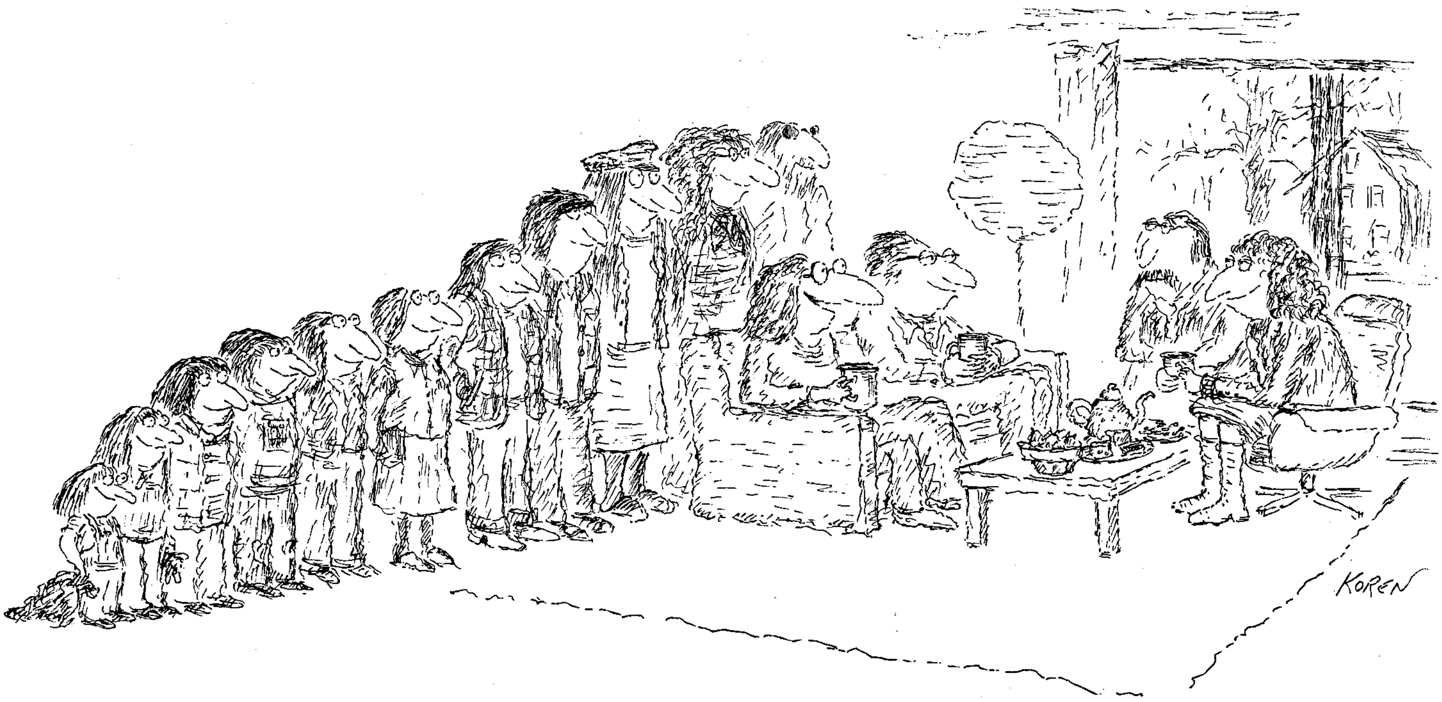


"When the children have all grown up, we hope to move back to the city."

● ●

his fingernails. They were in a cornucopia made of half a page of *Le Quotidien de Paris*. In the old Méduse, eating out of a newspaper would have meant instant expulsion. Dieter spread the paper on Gabriel's table, sat down, and told him about the film. It would begin with a group of Resistance fighters who were being deported jumping out of a train. Their group would include a coal miner, an anti-Semitic aristocrat, a Communist militant, a peasant with a droll Provençal accent, a long-faced Protestant intellectual, and a priest in doubt about his vocation. Three Jews would be discovered to have jumped or fallen with them: one aged rabbi, one black-market operator, and one anything.

The one anything will be me, Gabriel decided, helping himself to chestnuts. He saw, without Dieter's needing to describe them, the glaring lights, the dogs straining at their leads, the guards running and blowing whistles, the stalled train, a rainstorm perhaps.

The aristo will be against taking the extra three men along, Dieter said, but the priest will intercede for them. The miner, or perhaps the black-market man, will stay behind to act as decoy for the dogs while the others all get in a rowboat and make for the maquis. The peasant will turn out to be a British intelligence agent named Scott. The Protestant will fall out of the rowboat; the priest will drown trying to save him; the Communist . . .

"We know all that," Gabriel interrupted. "Who's there at the end?"

The aristo, said Dieter. The aristo and the aged rabbi will survive twelve episodes and make their way together back to Paris for the Liberation. There they will discover Dieter and his men holed up in the Palais du Luxembourg, standing fast against the local Resistance and a few policemen. The rabbi will die next to the Medici Fountain, in the arms of the aristo.

Gabriel thought this did not bode well for the future, but Dieter reassured him: The aristo will now be a changed man. He will storm the Palais and be seen at the end writing "MY FRIENDS REMEMBERED" on the wall while Dieter and the others file by with their hands up.

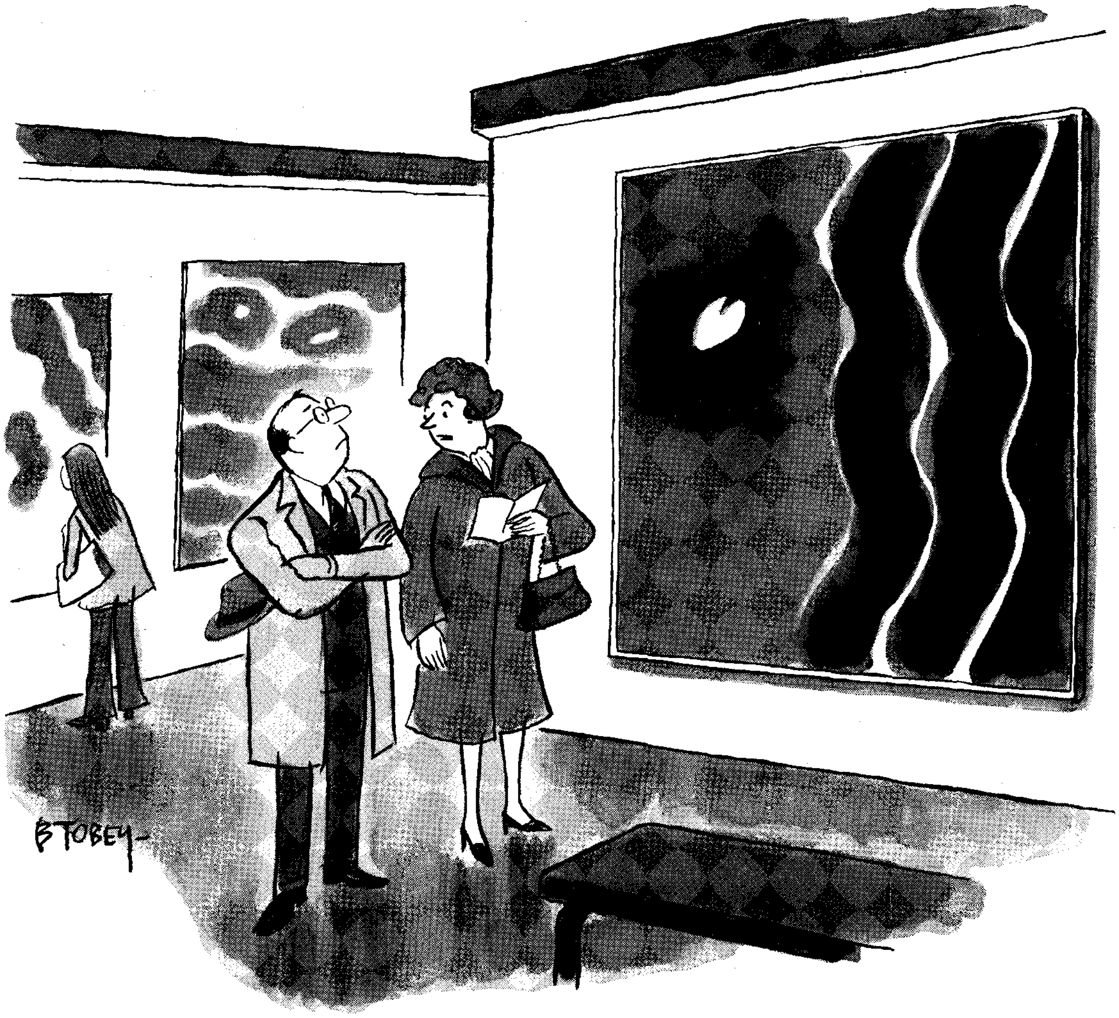
"What about the one anything?" said Gabriel. "How long does he last?"

"Dear friend and old comrade," said Dieter, "don't take offense at this. Ten years ago you would have been the first man chosen. But now you are at the wrong age. Who cares what happens to a man of forty-three? You aren't old enough or young enough to make anyone cry. And the fact is—forgive me for saying so—but you are the wrong age to play a Jew. A uniform has no age," he added, because he was also forty-three. "And no one is expected to cry at the end, but just to be thoughtful and satisfied."

While Gabriel sat mulling this over, Dieter told him about the helmets the Germans were going to wear. Some were heavy metal—museum pieces; they gave their wearers headaches and left red marks on the brow. A certain number of light plastic helmets would be distributed, but only to officers. The higher one's rank, the lighter the helmet. What Dieter was getting around to was this: he wondered if Gabriel might not care to bridge this stage of his Occupation career by becoming a surrendering officer, seen in the last episode instead of vanishing after the first. He would be a colonel in the Wehrmacht (humane, idealistic, opposed to extreme measures), while Dieter would have to be the S.S. one (not so good). He and Dieter would both have weightless helmets and comfortable, well-cut uniforms.

Gabriel supposed that Dieter was right, in a way. Certainly he was at a bad age for dangerous antics. It was time for younger men to take their turn at jumping off moving vehicles, diving into ice-cold streams, and dodging blank shot; nor had he reached that time of life when he could die blessing and inspiring those the script had chosen to survive him. As an officer, doomed to defeat, he would at least be sure of his rank and his role and of being in one piece at the end.

Two weeks later Dieter announced to the old-timers that the whole first scene had been changed; there would now be a mass escape from a convoy of lorries, with dozens of men gunned down on the spot. The original Resistance group was reduced, with the Protestant, the Communist, and the miner eliminated completely. This new position caused some argument and recrimination, in which Gabriel did not



"Of course you don't understand it. He's an artists' artist."

• •

take part. All he had to wait for now was the right helmet and good weather.

The usual working delays occurred, so that it was not until May that the last of the Baums tried on his new uniform. Dieter adjusted the shoulders of the tunic and set the plastic helmet at a jaunty angle. Gabriel looked at himself. He removed the helmet and put it back on straight. Dieter spoke encouragingly; he seemed to think that Gabriel was troubled about seeming too stout, too bald, too old for his rank.

"There is nothing like a uniform for revealing a man's real age to him," said Dieter. "But from a distance everyone in uniform looks the same."

Gabriel in his new uniform seemed not just to be looking at himself in a glass but actually to be walking through it. He moved through a liquid mirror, back and forth. With each crossing his breath came a little shorter.

Dieter said generously, "A lot of soldiers went bald prematurely because the helmets rubbed their hair."

The surrender was again delayed, this time on account of bad weather. One sodden afternoon, after hanging about in the Luxembourg Gardens for hours, Dieter and Gabriel borrowed capes from a couple of actors who were playing policemen and, their uniforms concealed, went to a post office so that Dieter could make a phone call. His cousin Helga, destined by both their families to be his bride, had waited a long time; just when it was beginning to look as if she had waited too long for anything, a widower proposed. She was being married the next day. Dieter had to call and explain why he could not be at the wedding; he was held up waiting for the surrender.

Helga talked to Dieter without drawing breath. He listened for a while, then handed the receiver to Gabriel. Helga continued telling Dieter, or Gabriel, that her husband-to-be had a grandchild who could play the accordion. The child was to perform at the wedding party. The accordion was almost as large as the little girl, and twice as heavy.

"You ought to see her fingers on the keyboard," Helga yelled. "They fly—fast, fast."

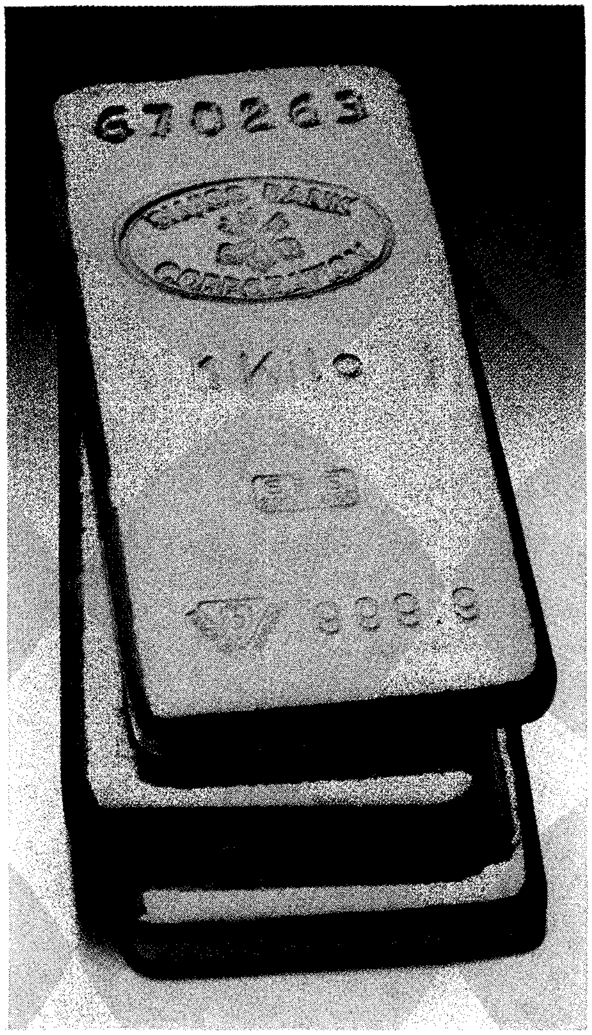
Gabriel gave the telephone to Dieter, who assumed a look of blank concentration. When he had heard enough he beckoned to Gabriel. Gabriel pressed the receiver to his ear and learned that Helga was worried. She had dreamed that she was married and that her husband would not make room for her in his apartment. When she wanted to try the washing machine, he was already washing his own clothes. "What do you think of the dream?" she said to Gabriel. "Can you hear me? I still love you." Gabriel placed the receiver softly on a shelf under the telephone and waved Dieter in so that he could say goodbye.

They came out of the post office to a drenching rain. Dieter wondered what shape their uniforms would be in by the time they surrendered. Gabriel argued that after the siege of the Palais du Luxembourg the original uniforms must have shown wear. Dieter answered that it was not up to him or Gabriel to decide such things.

Rain fell for another fortnight, but, at last, on a cool shining June day, they were able to surrender. During one of the long periods of inextricable confusion, Dieter and Gabriel walked as far as the Delacroix Monument and sat on its rim. Dieter was disappointed in his men. There were no real Germans among them, but Yugoslavs, Turks, North Africans, Portuguese, and some unemployed French. The Resistance forces were not much better, he said. There had been complaints. Gabriel had to agree that they were a bedraggled-looking lot. Dieter recalled how in the sixties there used to be real Frenchmen, real Germans, authentic Jews. The Jews had played deportation the way they had seen it in films, and the Germans had surrendered according to film tradition, too, but there had been this difference: they had at least been doing something their parents had done before them. They had not only the folklore of movies to guide them but—in

MAN AND HIS GOLD, A SERIES

It's been said that gold isn't money. But in fact it often is.



In a village in South America, a peasant steals furtively into the abandoned wing of a mine. With little food or water, he will scratch at the rock for days until he has found gold—or is discovered by the mine authorities. To him gold is money; it is a medium of exchange.

In a restaurant near his University, an economics professor lunches with his colleagues. He is explaining the recent Jamaica Agreement to remove gold as the common denominator of world currencies. To him, gold—and he uses the popular wording—has been "demonetized."

One view is educated, theoretical and modern. The other is instinctive, practical, and historical. But because powerful countries also hold these diverse views, there has been inevitable collision.

Since World War II there has been running debate on the monetary role of gold, with sophisticated arguments to support each side. Finally, in Jamaica in January, 1976, a committee of world finance ministers agreed that gold would no longer be what is termed "a unit of account." This means that nations will no longer calculate the values of their currencies in a relationship to gold—but to a group of selected currencies instead.

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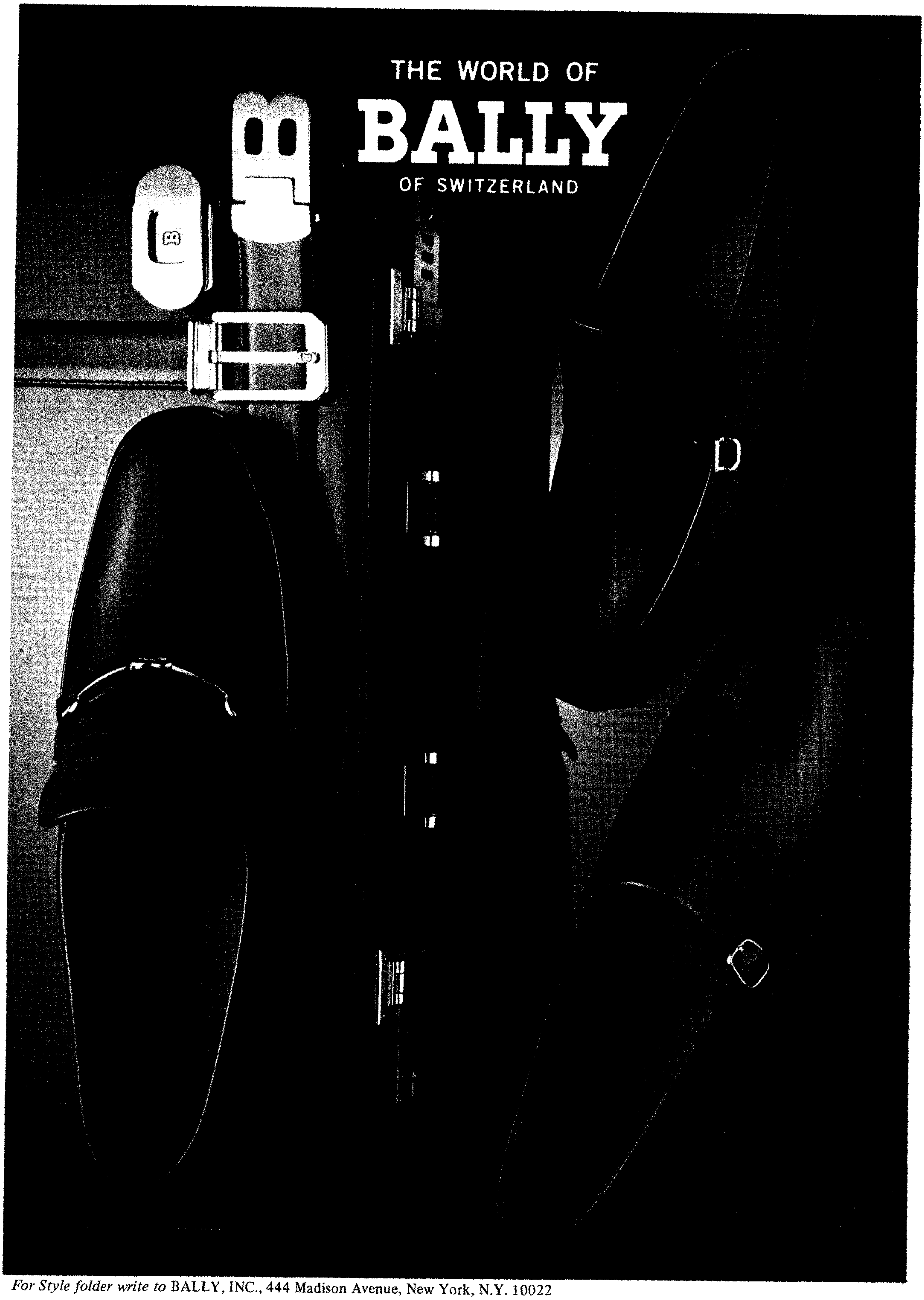
THE WORLD OF
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many cases—firsthand accounts. Now, even if one could assemble a true cast of players, they would be trying to imitate their grandfathers. They were at one remove too many. There was no assurance that a real German, a real Frenchman would be any more plausible now than a Turk.

Dieter sighed, and glanced up at the houses on the other side of the street edging the park. "It wouldn't be bad to live up there," he said. "At the top, with one of those long terraces. They grow real trees on them—poplars, birches."

"What would it cost?"

"Around a hundred and fifty million francs," said Dieter. "Without the furniture."

"Anyone can have a place like that with money," said Gabriel. "The interesting thing would be to live up there without it."

"How?"

Gabriel took off his helmet and looked deeply inside it. He said, "I don't know."

Dieter showed him the snapshots of his cousin's wedding. Helga and the groom wore rimless spectacles. In one picture they cut a cake together; in another they tried to drink out of the same champagne glass. Eyeglasses very like theirs, reduced in size, were worn by a plain little girl. On her head was a wreath of daisies. She was dressed in a long, stiff yellow gown. Gabriel could see just the hem of the dress and the small shoes, and her bashful, anxious face and slightly crossed eyes. Her wrists were encircled by daisies, too. Most of her person was behind an accordion. The accordion seemed to be falling apart; she had all she could do to keep it together.

"My cousin's husband's granddaughter," said Dieter. He read Helga's letter: " 'She can play anything—fast, fast. Her fingers simply fly over the keyboard.' "

Gabriel examined every detail of the picture. The child was dazzled and alarmed, and the accordion was far too heavy. "What is her name?" he said.

Dieter read more of the letter and said, "Erna."

"Erna," Colonel Baum repeated. He looked again at the button of a face, the flower bracelets, the feet with the heels together—they must have told her to stand that way. He gave the snapshot back without saying anything.

A crowd had collected in the meantime, drawn by the lights and the equipment and the sight of the soldiers in German uniform. Some asked if they might be photographed with them; this often happened when a film of that kind was made in the streets.

An elderly couple edged up to the two officers. The woman said, in German, in a low voice, "What are you doing here?"

"Waiting to surrender," said Dieter.

"I can see that, but what are you *doing*?"

"I don't know," said Dieter. "I've been sitting on the edge of this monument for thirty-five years. I'm still waiting for orders."

The man tried to give them cigarettes, but neither colonel smoked. The couple took pictures of each other standing between Dieter and Gabriel, and went away.

Why is it, said Gabriel to himself, that when I was playing a wretched, desperate victim no one ever asked to have his picture taken with me? The question troubled him, seeming to proceed from the younger Gabriel, who had been absent for some time now. He hoped his unruly tenant was not on his way back, screaming for a child's version of justice, for an impossible world.

Some of the men put their helmets upside down on the ground and tried to make the visitors pay for taking their pictures. Dieter was disturbed by this. "Of course, you were a real soldier," he said to Gabriel unhappily. "All this must seem inferior." They sat without saying anything for a time, and then Dieter began to talk about ecology. Because of ecology, there was a demand in Bavaria for fresh bread made of authentic flour, salt, water, and yeast. Because of unemployment, there were people willing to return to the old, forgotten trades, at which one earned practically nothing and had to work all night. The fact was that he had finally saved up enough money and had bought a bakery in his native town. He was through with the war, the Occupation, the Liberation, and captivity. He was going home.

This caused the most extraordinary change in Gabriel's view of the park. All the greens in it became one dull color, as if thunderous clouds had gathered low in the sky.

"You will always be welcome," said Dieter. "Your room will be ready, a bed made up, flowers in a vase. I intend to marry someone in the village—someone young."

Gabriel said, "If you have four or five children, how can you keep a spare room?"

Still, it was an attractive thought. The greens emerged again, fresh and bright. He saw the room that could be his. Imagine being wakened in a clean room by birds singing and the smell of freshly baked bread. Flowers in a vase; Gabriel hardly knew one from the other—only the caged flowers of parks. He saw, in a linen press, sheets strewn with lavender. His clothes hung up or folded. His breakfast on a white tablecloth, under a lime tree. A basket of warm bread, another of boiled eggs. Dieter's wife putting her hand on the white coffee pot to see if the coffee was still hot enough for Gabriel. A jug of milk, another of cream. Dieter's obedient children drinking from mugs, their chins on the rim of the table. Yes, and the younger Gabriel, revived and outraged and jealous, thrashing around in his heart, saying, "Think about empty rooms, letters left behind, cold railway stations washed down with disinfectant, dark glaciers of time." And, then, Gabriel knew nothing about the country. He could not see himself actually *in* it. He had never been to the country except to jump out of trains. It was only in films that he had seen mist lifting or paths lost in ferns.

They surrendered all the rest of the afternoon. The aristo wrote "MY FRIENDS REMEMBERED" on the wall while Dieter and Gabriel led some Turks and Yugoslavs and some unemployed Frenchmen into captivity. The aristo did not even bother to turn around and look. Gabriel was breathing at a good rhythm—not too shallow, not too fast. An infinity of surrenders had preceded this one, in color and in black and white, with music and without. A long trail of application forms and employment questionnaires had led Gabriel here: "Baum, Gabriel, b. 1935, Germany, nat. French, mil. serv. obl. fulf." (Actually, for some years

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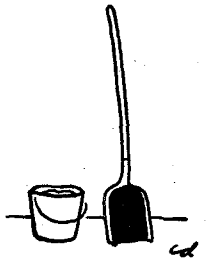
now his date of birth had rendered the assurance about military service unnecessary.) Country words ran meanwhile in Gabriel's head. He thought, Dense thickets, lizards and snakes, a thrush's egg, a bee, lichen, wild berries, dark thorny leaves, pale mushrooms. Each word carried its own fragrance.

At the end of the day Dieter's face was white and tired and perfectly blank. He might have been listening to Helga. The aristo came over, smoking a cigarette. About twenty-three years before this, he and Gabriel had performed before a jury in a one-act play of Jules Renard's. The aristo had received an honorable mention, Gabriel a first. The aristo hadn't recognized Gabriel until now, because of the uniform. He said, "What's the matter with him?"



Dieter sat slumped in an iron chair belonging to the park administration, staring at his boots. He jerked his head up and looked around, crying, "Why? Where?" and something else Gabriel didn't catch.

Gabriel hoped Dieter was not going to snap now, with the bakery and the flowers and the children in sight. "Well, well, old friend!" said Dieter, clutching Gabriel and trying to get to his feet. "Save your strength! Don't take things to heart! You'll dance at my wedding!"

"Exhaustion," said the aristo.

Gabriel and Dieter slowly made their way to the street, where Volkswagen buses full of actors were waiting. The actors made signs meaning to tell them to hurry up; they were all tired and impatient and anxious to change into their own clothes and get home. Dieter leaned on his old friend. Every few steps he stopped to talk excitedly, as people put to a great strain will do—all in a rush, like the long babbling of dreams.

"You'll have to walk faster," said Gabriel, beginning to feel irritated. "The buses won't wait forever, and we can be arrested for wearing these uniforms without a reason."

"There's a very good reason," said Dieter, but he seemed all at once to recover.

That night at La Méduse Dieter drew the plan of the bakery and the large apartment above it, with an X marking Gabriel's room. He said that Gabriel would spend his summers and holidays there, and would teach Dieter's children to pronounce French correctly. The light shining out of the orange glass lampshade made the drawing seem attractive and warm. It turned out that Dieter hadn't actually bought the bakery but had made a down payment and was negotiating for a bank loan.

The proprietor of La Méduse now came over to their table, accompanied by a young couple—younger than Dieter and Gabriel, that is—to whom he had just sold the place. He introduced them, saying, "My oldest customers. You know their faces, of course. Television."

The new owners shook hands with Gabriel and Dieter, assuring them that they did not intend to tamper with the atmosphere of the old place; not for anything in the world would they touch the recruiting posters or the automobile seats.

After they had gone Dieter seemed to lose interest in his drawing; he folded it in half, then in half again, and finally put his glass down on it. "They are a pair of crooks, you know," he said. "They had to get out of Bastia because they had swindled so many people they were afraid of being murdered. Apparently they're going to turn La Méduse into a front for the Corsican Mafia." Having said this, Dieter gave a great sigh and fell silent. Seeing that he had given up talking about the bakery and Gabriel's room, Gabriel drew a magazine out from behind the radiator and began to read. Dieter let him go on reading for quite a while before he sighed again. Gabriel did not look up. Dieter unfolded the drawing and smoothed it flat. He examined it, made a change or two with a pencil, and said something indistinct.

Gabriel said, "What?" without raising his head.

Dieter answered, "My father lived to be ninety." —MAVIS GALLANT

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*Harry L. Armstrong in Ohio Out-of-Doors, a publication of the League of Ohio Sportsmen*]

Governor Rhodes commences on his fourth term as Governor of the state this month and on behalf of the sportsmen of Ohio I would like to wish the Governor good luck. James Rhodes has amassed one of the most distinguished service records ever accumulated by any man holding public office anywhere. The people of Ohio are indeed fortunate to have the nation's veteran state chief executive at Ohio's helm during the next four years, which will surely be ones of triumph over trouble and progress.

THE THEATRE

No Surprises

IT'S a convenient rule of thumb that any thriller I can see through isn't worth sitting through. I'm always the last to figure out a clever plot—I was dumbfounded by the multiple endings of "Witness for the Prosecution," and "Sleuth" baffled me not once but several times. In the case of "Trick," which opened at the Playhouse on Sunday evening and deserves to be playing a split week in Ultima Thule by the time this review is in print, the plot is composed of such ill-assorted idiocies of thought, word, and deed that I was never at a loss during the course of it, except for an expletive with which to convey to a companion the depth of my contempt for its transparency. A person is murdered in the first few seconds of the play, and another person is murdered in the last few minutes of the play, and in each case the murder takes place onstage and the identity of the murderer is not in question; such suspense as the play is intended to evoke must spring from repeated attempts to shift the burden of responsibility for the crimes from guilty shoulders onto innocent ones, but since there are only three characters in the play, the suspense is infinitesimal. One of the characters is a professional murderer, the second is a Scotland Yard man, and the third is a BBC announcer; it's easy enough to guess which of them has any small talk worth listening to.

The author of "Trick" is Larry Cohen, who is said to be a successful TV and movie writer and director; the nature of his talent and craft cannot be described as filling a felt want on Broadway. The cast of the play consisted of Tammy Grimes, Donald Madden, and Lee Richardson, and I commend them for the professional valor with which they carried out their assigned tasks. The setting—a contemporary duplex flat in London—was from the hand of Raymond C. Recht, and very plausible it was, in its tacky London-duplex fashion. The lighting was designed by Marshall S. Spiller, the costumes were designed by Judy Dearing, and the direction was by the author, who, like most author-directors, evidently found a good deal in his work that gave him pleasure.

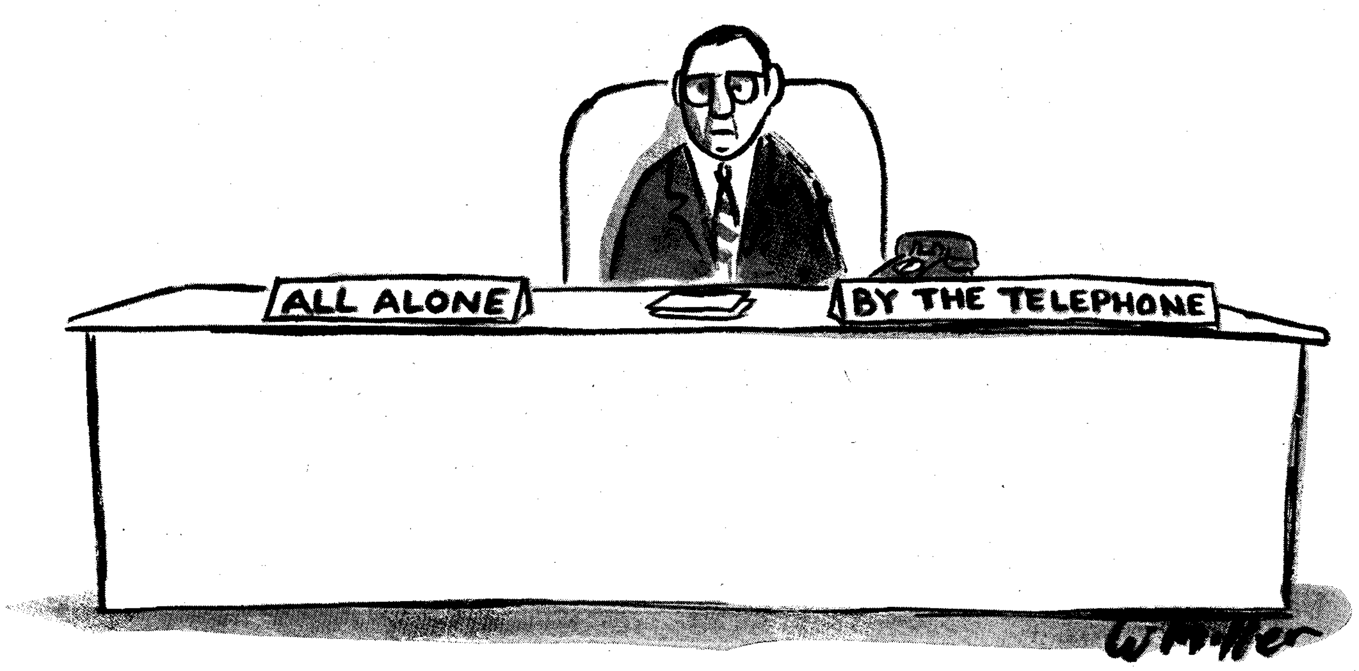
—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Son et Lumière

ANDREI SERBAN (director), Michel Legrand (composer), Michael Yeargan (scenic designer), Ian Calderon (lighting designer), Jacques Demy (librettist), Sheldon Harnick (translator), and a gifted company of singer-actors have spun a literally charming little opera out of a sugary French movie—also an opera of sorts—called "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg." The show at the Public may be a little sugary, too, I guess, but never has Mr. Serban's astonishing theatrical inventiveness been more in evidence than it is here, as sight and sound blend in constant motion—the whirling of open umbrellas, the crossing of furled ones, the sliding of transparent panels on a revolving stage—to the melodic songs that make up the score. Nothing is inert, every tiny detail is in keeping; children, at the end, play with an undulating Slinky toy, which in less knowing hands might have been merely a Teddy bear. There are also (let me add at once, in case I've made the show sound like a pageant or a pain) characters, a plot, feelings, and comedy, some of the last endearingly unconscious. The action takes place in Cherbourg over several years in the late fifties and early sixties. A girl of sixteen who works in her mother's umbrella shop (called the U. of C.) has a love affair with a young garage mechanic; he is drafted and sent to Algiers. She discovers that she is pregnant, and although he writes once that he is happy at the news, there are long stretches of no mail and much misery. Persuaded by her sympathetic mother, she accepts the proposal of a rich middle-aged man, who agrees to bring the child up as his own. Pregnant wedding. The garage mechanic returns, having been wounded, to find her gone to Paris. He grieves for a while and then, after an old aunt of his has died and left him enough money to open a garage of his own, marries the aunt's companion. Boy and girl meet once more and part, each of them returning to a contented home. All is as airy and as tender as a meringue.

The performers, responding to the delicate, inspired touch of Mr. Serban, do very well, supplying credible emotions, to say nothing of good voices. Dean Pitchford is the boy, Stefanianne Christopherson is the girl, Judith Roberts is her mother, Lizabeth Pritchett



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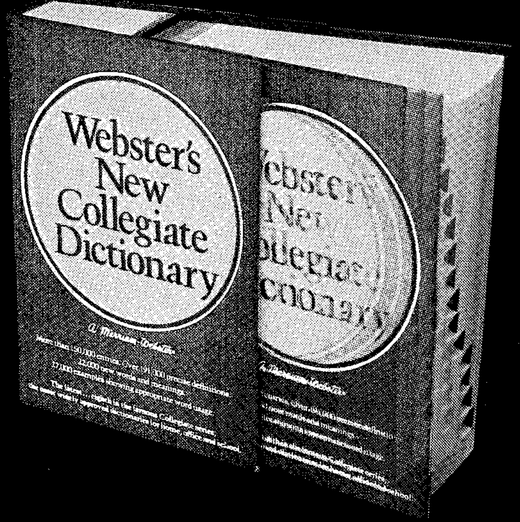

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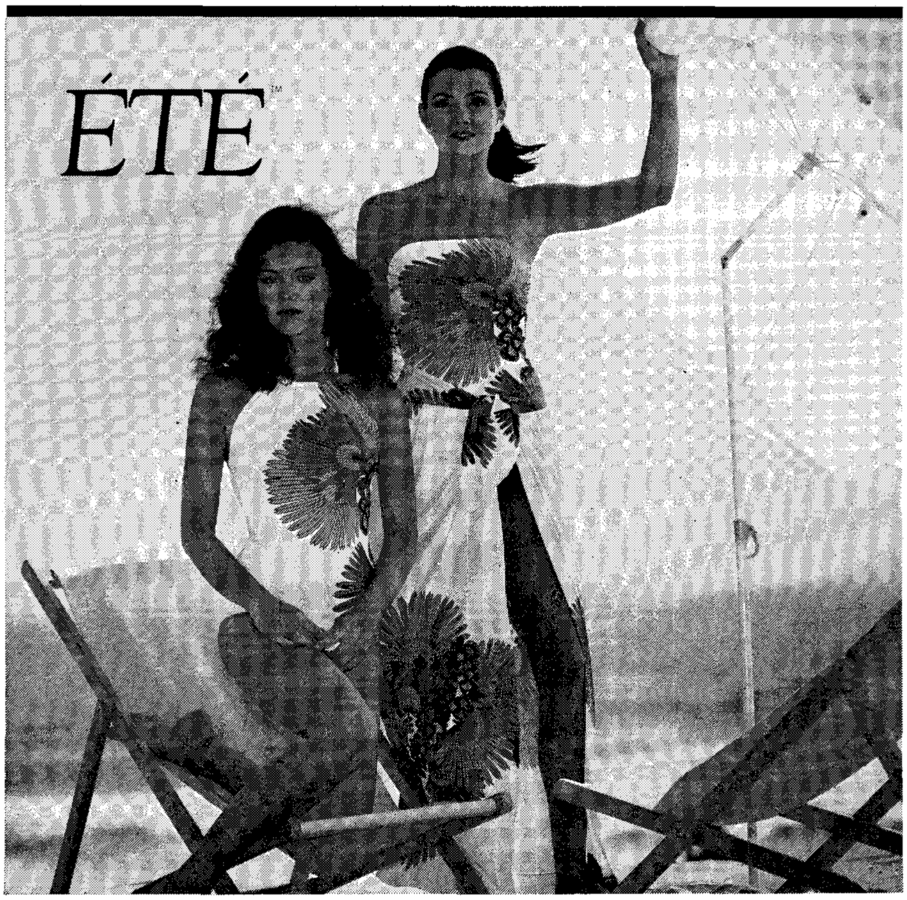

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is his aunt, Maureen Silliman is the companion, and Laurence Guittard is especially good as the rich man. Steven Margoshes, who is the pianist and musical director of the show, and who adapted M. Legrand's orchestrations and arrangements, belongs near the top of that opening list, as does Jane Greenwood, the costume designer.

SAM SHEPARD'S "Seduced," at the American Place through February 25th, is a fantasy about the end—under these peculiar circumstances, one cannot say the death—of Howard Hughes, here portrayed as immortal. The character is named Henry Hackamore. At the opening, we see him—white-faced, and with long white hair and a white beard—lying motionless on a chaise longue facing the audience. The nails on his thumbs and index fingers are very long; on his bedside table are bottles of medicine, a box of Kleenex, and a roll of paper towelling; beside the bed are two boxes stuffed with paper, which he uses as shoes when he feebly shuffles around the room. At the close, he stands vigorous and erect on the bed, a flier's helmet on his head and a flier's leather jacket over his pajamas, while on the backdrop behind him is a sky full of shooting stars and streaking lights. The setting of the play is the top floor of a Caribbean luxury hotel—an enormous, lavish room, decorated with palm trees that mysteriously shake from time to time. So does Hackamore. All those shifty, sleazy aides who reportedly manipulated Howard Hughes have here been reduced to one sinister man called Raul, who functions as a combined nurse and bodyguard and, in this instance, pimp for a helpless sexual brigand. The other characters are a pair of movie actresses or ex-movie actresses—Luna, whom Hackamore last saw fifteen years ago, and Miami, a stranger. "What I want is for you to know instinctively what I want," says Hackamore to Raul. What he wants above all is to return home to Nevada from exile, which is out of the question.

As hardly needs to be said now of a Shepard play, the action is composed of long speeches and startling and fascinating bits of stage business, as the dramatist's imagination, which is as fertile as any in the theatre today, takes flight. There is plenty of comedy, and there is a story of sorts. Most of the long speeches are delivered by Rip Torn, who, as Hackamore, is believable and powerful and as near perfect as makes no matter—a fine actor rising to a wonderful role. Pamela Reed, who was so touching and funny as the young daughter in Mr. Shepard's "Curse of the Starving Class," is even better as Luna, acting out in one remarkable monologue the experience of a girl coming to Las Vegas in 1952 to get a job in a chorus line; as she speaks, the years drop away and she becomes that young girl again. Ed Setrakian is good as Raul, and Carla Borelli does pretty well as Miami. Jack Gelber's direction is all that any playwright could hope for. Estimable sets, lighting, and costumes, by Henry Millman, Edward M. Greenberg, and Whitney Blausen, respectively.

"MINNESOTA MOON," a one-acter by John Olive, which will be presented at the Circle Repertory through February 8th at 11 P.M., is entirely composed of the quiet, seemingly desultory conversation of two young men in the back yard of a Minnesota farmhouse late at night. The year is 1968. One of the young men will be leaving for college in the morning; the other, left behind, is thinking of enlisting and going off to Vietnam. As they get slightly buzzed from the beer they keep drinking out of six-packs, they reminisce about getting really drunk, about girls, about a classmate who was killed in a motorcycle accident, about everything of importance to them—all the ingredients of their friendship. By the time this unpretentious, haunting play is over, we realize that their youth is over, and that the friendship has perforce come to an end. Under Carole Rothman's direction, the acting is as modest and truthful as the script. Gary Berner and Jeff Daniels are the young men. —EDITH OLIVER

•

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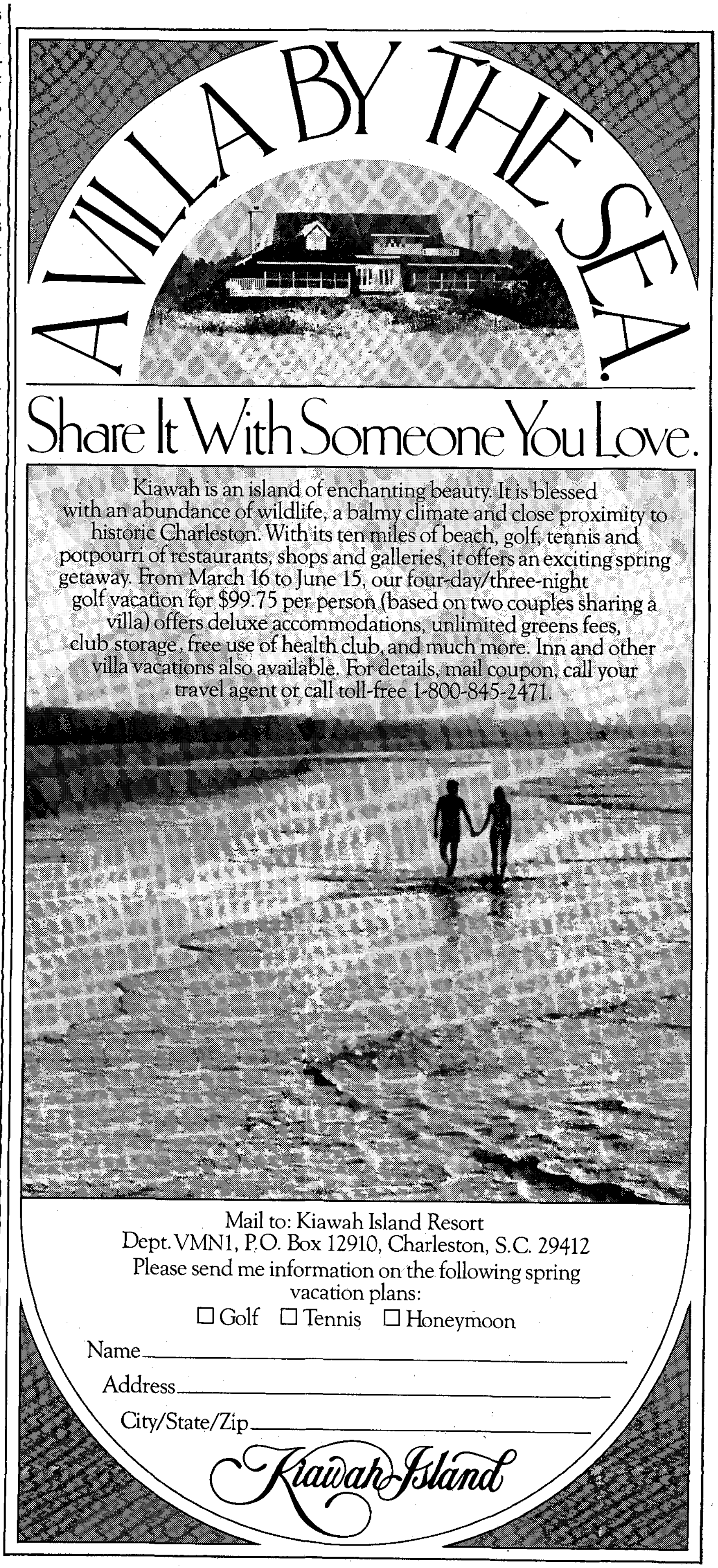

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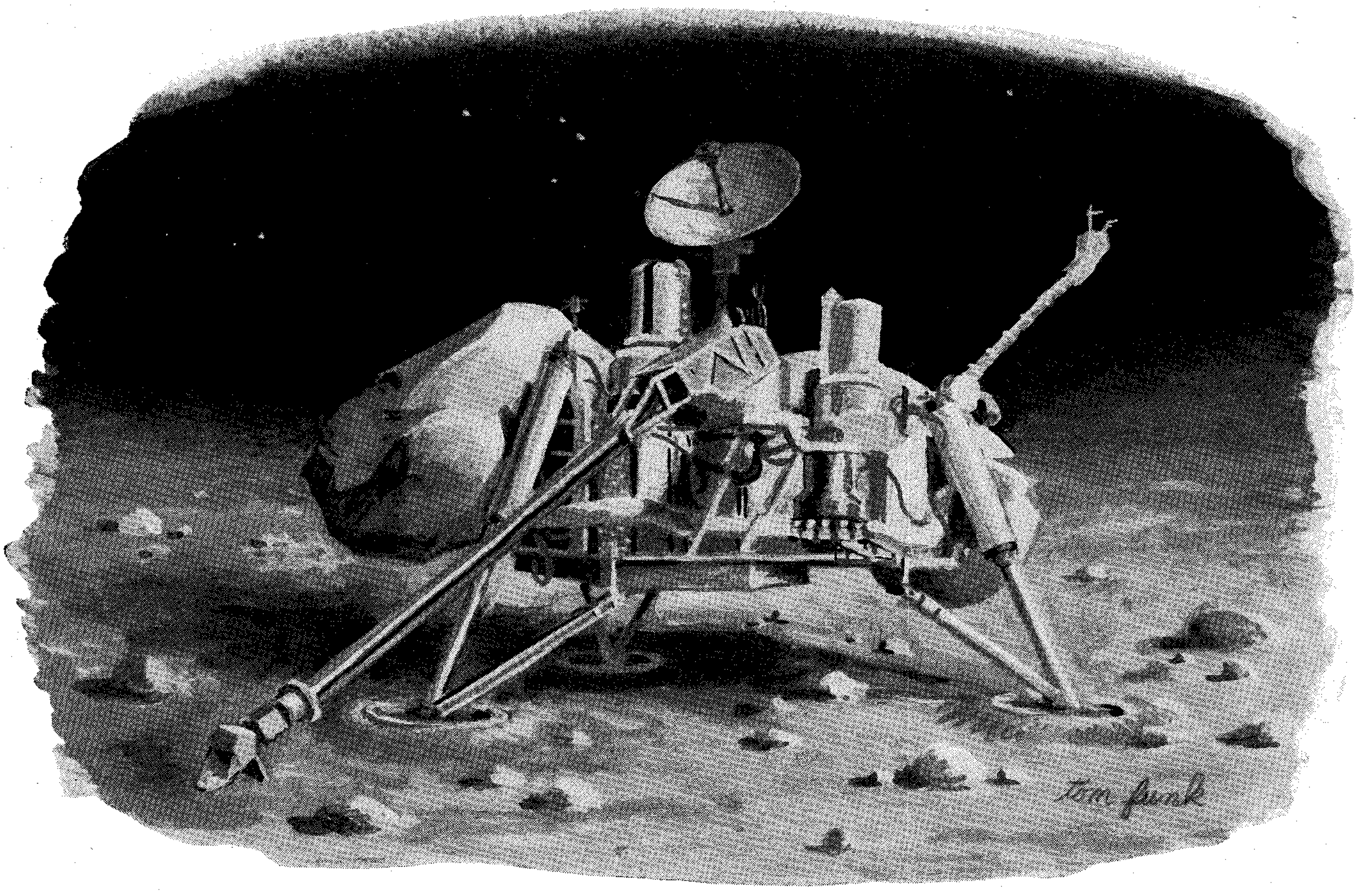
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE SEARCH FOR LIFE ON MARS

II—A RESIDUE OF DOUBT



ON August 7, 1976, Viking 2 arrived in orbit around Mars, and the scientists and engineers at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, in Pasadena, who controlled the two spacecraft, had even more trouble finding a safe spot for its lander to come down than they had had finding one for Viking 1's lander, which had touched down on July 20th. A landing site, of course, had long ago been picked from photographs taken by Mariner 9, which went into orbit around Mars in 1971: it was a spot in an area called Cydonia, near the Martian forty-fifth parallel of north latitude, about a thousand miles northeast of Chryse Planitia, the Viking 1 site. However, the Viking biologists and biochemists had been lobbying the project manager, James Martin, for some time to move the Viking 2 landing site even farther north, to the fifty-fifth parallel, because there seemed to be a greater chance of finding water—in tiny amounts, that is, for the surface and atmosphere of Mars are extremely arid—nearer the summer pole, which at the time was the northern one. Scientists had suggested that Mars could have an underground layer of permafrost, which would thicken and rise closer to the surface as it approached the poles, where it would burst through the surface to form the polar caps; indeed, the Viking orbiters had discovered several craters that were surrounded by what looked like radiating, lobular mud flows—as though the heat of the impacts that made them had melted subterranean ice. It was possible that vapor from the permafrost passed into the atmosphere with the coming of spring and solidified again in the fall. Then, as Viking 1 approached Mars, a water detector aboard its orbiter found a substantial quantity of water vapor in the atmosphere toward the northern polar cap, and the biologists began pushing harder than ever for a site near the fifty-fifth parallel; it was unwise to go north of that, because of the risk to the lander of colder temperatures in winter, now less than eight months off. (The lander's lubricants could freeze, a danger if it was exposed to temperatures much below minus fifty degrees Celsius.) They were encouraged by the sight of wispy, white clouds—summertime phenomena—which proved to contain water: such clouds were common in low-lying canyon areas, mostly near the equator, where the lander could not touch down; but also in the apparently flatter north, where it could. Though the clouds were hardly the stuff of which deluges are made, they could at least provide a bit of moisture on the surface, for—like mist on earth—they evidently settled on the ground at night, when the air cooled, and rose again in the morning, when it warmed up: pairs of Viking 2 orbital photographs of the same area taken a few minutes apart showed clouds in the second photograph where there had been none in the first, and the clouds must have come out of the ground.

It was just as well that the biologists wanted to change landing sites, for when the scientists and engineers got a good look at Viking 2's orbital photographs, so much more comprehensive than Mariner's, they did not like what they saw of Cydonia. Craters stuck up out of the plain like knobs—evidently the meteoric impacts that made them had hardened the ground under them, and the wind had blown away the dust around them. They appeared dangerous to the Viking 2 lander, which, like its predecessor, was a fragile, clumsy-looking, three-legged craft about the size of a small car. In addition, the terrain—gentle and sandy-looking in the Mariner imagery—now proved to be covered with boulders and, even worse, to be crisscrossed by a network of enormous cracks, which cut the terrain into vast polygons, like tiles on a bathroom floor.

After a lengthy search, a spot was chosen in a vast, flat, seemingly smooth area called Utopia. It, too, proved to have its share of knobby craters and polygonal trenches, but Viking 2 touched down safely, nevertheless, on September 3rd. The site was almost exactly halfway around the planet—about four thousand miles—from the first landing place at Chryse, and was about twenty-five degrees farther north, or almost on the fiftieth parallel, which was close to where the biologists wanted it. When the first pictures came back from the lander's cameras, however, the ground turned out to be littered with even more boulders than at Chryse; one of the lander's antennas had been dented, presumably by hitting a rock. If possible, the second site looked even more barren than the first. There was hardly any variety. The horizon proved virtually flat, and the same rocky rubble extended everywhere; there wasn't even a sand dune to be seen, as there was at Chryse. Not only did the rocks look alike but the ground was a uniform sort of hardpan, which reminded many of the geologists of a type common in the Southwest called caliche—a clay that is solidified into a crust by the evaporation of water. The soil was as red as that at Chryse—a color probably caused by an iron oxide, such as hematite, which seemed to coat everything, and which the scientists had come to associate with oxidants.

Because the two landers operated on the same radio frequency, Viking 1 was now used less; it would be monitored from time to time to keep tabs on continuing incubations and to get an occasional picture back. Though Lander 2 was identical to Lander 1, there were some changes in its computer programs as a result of experiences at Chryse, such as changes in the digging sequence as a result of a sampler-arm no-go, or breakdown. And, though the first sample for the biology package (an assembly of three separate life-detection instruments to look for gas releases that would be signs of metabolic activity) would once again be dug on the eighth sol—a Martian sol is thirty-nine minutes longer than a terrestrial day—after the landing, the

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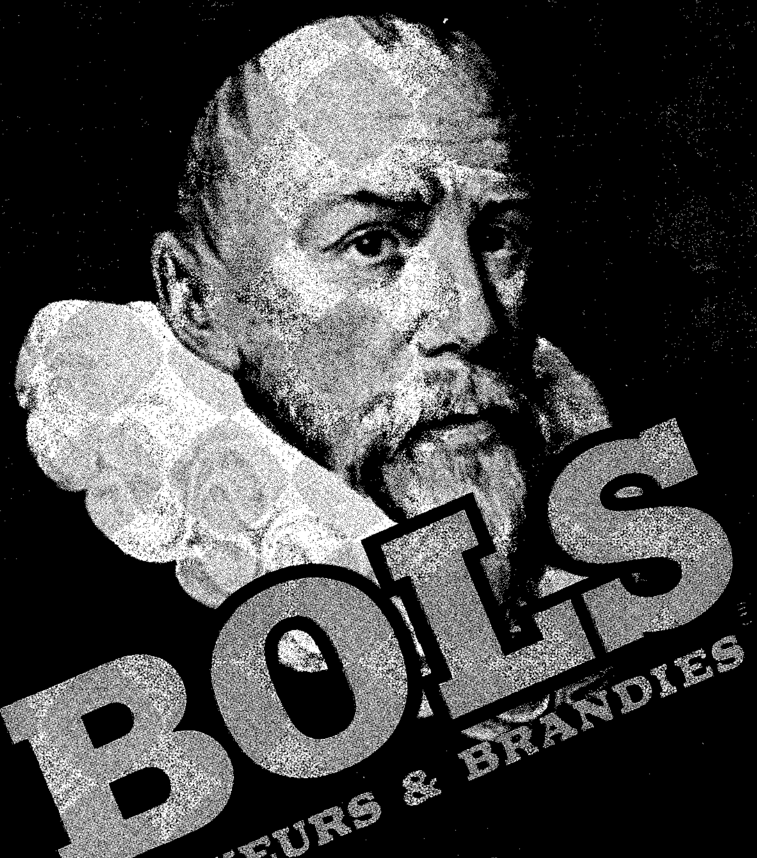

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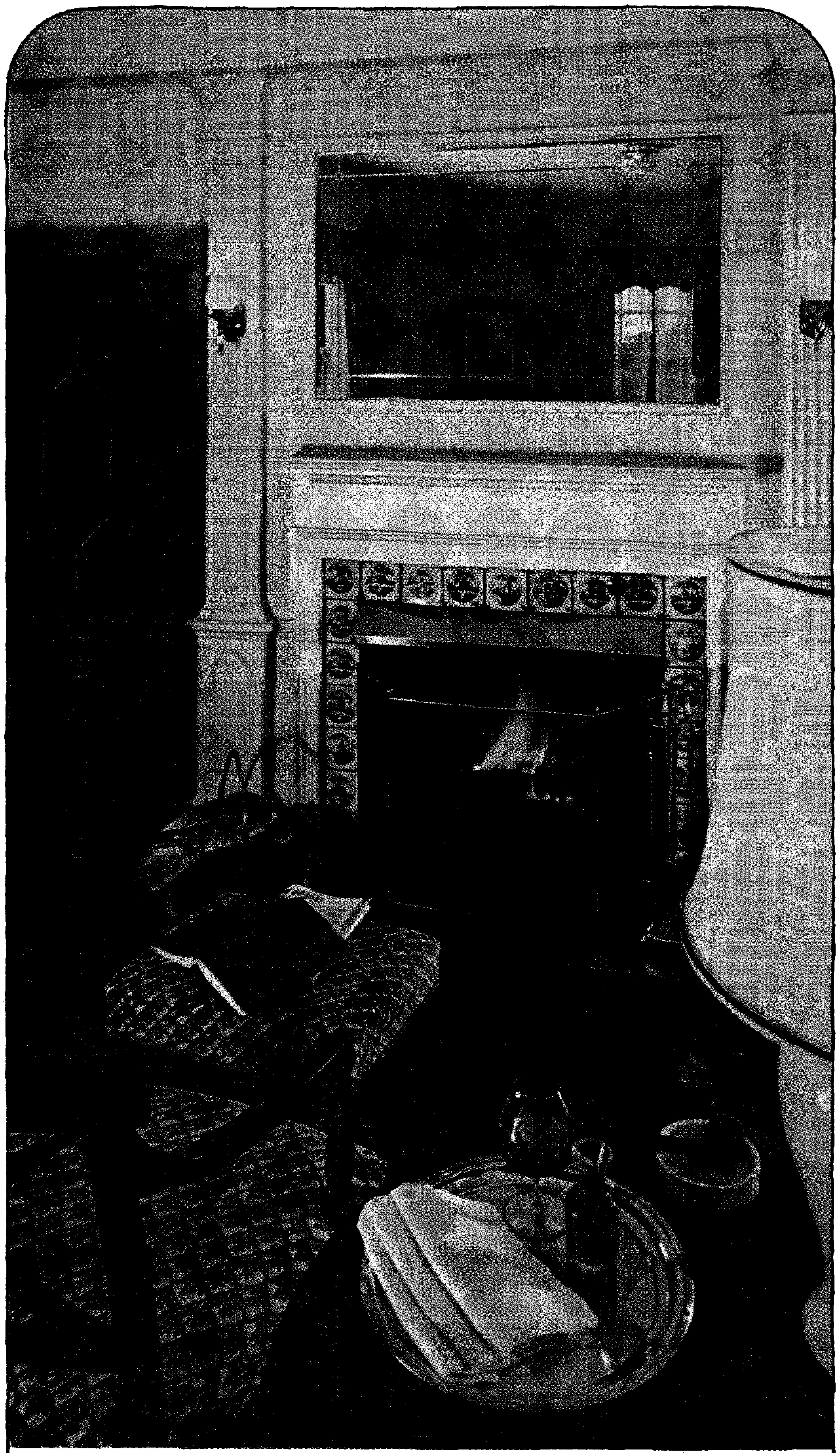

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sample for the gas chromatograph mass spectrometer, or GCMS, which would examine the soil for organic compounds, would not be collected immediately afterward, as it had been on Viking 1. Then the arm—returning to the same hole—had almost failed to pick up any soil; the original hole had not caved in, as it would have on earth, providing fresh soil. This time, the sample for the GCMS would be dug on the following sol, the second lander's ninth, when new ground would be broken.

This meant that, for the initial sample, the GCMS had swapped places with the X-ray fluorescence spectrometer, or XRFS, which was the inorganic-chemistry instrument. Once again, though, things went wrong. As the scoop was trying to deliver what was left from the biology sample—some pebbles, it was hoped—into the XRFS hopper on sol 8, there was a no-go. As a result, Klaus Biemann, who was head of the molecular-analysis team, was unable to get his soil for the GCMS the next day.

Meanwhile, Biemann and the rest of his team had decided that they didn't like the looks of the spot to the left of the lander, where the GCMS sample was supposed to come from; it seemed suspiciously like the soil from the first landing site, which had proved to be without organic compounds. To the right of the lander they saw what they thought was a more promising spot—one that had been nicknamed the Bonneville Salt Flats, because the caliche there reminded the geologists of that area of the Utah desert. (Because they were skeptical of the idea of life on Mars, they liked to name patches of ground in front of the lander after the more lifeless spots on earth, possibly to annoy the biologists.) At first, the engineers resisted the last-minute switch, but in the end they went along with it, because finding organic compounds now had the highest priority on the mission. The GCMS got its sample on sol 21, almost two weeks late; once again, the molecular-analysis team would be the last to receive its information.

BEFORE the first Utopia cycle was run in the gas-exchange instrument—one of two biology instruments that looked at gases only for any changes that might be a sign of heterotrophic, or animal-like, life—Vance Oyama, of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Ames Research Center, who was the principal investigator for the instrument, felt that he had to run some tests to verify whether it was working properly. Because the result he had received from the first lander—an indication of a high release of oxygen from the soil when it came in contact with the water in Oyama's nutrient, which came to be called Oyama's oxygen peak—was not thought to be biological (it had come and gone too quickly), he had not run the kind of control experiments that the two other biology instruments did: heat-sterilizing the sample to kill biological activity and, incidentally, to see if the instruments were working properly. Consequently, a few of the biologists had begun to question the oxygen peak from Viking 1—a result in which Oyama took great pride. The peak was interpreted as a result of oxygen released chemically when water in Oyama's nutrient came in contact with oxidants in the soil, breaking them down. Oxidants—all except one of which are compounds of metal and oxygen—come in four main varieties: ordinary oxides, such as iron oxides, which are stable; peroxides, such as hydrogen peroxide, which are quite unstable; superoxides, which are extremely oxygen-rich metallic compounds and are highly unstable; and ozonides, which are the least stable of all. The instability, resulting in a loss of oxygen, is provoked not only by water but in some cases by heat. The oxygen released by the breakdown of an oxidant—or in any other way—destroys most organic compounds, and was probably lethal to primitive forms of life on earth, which had to develop means to cope with it and then turned it to their advantage as a source of metabolic energy. Confirmation of Oyama's oxygen peak was important, because the peak provided the main evidence for the theory that the surface of Mars was coated with oxidants, and the presence or absence of oxidants was crucial to the evaluation of the data of one, and perhaps both, of the other instruments. Therefore, on sol 8, when Oyama received his first soil sample, he held it for a whole day in the chamber to see whether the change of temperature affected it at all. (The temperature inside the lander averaged fifteen degrees Celsius and that outside averaged about minus fifty.) In three analyses that day, he got no oxygen. This test proved to Oyama's satisfaction that his instrument at Utopia (and, by extension, the one at Chryse) was not subject to certain errors that it had been accused of. Then, a day later, Oyama injected his nutrient into the soil in his instrument's incubation chamber. Some of his colleagues called his nutrient chicken soup, because it was a rich, relatively watery collection of amino acids and was also liberally dispensed—so liberally that at least one of his colleagues, Norman Horowitz, a geneticist at the California Institute of Technology, thought that it would drown any organisms on Mars. (It was this liquidity, however, that was responsible for the evidence of oxidants—a circumstance that Horowitz called serendipitous.) The nutrient was injected as it had been on the first lander, and, as before, the oxygen peak appeared. It was only about a quarter as high as the one at Chryse, but this was consistent with the theory that there was more moisture at Utopia: the greater the amount of moisture in the soil, the smaller the amount of oxidant. Even so, it was a substantial peak—more than enough to confirm the original one at Chryse. Oyama was clearly relieved.

Since Oyama, who before Viking 1 landed on Mars had been the most optimistic one of the biology team about life there, still couldn't bring himself to give up his former hopes altogether, he intended to use his instrument at Utopia exactly as he had used the one at Chryse—for lengthy incubations—on the theory that microbes in cold climates would take longer to generate the telltale gases. Horowitz, who was the most pessimistic of the biologists about life on Mars, and who had earlier complimented Oyama on his willingness to give up on the idea, now accused him of backsliding. Oyama's ambivalence annoyed Horowitz, despite the fact that Horowitz was in an ambivalent position himself—a position the exact reverse of Oyama's, for it was Horowitz' instrument, the pyrolytic-release experiment, that had found what many considered the strongest evidence for life on Mars. He began referring to Oyama's hope of detecting a telltale gas—methane, for example, from a methanogen, which on earth is a distant ancestor of plant and animal life—as Oyama's Great Event. In Horowitz' opinion, Oyama's instrument used so much water that if a Great Event was discovered on, say, the hundredth day of his long incubation, Horowitz was all set to argue that it betokened only a terrestrial organism that had stowed away aboard Viking before the launch. Horowitz thought that Oyama should divert his instrument on the Viking 2 lander to a purpose he felt it was better suited for—a

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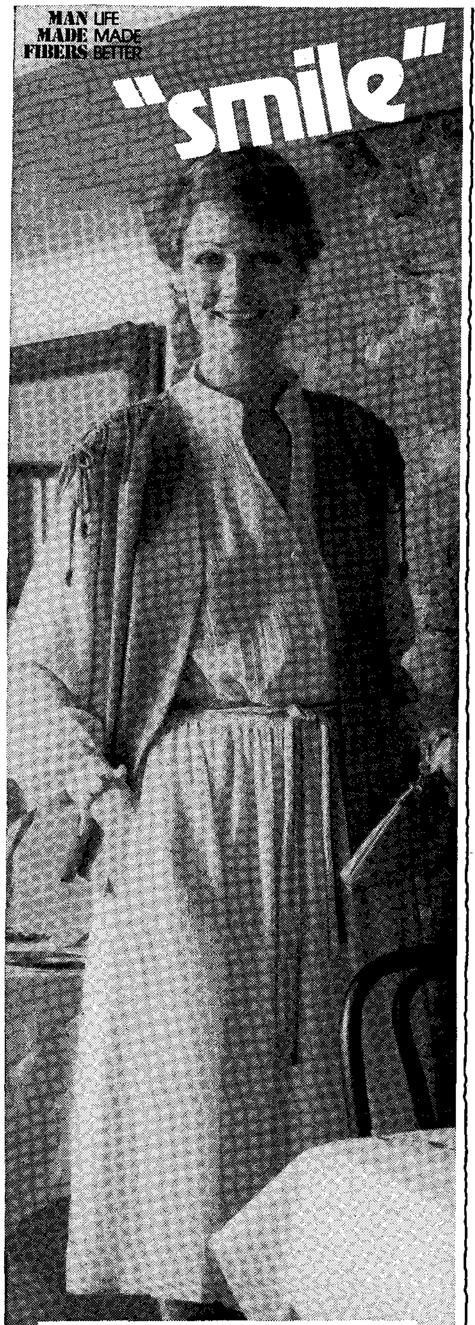

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chemical laboratory to study the oxidants. "If Oyama really wanted to nail down the oxidants, he could do it by modifying his experiment on Viking 2, but he is too absorbed in the idea of life," Horowitz said several weeks later, when Oyama had not shown any sign of following his advice. "He is *still* waiting for his Great Event."

AT the time that Oyama was getting the results of his first cycle at Utopia, Gilbert V. Levin, the principal investigator for what was called the labelled-release experiment, was getting the results of his. Like Oyama's instrument, Levin's looked for heterotrophic, or animal-like, life, but his manner of looking was different: in contrast to Oyama's thorough soaking, he just barely moistened the soil with the water in his nutrient, which was composed of seven amino acids and carbohydrates—they were referred to as substrates—made with radioactive carbon. If any animal-like organisms were in the soil, they might devour one or another of the substrates and metabolize it, exhaling the radioactive carbon into the atmosphere inside the incubation chamber in the form of a radioactive carbon gas, most likely carbon dioxide, which would be picked up by a radioactivity detector. Though Levin's instrument, because it could identify only radioactive-carbon gas, was less broad-gauged than Oyama's, which could detect half a dozen or so gases, it was about a thousand times as sensitive. To everyone's surprise, Levin had found signs of activity in his first and third cycles at Chryse. (The second cycle, his heat-sterilized control, was not supposed to show any activity if the activity on the first cycle was biological, and it didn't. As a consequence, Levin promptly replaced Oyama as the biology team's chief exponent of the possibility of life on Mars.) Levin's experiment at Utopia had been carried out in the same manner as his first and third experiments at Chryse, because one purpose was to see how similar the soils from the two sites were. They proved very similar indeed: there was the same curve shooting upward, reaching a count of about eleven thousand after two sols (this was much faster than with fairly rich terrestrial soils); continuing up to a count on the radioactivity detector of around fourteen thousand on the seventh sol from injection, when there was a second injection; and then there was a drop. When Levin superimposed the curves from his first cycle at Chryse and his first cycle at Utopia (and also the first few days of his third cycle at Chryse, which was still going on, for a long incubation), they matched very well. The Utopia curve, though, was even steeper and higher than the others; in the first twenty-seven hours, it shot up about twenty-five per cent farther than the first and third cycles at Chryse. Still, the Utopia curve had not gone above the level of the radioactivity that any one of the substrates could provide—a fact that Levin suggested was compatible with biology, for it would more likely be an organism that would be sufficiently finicky to choose one substrate and pass up the rest. The one suspicion fell on was formate, the simplest and most likely to exist on a primitive planet. Though none of the curves were typical of a curve caused by living terrestrial organisms (which normally would start slowly and then speed up in an exponential manner as the organisms multiplied), they were not wholly typical of a chemical curve, either. Increasingly, Levin was, as he put it, "keeping the door open to the biological explanation," while Horowitz and others argued for the chemical explanation—that water in Levin's nutrient caused the same release of oxygen from oxidants which was presumably occurring in Oyama's instrument, and that the oxygen then oxidized the carbon in the substrates in Levin's nutrient to make the radioactive gas that his instrument was detecting. Levin resisted this conclusion; he felt that it had not been proved that there were any oxidants on Mars.

The high degree of activity Levin found at Utopia was not what could have been expected if oxidants were the cause of his results as well as those of Oyama, whose oxygen peak was lower at Utopia, and Levin was quick to seize on the discrepancy. At a press conference on September 16th (sol 12 for the second lander), he reminded his audience that his control experiment at Chryse (his second cycle there) had already imposed constraints on the chemical theory by apparently ruling out superoxides and rare earth metals as an explanation for his own results. Oyama and Harold P. Klein—the leader of the biology team, who is chief of life sciences at the Ames Research Center—had at that time favored superoxides as the explanation for Oyama's results. Though Levin had not yet managed to rule out the peroxides, too, he clearly felt that he had done something almost as good. "We now find that a new constraint has been imposed on the chemical theory as a result of the fresh data at Utopia," he said, warming to his work. "We have some confirmation now that when water vapor is placed in

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the presence of the sample, oxygen comes off. We are at a site which is about ten times as rich in water vapor as the first site. . . . So on the basis of these two thoughts we might have expected to see less of a positive response in our experiment. Instead, we see a response that's about twenty-five per cent higher than the response at the first site. So the new constraint is that if we are dealing with an oxidant it is likely that it will take more than one oxidant to perform the results seen in Oyama's experiment and the results seen in ours." When scientists argue, they not only like to impose constraints on each other but also like to invoke Occam's razor—the rule that simple explanations should be favored over complex ones—and Levin clearly seemed to feel that two oxidants, although possible, made the chemical theory more remote.

Though not even Levin would say that he thought life on Mars to be likely, the chances for life were clearly on the upswing, despite the apparent presence of oxidants and the apparent absence of organic compounds: both Levin's and Horowitz' instruments at Chryse had initially shown signs of activity; the controls at Chryse in both cases had seemed compatible with a biological interpretation, and in Levin's case the third cycle at Chryse had confirmed his first cycle, providing the duplication that scientists require of an experiment if it is to be considered reliable. And now, at Utopia, Levin had just duplicated his original result again. Moreover, he was still looking forward to the further results from his third cycle at Chryse, where the long incubation might at any moment cause his curve to take off in an exponential rise that might indicate life. And, of course, there were many months yet in which a Great Event might occur in Oyama's long incubation. All these circumstances, taken together with the difficulties that the chemical arguments were encountering, heightened the feeling that this was a sort of advent period for Martian biology. When the question was put to Klein at the September 16th press conference, however, he replied that he did not think it was. "I don't think we're that much further along," he said. He looked gray and tired; he had lost some of the sprightliness that had characterized his responses earlier. Increasingly, Klein was finding himself in the same predicament as Horowitz: feeling that the ambiguous evidence received from Mars was not biological but being unable to prove it.

Levin was already planning his next cycle at Utopia, which he hoped would do more to resolve the argument. Since his most recent experiment had proved that the soil at the two sites was fairly similar, he chose not to do the control experiment he had done next at Chryse, in which he had sterilized the soil for three hours at a hundred and sixty degrees Celsius; he could assume that the results would be the same here—a cessation of activity—and so would not provide him with new information. This time, he planned to heat the soil to only fifty degrees Celsius before incubation—to do what he called a cold sterilization. If the activity ceased then, or lessened significantly, it would almost have to be biological, since a chemical reaction would most likely not be affected by that small increase in temperature; at the very least, such a result would narrow the likelihood of a chemical explanation even further.

IN the meantime, the results of Horowitz' first cycle at Utopia were coming in. Unlike the two other instruments, Horowitz' attempted to measure the synthesis of organic matter from atmospheric gases rather than its decomposition; he was looking for the fixation—either by photosynthesis or in the dark—of carbon monoxide and carbon dioxide. Horowitz' instrument used a xenon arc lamp to simulate sunlight—rich in ultraviolet—that reaches the surface of Mars. Otherwise, the instrument worked very much like Levin's in reverse: he, too, used radioactive carbon, but in his case it started off in the atmosphere as radioactive carbon dioxide and monoxide; if there were organisms in the Martian soil that were capable of fixing atmospheric carbon, they would be expected to incorporate the radioactive carbon into their systems—something that Horowitz could find out later, when, in the course of a complex series of operations, he vaporized any living organic matter in the soil, and the organic matter was trapped in the packing of a golden U-shaped pipe, a gas chromatograph usually called the organic-vapor trap. The trap allowed any residual radioactive carbon dioxide and carbon monoxide which had simply been adsorbed into his soil (and had not been broken down and incorporated into any microörganisms) to pass through into a radioactivity detector, where a measurement called the first peak—not the important one—was then taken. (Lest the packing of the vapor trap pick up any of the radioactive gases, something that might happen in vacuum, it had previously been saturated with ordinary, nonradioactive carbon dioxide.) Next, the golden pipe was heated to break down any organic

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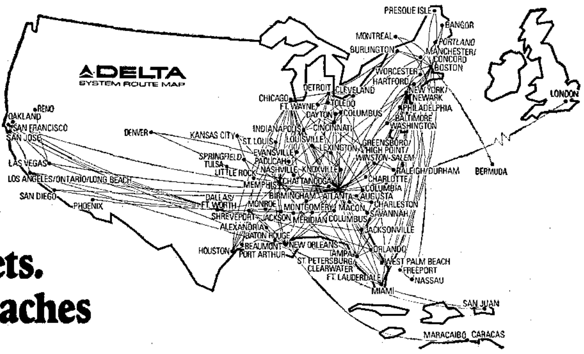
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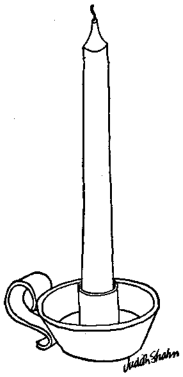
compounds, and these, too, were swept into the radioactivity detector; another measurement, the second peak, was then taken, and any activity above a count of fifteen (a figure set high to provide a large margin of error) could be interpreted as a sign of life. In his first cycle at Chryse, Horowitz had received a second-peak result of ninety-six. This had left him stunned, for he believed his machine to be more nearly foolproof than the others: it used no nutrients (though it had the ability, so far not used, to add minute amounts of water), so it ought to have produced no reaction to the oxidants. Soon, being reluctant to accept the possibility that he had found life on Mars, Horowitz had begun searching for a chemical explanation: he wondered whether the xenon lamp at the top of his incubation chamber—intended to set off something like photosynthesis in Martian plants—might not instead have somehow caused the synthesis of organic compounds in the soil. During tests on earth several years before, he and a colleague, Jerry Hubbard, had discovered that this could happen under the shorter invisible wavelengths of ultraviolet, and hence he had blotted these out with a filter. Horowitz' difficulties were compounded when his second cycle at Chryse, a heat-sterilized control, had returned a count of fifteen, right on the borderline: according to the definition, it was a negative, and therefore consistent with life, as Levin's control had been, but, given the margin of error, it could have been a weak positive, consistent with chemistry. His third cycle, an attempt to duplicate the first, had not succeeded; it was a twenty-seven, within the range of an active response but low—possibly because the soil was warmer than it had been the first time.

Horowitz seemed plagued with bad luck. For one thing, his Utopia instrument had developed a leak in the pipe leading from the organic-vapor trap to the radioactivity detector; thirty per cent of the gas in the incubation chamber would be lost over the five-day incubation period. Even though Horowitz knew he could compensate for the leak in analyzing his data, he hated to think what it boded for the future. Of more immediate concern was the fact that high temperatures had once again interfered with his plans, as they had during his third cycle at Chryse, when he was trying to duplicate his original ninety-six. Utopia, being farther north than Chryse, was warmer, because in summer the sun stayed in the sky longer there, and, owing to the rarity of the atmosphere, this made a greater difference on Mars than it does on earth. For his first cycle at Utopia, he had intended to try once more to duplicate the ninety-six—not only to confirm that result but also to find out whether the soil at Utopia reacted the same way in his instrument as the soil at Chryse; like Levin, he wanted to establish what scientists call a baseline between the soils from the two places. During the original Chryse experiments, the lamp in the incubation chamber had been on. However, the engineers now told Horowitz that he would be wise to turn it off, because the entire biology package, which Horowitz thought was too warm to begin with in relation to normal Martian temperatures, was getting still warmer. The inability to establish a baseline with Chryse would not matter, for Oyama and Levin had done this for him—or so he thought. He regretted more the loss of another chance to duplicate the ninety-six; if he failed to do so, that critical result would be open to challenge. Running the experiment in the dark would eliminate the possibility of photosynthesis as an explanation for any positive result, though it would still leave open the possibility of dark fixation. If he got a positive reaction, it would mean that something interesting was going on.



A positive second peak was what Horowitz got, although it was a very weak one—twenty-three. Possibly the instrument was broken. Or possibly he was detecting some sort of organism that could fix atmospheric carbon in the dark. Horowitz was not inclined to think that he had found a dark-loving organism, but he couldn't prove he hadn't. After his third cycle at Chryse, he had devised a new chemical theory to explain the activity he had discovered, which he called the exchange theory—that organic compounds synthesized on the Martian surface had been scooped into his instrument, later taking on radioactive carbon from its atmosphere—but now this was no help, for he was sure that his filtered ultraviolet light was required for the radioactive carbon to change places with the organic carbon already in the soil.

Nevertheless, the twenty-three, weak as it was, was enough of a positive to make him think that something was going on, and also to make him wonder if the low positives he had been

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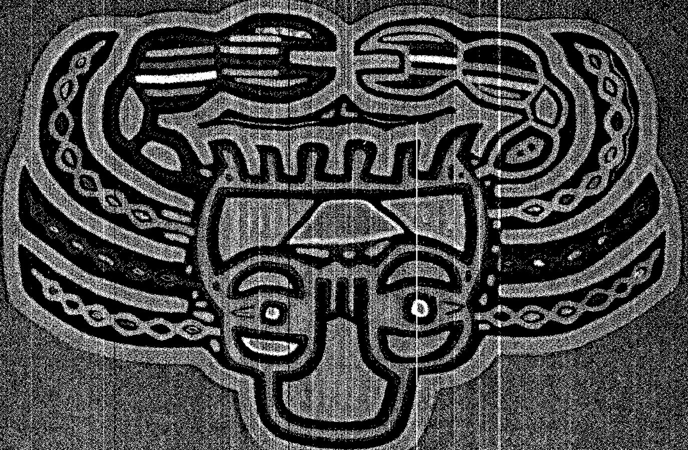
getting in some of his experiments—the borderline fifteen of the Chryse control cycle and the twenty-seven of the third Chryse cycle, as well as the twenty-three he had just received at Utopia—all indicated that a low-grade reaction of some sort, whether chemical or biological, was taking place on Mars. Whatever it was, it was quite different from the more dramatic reaction—the ninety-six—he had got when the light was on and the temperature was low. Occam's razor notwithstanding, he now began to think that he was looking at two reactions: one, more active, that occurred in light at low temperatures, and the other, less active, that occurred in the dark at higher temperatures. Indeed, it might be the higher temperature that destroyed the greater reaction, allowing the lesser one to be detected. On that basis, he began to speculate further that the key to the whole problem was water—water in tiny amounts, which was present at the lower temperatures but was largely driven off at the higher ones. Utopia, of course, was damper than Chryse anyway. This theory fitted in with his observation following his last cycle at Chryse—just before the second landing—that higher temperatures seemed to cause lower results; perhaps the near absence of water was the explanation there, too. Certainly something with hydrogen in it was required for the reduction of carbon dioxide to organic matter—the reaction that his instrument was designed to detect—and water in tiny amounts was the best candidate. Horowitz resolved that on his next attempt to duplicate the ninety-six he would turn his lamp on, since the light seemed to be a requirement for the greater reaction; he would make sure that his temperature was low enough to keep water in the chamber; and he would add approximately three times as much water vapor as existed in the Utopia soil. (Though this was a lot for Horowitz, it was far less than the others used.) With midsummer over, temperatures at Utopia were beginning to drop, so the engineers now made no objection when Horowitz wanted to turn his lamp on.

As Levin and Horowitz moved on to the second cycle, which both regarded as critical, they needed new soil. (Oyama didn't, because he was still doing his long incubation.) Horowitz and Levin were soon at loggerheads about where the scoopful of soil was to come from. The first sample, which Levin, and also Oyama, had found to be similar in most respects to the soil at Chryse, had been taken at the Utopia lander's far left; this time, Horowitz wanted the sampler arm to swing around to the far right—to the Bonneville Salt Flats, which had already attracted the attention of Biemann because the soil there was different-looking. But Levin wanted the same type of soil he had used before, because he knew that it was active; since the purpose of the cold sterilization, which he was about to do, was to see if a temperature as low as fifty degrees killed the response, he required soil that had given a positive before. Most members of the biology team, which devoted several of its daily meetings to the dispute, favored moving on to Bonneville. Levin and his associate, Patricia Ann Straat—also of Biospherics, Inc., in Rockville, Maryland, of which Levin is president—carried the day, however, for they could show that getting the same sort of material was more critical for them than getting different material was for Horowitz. Horowitz, grumbling, went along with the team's decision. "The thing we spend most of our time talking about is the management of the instruments," he complained. "We're in lockstep. If I want some fresh soil, Levin has to take some, even if he doesn't want it, because there's no place to put it—his cells are full. If I want to start a new experiment next week, I can't, because he is in the middle of a long incubation, say. I accepted these conditions, but I resent them. If there was a Viking 3, I wouldn't agree to go again under these circumstances." The biology team's meetings were getting increasingly argumentative; the ambiguity of the data did not bring out the best in anyone.

On sol 28 at Utopia—October 1st at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory—the scoop went out once again. In Levin's instrument, after he had sterilized the soil at fifty degrees, which in the view of many scientists was too low a temperature to interfere with most chemical reactions, there was an injection of nutrient, and then the incubation went on normally—the idea being that if the activity known from the first cycle to be in the soil was reduced or wiped out by that temperature it was very likely biological, because this would suggest that there had been death or damaging of organisms. When Levin's results began to come back, the curve started to rise, though not as swiftly as it had in the past. However, when it reached a count of about sixteen hundred, instead of continuing up, it dropped sharply back, remaining from then on at about the one-thousand level—a negligible amount, since it includ-



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ed the background level. The low result was very much like the one produced by the earlier control at Chryse, the sterilization at one hundred and sixty degrees; evidently, the fifty-degree temperature had killed the reaction almost as effectively. The trouble was that the line on Levin's graph, instead of being straight, as it had been with the earlier control, was a wavy one; after the first few sols, during which the wave pattern was relatively erratic, the waves seemed to occur regularly on each sol—possibly because of the rise and fall of the Martian temperature. Because there was no obvious explanation for this, it threw doubt on the validity of the cycle: perhaps the machine was broken. Klein, Horowitz, and others, who had good reason to be dismayed if the data were correct, suggested that Levin's instrument was leaking, in which case it might not have registered greater activity if there had been any. Levin and Straat, after trouble-shooting signals had been sent up and back, announced that no instrument anomaly had been found. Still, no one could explain the wavy lines, and the results would be indeterminable until someone could.

Even so, the arguments started. On the assumption that the results were correct, Levin said at once that in his view the data were "mind-boggling." He felt triumphant. He had placed what he considered a constraint on the chemical theory by showing in his first cycle at Utopia that two different oxidants had to be involved. He had imposed another constraint when, during his Chryse control cycle, the one-hundred-and-sixty-degree heat had killed the activity, thereby presumably eliminating most of the superoxides (and a few of the peroxides as well). And now here was a third constraint. Since the fifty-degree heat of his cold sterilization—which wouldn't destroy most chemicals—had evidently destroyed much of this one, Levin felt that he could at last rule out the rest of the peroxides, too. In short, he felt that the chemical theory had been severely constrained. Although Levin and Straat were not prepared to say that they had actually discovered life on Mars, they pointed out that living systems—as Horowitz himself had indicated when he was in the same position earlier—were obviously the most likely to be wiped out by a rise in temperature to a mere fifty degrees Celsius, which is the equivalent of a hundred and twenty-two degrees Fahrenheit. Horowitz, however, said that, with all this talk of temperature changes' being favorable to life, he wondered, as he had before, why Levin and Straat never worried about the difference—sixty-five degrees, on the average—between the temperature inside the instrument and the cold outside.

Though the scientists favoring chemistry felt that more and more ground was being cut out from under them, they were clearly not ready to capitulate. Klein admitted that "the opportunity to rule out the presence of biology in the sample did not materialize, because we were not able at this point rigorously to rule out the presence of living systems as an explanation." Klein, in fact, was less sure than Levin that all the peroxides had been eliminated by the cold sterilization. Back before the one-hundred-and-sixty-degree heat-sterilized control at Chryse, he had suspected that the very act of heating the soil could drive out the oxidant, so that the control would show a reduction in activity mimicking a biological result. The same might be true of the fifty-degree sterilization; under certain circumstances, he believed, hydrogen peroxide could evaporate at such a low temperature, giving results that simulate a living system. Levin, however, was asserting that hydrogen peroxide probably could not exist for any length of time on the surface of Mars because ultraviolet light, to which it was sensitive, would destroy it as fast as it could be produced. Klein and most others disagreed; pure hydrogen peroxide might be destroyed in this fashion, but on Mars, where it was not pure because it was mixed with the soil, this would not happen; the silicon in the soil is very good protection against ultraviolet light and would act as a shield. In other respects, though, not enough was known about the behavior of oxidants under the low temperatures and pressures that existed on Mars, because there had never been any reason to study this before. For that reason, Klein was not at all sure that Levin had succeeded in eliminating the superoxides, either. Nor did he think it ridiculous to assume that there might be more than one oxidant involved; if Mars had a highly oxidizing environment, without living organisms to control it, why shouldn't there be a variety of oxidants?

IF Viking 2 had thrown a curveball at Levin in the form of the wavy line, it threw what might prove to have been a beanball at Horowitz. In contrast to Levin, whose results, even when they were unexpected, always seemed to carry him forward, Horo-

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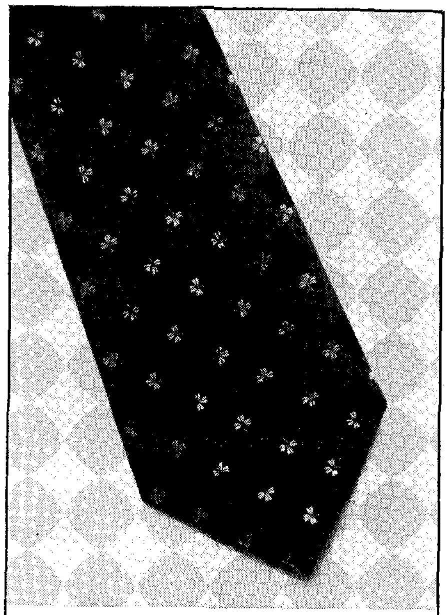

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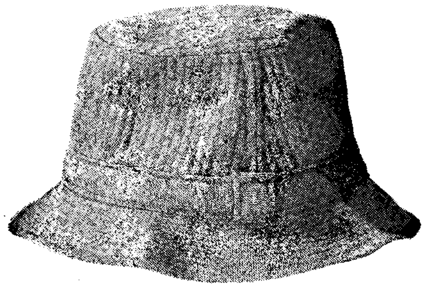

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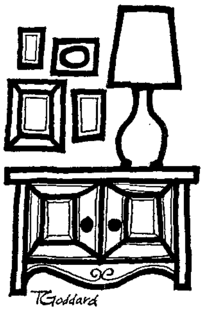
witz' were increasingly leaving him at sixes and sevens. For the second cycle of Horowitz' instrument at Utopia, the lamp was turned on, and a small amount of water vapor was injected. He was confident that this time he would achieve a high count. The result was a count of two. For Horowitz, it was another reversal: the first indisputably negative result he had received—less than the fifteen he had got on his heat-sterilized control in the second cycle at Chryse, which could equally well be read as being at the lower limit of active. Clearly, his ideas about those two reactions—the drier being the less active, the wetter the more active—needed revising. He was further perplexed by the fact that the first-peak result of the latest cycle, which had to do with the atmosphere in the chamber, was twice as high as normal, but he concluded that this was very likely due to the water vapor. He went on to consider the possibility that his instrument, like Levin's, might be malfunctioning; indeed, the leakage in Horowitz' instrument at Utopia had sped up. Even so, he was confident that he had allowed for the leak in his results, and that the count of two was correct. But, like Levin, he could not be absolutely certain that his instrument was working properly until the results from the next cycle came back.

On the assumption that the instrument had given accurate data, the only possible conclusion was the exact opposite of what Horowitz had expected: instead of accelerating his reaction, whatever it was, the addition of water utterly destroyed it. On top of everything else, he was amazed that the addition of relatively little water had had such a devastating effect. This, he knew, was important; he even thought he knew *why* it was important. He thought that the result was chemical. One possible explanation was that the water had destroyed oxidants and released oxygen in his instrument, as it had presumably done in the other instruments. It was something that had not happened to him before, simply because he had never before added water vapor. Most of the methods he had thought up earlier to explain his active count by the synthesis under his filtered light of organic chemicals, using radioactive carbon in his atmosphere, would have been put out of action by the addition of water, for these processes involved oxidants, and any oxidants less stable than ordinary oxides, of course, would no longer be available. Since there was no reason to think the filter was broken, most of his remaining theories wouldn't apply, either. There were two theories left that would avoid these conclusions. One was the exchange theory, in which the organic compounds would have been formed outside the spacecraft, later taking on radioactive carbon by exchange from Horowitz' atmosphere; the other was the hematite theory, which he had thought of after the first Chryse result, in which hematite (or some other iron oxide that reddened the rocks and dust of Mars) catalyzed the synthesis of organic compounds under the filtered xenon lamp—that is, under the longer, visible wavelengths of ultraviolet. In experiments that were already under way at the Ames Research Center, the actual hematite process appeared to be immune to water, but any organic compounds that resulted from the hematite process would be destroyed by the oxygen released when the vapor was introduced—as would any organic compounds that resulted from exchange. Either theory, then, would explain his negative. In other words, the count of two and the destruction of the activity were consistent with all the chemical theories, and hence, Horowitz said, his result "smelled" to him like an overwhelmingly chemical one. The trouble was that the negative could just as well be an overwhelmingly biological result; unfortunately, the experiment had done nothing to rigorously exclude biology. The water could equally well have drowned the microörganisms.



A number of the scientists were beginning to believe that the question of life on Mars was less apt to be resolved by the instruments there than by work in laboratories on earth. "I don't think there is any way you can prove some of the results are not biological from the data alone," Leslie Orgel, a member of the molecular-analysis team, said at a symposium in October, not long after the results of Horowitz' second cycle at Utopia came in. "However, if in the laboratory we find a good chemical explanation for, say, Horowitz' results, people will lose interest in a biological one. Conversely, if, a year from now, no one comes up with a material which, under the filtered light, produces organics in Martian-type soil, then we're in trouble. But I predict that they will." Some time afterward,

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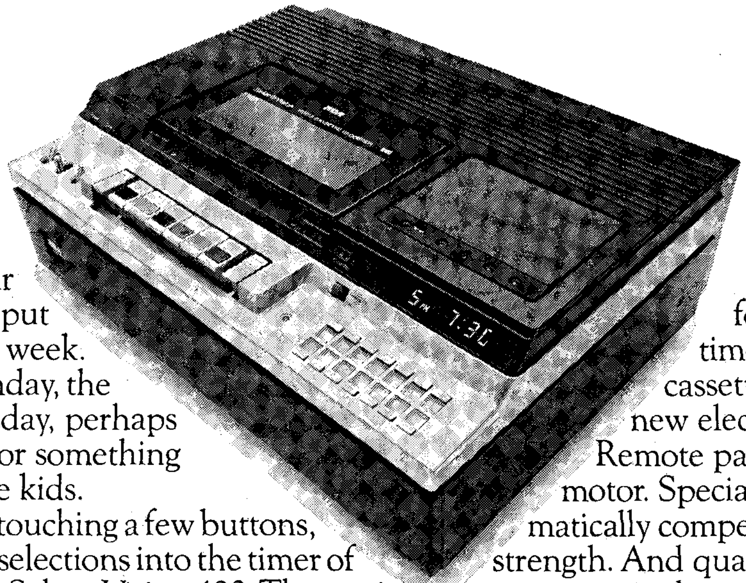

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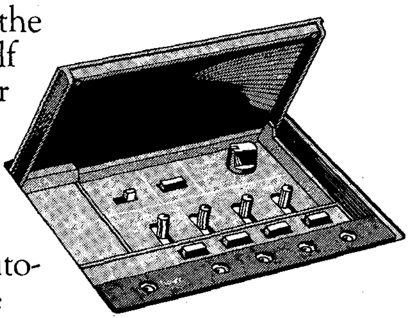

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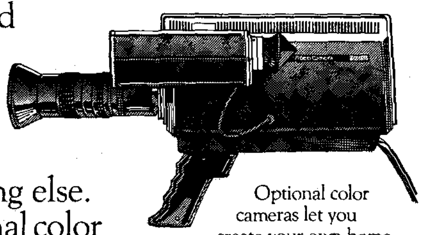

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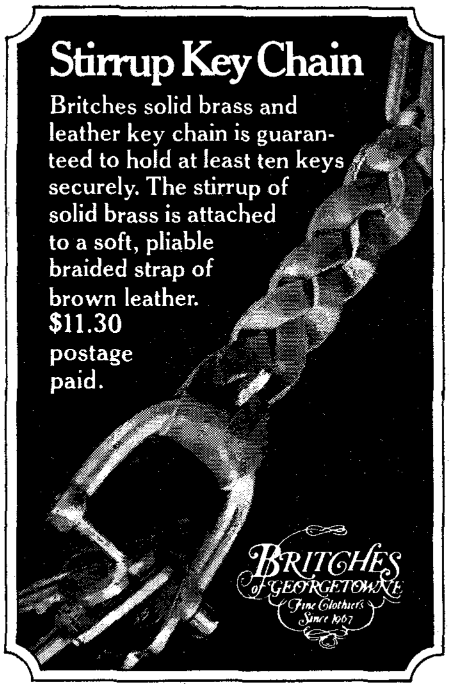

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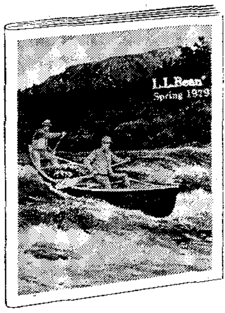

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Horowitz received preliminary word from the Ames Research Center that the process involving a form of hematite—and, very likely, carbon monoxide—under conditions like Horowitz' was producing low active results. These results—coming amid so much ambiguous evidence—heartened him.

PERIODICALLY, the scientists and engineers at the J.P.L. tuned in on the data that were accumulating from the first lander. Levin's long incubation at Chryse, an extension of his third cycle, which had gone on for some fifty days, and held up Horowitz, had recently been terminated, and the results were a disappointment to Levin and Straat. The curve had never taken off exponentially, as it would have if organisms had thrived and reproduced in the incubation chamber. And, once the background level from the lander's radioisotopic generators had been subtracted, the count—although still slowly rising—had never gone above fifteen thousand, leaving unsettled the question of whether more than one substrate in the nutrient—the formate, for instance—was being oxidized. Moreover, a number of biologists were now disenchanted with the notion that the counts under sixteen thousand—those accommodated by any one of the substrates—suggested a finicky organism attacking one substrate. It was possible that on Mars a chemical reaction *would* take place with only one substrate. It was also possible that the count represented carbon oxidized in part from several substrates, and the fact that it totalled fifteen thousand was just a coincidence. Accordingly, Levin was deprived of even this possible biological loophole in the failure of his incubation to take off. When, sixteen sols after the initial injection, the counts per minute had risen from only about fourteen thousand to a little over fifteen thousand (including background level), Levin and Straat had ordered a second injection. In the fashion that had become familiar, the curve had dropped back before resuming its slow climb; that climb had continued until the forty-second sol without topping the fifteen-thousand mark. Then there was a third injection, another drop, and another slow climb, which continued until the experiment ended. Levin seemed gloomy.

Though Oyama's instrument at Chryse was still ticking away on its two-hundred-day incubation, the termination of Levin's long incubation there meant that Horowitz could at last get new soil. He had been growing increasingly edgy, for in perhaps thirty days Mars would disappear behind the sun. There would be a period of about a month when communications with the planet would be impossible, and no one could guarantee what condition the instruments would be in afterward. Indeed, Horowitz had a leak in his Chryse instrument which was possibly more serious than the one at Utopia: his radioactive carbon-dioxide gas had been slowly seeping out of the storage tank at a rate that meant that ninety per cent of it would be gone by the time the experiments began again. And Horowitz had more to do than either of the others, because he could carry out six cycles with each of his instruments—two more cycles than Levin could. (This was because he had three incubation chambers in each instrument, and could use each chamber twice; the high temperatures he used during pyrolysis prevented the old soil from contaminating the new.) Horowitz' greater capacity increased his annoyance at having to synchronize his cycles with the others'. He particularly resented the fact that they were preventing him from doing an experiment he had increasingly come to think was essential—an incubation at temperatures well below freezing, such as Martian organisms would normally exist under—because the other biologists' liquid nutrients (which he disapproved of anyway) would freeze. (He didn't care about his own small water supply, which was not essential to his experiment, and which he had included only when he realized he was stuck with Oyama's and Levin's liquid nutrients, and decided he might as well send a little water himself.) He began urging that a cold incubation start in November, before Mars disappeared behind the sun, regardless of its effect on the other instruments. He hoped to break out of the synchronized scheme for good. But Levin and Oyama voted him down.

This was a frustrating time for everyone; Levin, too, found that he could not do the experiment he wanted—one that he called the "double squirt." Some other members of the biology team, who believed that his results had been caused by chemistry, had been going around saying that his spectacular carbon-dioxide curves had been caused not by a biological event but by the depletion of some substance either in the Martian soil or in his nutrient—a suggestion Levin did not readily embrace. Still, it was a loose end that had to be nailed down. Accordingly, he wanted, in his fourth cycle at Chryse,

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to do a double squirt on his first injection, the idea being that if the determining agent was in the nutrient his curve would go up twice as far. The experiment might also get at the question of whether more than one of his substrates was being attacked. However, Levin and Straat and their associates, and the rest of the biology team, including Klein, would have none of Levin's double squirt—for the present, at least. Because of the anomalous undulations in the data from Levin's cold sterilization at Utopia, they all agreed that it was best to save his last remaining chamber at Chryse until he had found out whether his instrument at Utopia was working properly. If it was, Levin could always do the double squirt at Chryse later, but if it wasn't he would have to attempt the cold sterilization once more; that experiment was regarded as absolutely essential, *and the only remaining incubation* chamber would be at Chryse. Levin eventually capitulated, even though it meant accepting surplus soil in his Chryse instrument. That was something that he had been trying to avoid, and it had been the reason that Horowitz had been delayed so long.

Horowitz, with his cold incubation postponed and his leak at Chryse continuing, was in a hurry to move on, but he, too, had a revolution on his hands: He had wanted to carry out what he called a sudden-death experiment, to see if he could rule out biology once and for all as an explanation for his own results so far. He planned to sterilize his soil at a hundred and sixty degrees (to kill any organisms); to use relatively large amounts of moisture (to further stamp out activity); and to turn his lamp on (to encourage the long-wave photochemistry he thought to be the likeliest explanation for his positive results). "That way, any positive response would be bound to be chemical," he said. The sudden death, though, was destined to join the double squirt and the cold incubation on the shelf. (All would be attempted later.) Klein and also Horowitz' own associates decided unanimously that the most important thing Horowitz could do with his fourth cycle at Chryse was to attempt once again to duplicate the original Chryse result of ninety-six—something he had already attempted twice with no success. The incubation chamber that was about to be used at Chryse was Horowitz' last empty one there, and everyone considered an empty chamber more reliable than a used one for duplicating the original result.

The result, when it came back, five days later, was a thirty-five—far short of the ninety-six but still well within the active range. Horowitz noted that the soil had once again been gathered in the middle of the day and was therefore hotter than it had been during the original incubation at Chryse—a point he had made the last time he tried to duplicate his original result there. Furthermore, the normal rate of leakage was such that only about one-third of the radioactive carbon-dioxide gas was left, and, consequently, lower peaks were to be expected. As he had on that earlier occasion, he suggested that a thirty-five now might well be the equivalent of a ninety-six earlier. He knew, however, that this interpretation was highly speculative.

As Klein looked over Horowitz' second-peak results from Chryse, he was puzzled:

Chryse 1—original result	96
Chryse 2—heat-sterilized control	15
Chryse 3—attempt to duplicate original	27
Chryse 4—attempt to duplicate original	35

They didn't seem to add up. If the heat caused the lower results, and did so by driving off the moisture, then one thing was going on at Chryse, where the warmer, drier experiments (Chryse 3 and 4) gave low results, and quite another thing at Utopia, where the experiments had been damper, and the results were even lower.

BOTH Levin and Horowitz now turned their attention from Chryse back to Utopia, for by going ahead with another cycle there they could at least determine whether their instruments were in good working order, thereby indirectly verifying the results of their questionable second cycles. And an opportunity had presented itself there which interested everyone. Back on sol 21 at Utopia, when the sampler arm acquired soil for the GCMS, the scientists had decided that it would be useful if the inorganic-compound analyzer, the XRFS, examined a sample of the same soil, and, accordingly, on the twenty-ninth and thirtieth sols the sampler arm went into action again. This time, as it dug a trench adjacent to the one it had made a week before for the GCMS, the sampler pushed too far forward and nudged a rock, which moved. The possibility that the sampler arm might be able to move rocks had never seriously occurred to anyone, and as soon as it did a number of scientists thought that it would be a

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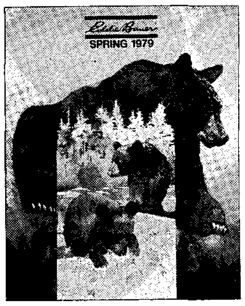

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good idea to get some soil from underneath a rock. Such soil would have been protected from ultraviolet light, which is lethal to organic compounds, and, since ultraviolet light is essential to the formation of oxidants, perhaps there were no oxidants down there. And there might be moisture. All in all, there was a greater chance of finding not only organic compounds down there but maybe even life.

Everyone wanted some of that soil—even Oyama, who was in the middle of a long incubation at Utopia. He decided to terminate it, for the soil seemed depressingly like what he was still incubating at Chryse. And Biemann, who had not found any organic compounds in the Bonneville soil (a result that would have prevented the argument between Horowitz and Levin if they had known about it), and had begun to suspect that he would never find any organic compounds on Mars, felt hopeful once more. The idea of the sub-rock sample, as they called it, seemed to have come along at just the right time to take everyone's mind off Levin's and Oyama's continued failures to turn up signs of life in their long incubations and off Biemann's second result indicating a lack of organics. There was a feeling of anticipation around the J.P.L. that had not been present since the first cycles after the first landing.

So on sol 37, the sampler arm nudged a rock aside far enough to take a sample from underneath it. This was allocated to the GCMS, which now had an even higher priority than the biology instruments. The biologists got their sample from beneath another rock, on sol 51; their soil was scooped up and deposited in the hopper as quickly as possible after the rock was moved, to reduce the chance that it would dry out or be struck by ultraviolet light. All the instruments' experiments were run in the usual way, except that this time Horowitz left his lamp off, on the theory that organisms from under a rock would be more likely to react in the dark.

The results were something of a letdown. Once again, Biemann found no trace of organic chemicals. The soil in Oyama's instrument yielded the lowest oxygen peak he had got yet, but that result simply indicated the smallest amount of oxidants and the most water—the conditions that the scientists had expected to find underground. Only Levin was able to find much hope for biology: once again, he got a high radioactive-gas curve. If the chemical theory was correct, of course, his curve should have dropped in proportion to Oyama's peak—the same argument that Levin had made after the first cycle at Utopia, when Oyama's oxygen peak dropped to a quarter of his original one, presumably because the extra moisture in the soil had curtailed the formation of oxidants. This time, although there should have been even more water in the soil, causing Oyama's peak to dwindle even further, Levin's results were almost the same as both his first and third ones at Chryse and his first one at Utopia. Levin, who thought he had already shot down the oxidant theory, now felt that he had it in the bag. Though he still couldn't produce an exponential curve, he planned to let his incubation of the sub-rock sample go on for a long, long time, and Oyama would do the same.

The best piece of news from Levin's point of view was an indirect one: his instrument at Utopia had worked so well during its third cycle that it had clearly not been leaking or malfunctioning earlier, and therefore the results of the second cycle—the cold sterilization, at fifty degrees—were very likely correct. In other words, despite the mysterious undulations in those data, the line was basically flat, indicating a negative response—a finding that in Levin's opinion not only ruled out the peroxides as a possible agent but also was consistent with biology. However, the engineers had found a way to explain the undulations: moisture from Levin's nutrient may have condensed onto a cooler at the top of the instrument and then dripped onto the soil below, where it destroyed oxidants and released oxygen; the oxygen then oxidized his nutrient, causing a brief rise in the radioactive count. Since there had been some minor thermal problems with the instrument, it was more than usually susceptible to changes in the outside temperature, and this could explain why the ups and downs of Levin's count had occurred daily. Levin still intended to repeat the cold sterilization he had carried out at Chryse—something that had to be done if such an important result was to be accepted. "If we can confirm that fifty degrees kills the reaction, I feel it will be mind-boggling," he said.

Levin was obviously still ready to

be amazed. "No one, of course, is championing the idea that there is life on Mars, including me," he said at the time. "But the people who have reacted to the data by saying that there is no life on Mars are doing poor science—they are not looking at the data. And if you look at our data you cannot say there is no life on Mars. In at least two of the biology instruments, the results are positive for biology. Of course, we cannot conclude that we have detected organisms; we are making allowance for the odd chemistry on Mars, because the question is so important. However, the data are such that you could drive a biological system through them—I don't mean an elephant but little-bitty things."

Horowitz was meanwhile concluding, to his satisfaction, that it would be very hard to drive even little things through his own evidence; he felt he had strong evidence at last that the activity in his instrument was not biological. This argument, like Levin's, depended on the verification of his previous result. When the data from the sub-rock experiment, his third cycle at Utopia, came back, the second peak was a count of 7.5, which was a clear negative, even if it wasn't as low as the count of two he had received on his second cycle at Utopia—the result that had appeared so devastating, though he had been unable to determine whether it was chemical or biological. Now he thought he could determine which it was. Although the amount of water vapor he had used in the earlier experiment was greater than the amount of water under the rock, Oyama's most recent oxygen peak indicated that the amount of moisture present in the two cases was nonetheless comparable. Indeed, Horowitz' own first peaks, which probably had to do with the amount of water present, were similar for the two experiments.

If all that this seemed to prove was that the amount of water in the vapor that had destroyed the reaction in the second cycle was similar to the amount of water under the rock, the conclusion was one that Horowitz thought important. Since any life on Mars would require a small amount of water, he argued, it would certainly not be destroyed by amounts of water natural to Mars—and the amount under a rock would have to be considered both small and natural. "So if the reaction is inhibited—or completely stopped—by these minuscule amounts of water, which we know are indigenous to Mars, it's hard to believe it's

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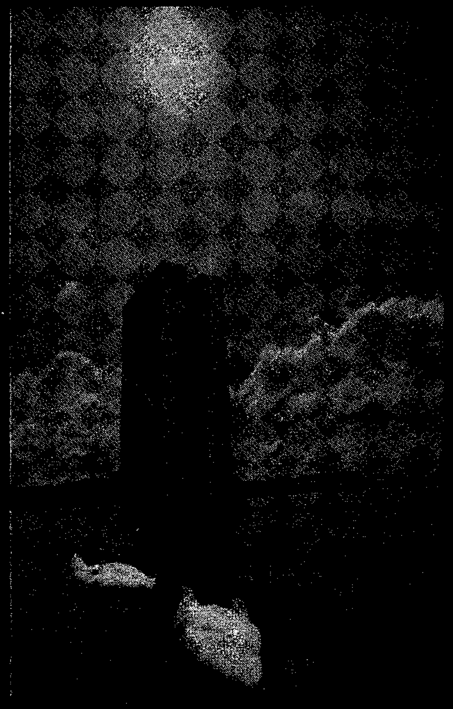
biological," he said. "It could very well be chemical."

Horowitz had been looking over the results of all the biology experiments and had decided that the chemical argument was not in such bad shape after all. If his two low Utopia readings supported the chemical argument, then his theory—developed after his previous cycle at Utopia—that the water had released oxygen, which either impeded the synthesis of organic compounds in his instrument or destroyed them after they were formed, was very likely correct. Indeed, in all three instruments, when the amount of water was increased (Levin's and Oyama's second injections, his own wet experiments) the activity always dropped. Apparently, the results from the three biology experiments could all be explained by the presence of the same substances—water, oxidants, and oxygen—though these substances behaved differently in each case. For the first time, Horowitz thought that the chemical arguments were convincing.

At around this time, Horowitz even felt encouraged enough to begin speculating about what effect a barren Mars—if the planet proved to be barren—would have on their view of the chemical origins of life and, in particular, on the existence of life elsewhere in the universe. "If Mars is barren, it will force us to take another look at the earth," he said. "It will make our ocean seem more important. On a planet like Mars, you might have all the chemicals you need for life, but they won't meet. Our ocean is a nursery; it provides the solvent—water—in which chemicals diffuse and collide with each other. It's a nursery in that it has a constant temperature over a long period; it provides continuity. Nothing on earth is as old as the ocean—not the mountains, not even the continents. We have the only ocean in the whole solar system. If, in the end, it turns out that Mars is lifeless, the idea of the ocean as the nursery of life will take on a new importance. Planets without oceans become less likely habitats for life. But in other solar systems there must be hundreds of thousands of other planets with oceans." Horowitz, though, was not as close as he thought to proving Mars lifeless.

Mars was now approaching the point on its orbit where it would disappear behind the sun. Though Mars would actually be occulted only a few days, communications with the four Viking craft—the two orbiters



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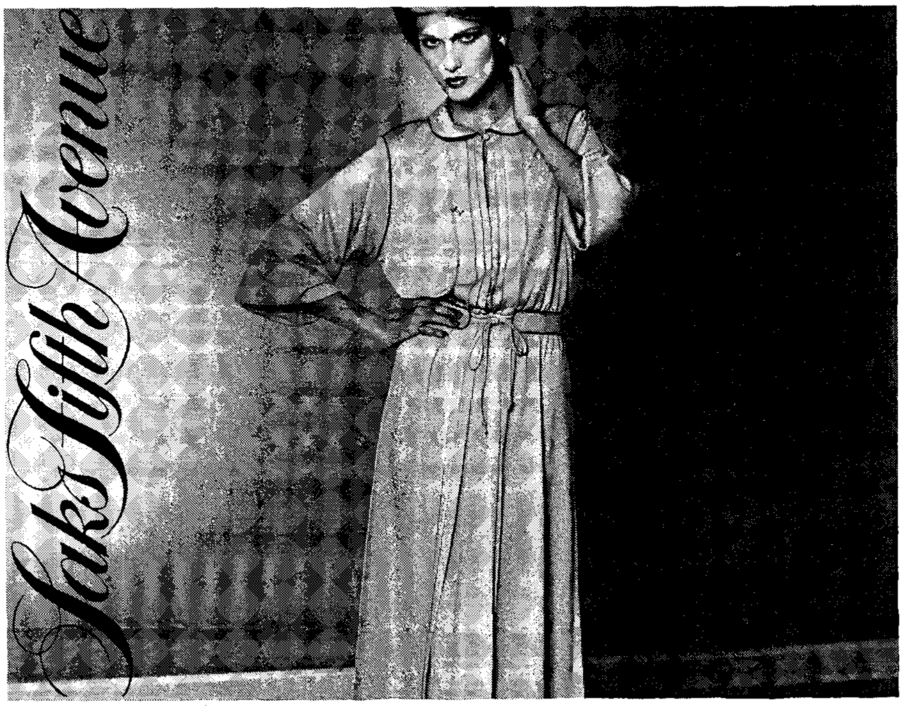

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and the two landers—would fade and then be cut off over a period of about a month. Early in November, before communications began to fade, the engineers put the landers into what they called a passive mode. Oyama's instruments in both landers and Levin's instrument at Utopia were left running during the occultation period, for they were in the middle of long incubations; the meteorology instruments in both landers and a seismometer at Utopia were left running, too; the computer was left on and so was the tape recorder that stored scientific and engineering data. Everything else—including the remainder of the biology package, the GCMS, and the XRFS—was shut down.

Because Oyama's and Levin's long incubations would continue for some time, and because Levin was still saving his remaining incubation chamber at Chryse to repeat the cold sterilization, Horowitz was the only biologist in a position to begin a new experiment right after communications were reestablished. Toward the end of December, he started at Chryse, for his fifth cycle there, the sudden-death experiment he had wanted to do earlier. First, he wet his soil sample—one that had been sitting in the biology package's hopper since October—with water vapor, which he was increasingly glad he had sent along, and four hours later he heated it to one hundred and twenty degrees Celsius (well over the boiling point of water on earth), and then lowered the temperature to ninety degrees for a hundred and twelve minutes, leaving open a vent to the outside, to drive out the vapor. Then he closed the vent, lowered the temperature to seventeen degrees, introduced the radioactive atmosphere, and allowed the incubation to proceed as usual—with the lamp on, to encourage activity. Any positive result, he reasoned, would have to be chemical, for organisms don't come back to life after they have been drowned and then dried by heating. A chemical reaction, though, might resume after such exposure to moisture and heat.

Horowitz was not expecting a positive response, for he was still thinking in terms of oxidants, which are destroyed irrevocably by water. The negative response he *was* expecting would not help distinguish between chemistry and biology—at least, not directly—but it might make the distinction in an indirect way. He still did not know whether the borderline count of fifteen he had received in the heat-sterilized control cycle back at Chryse was in fact a negative or represented a small amount of activity. He had never got an indisputable negative at Chryse, such as he had got at Utopia—and those Utopia results were of no help in evaluating the Chryse instrument. This time, if the sudden death at Chryse produced a low count—a one or a two—he would know that the fifteen of the earlier control represented activity, and the activity would be chemical, of course, for that soil had been heat-sterilized to kill any organisms. Horowitz was obviously proud of what he regarded as an almost foolproof trap: he was in the happy position in which either a positive or a negative result would have to be chemical. "The only answer that will leave us where we are will be another fifteen," Horowitz said, and, for that very reason, a number of his colleagues were betting that that was what he would get.

He didn't. But what he did get was almost worse, as far as Horowitz was concerned: a highly active thirty-seven—and possibly more, if the instrument's leak was taken into consideration. In any event, it was a clear positive, and therefore a strong indication that Horowitz' activity was not biological. More had been killed than organisms, however. Just as the destruction of the activity after his second cycle at Utopia, when he first added vapor, had been consistent with all his chemical theories, the present result, when he added vapor and the activity *wasn't* destroyed, was consistent with none of them—or almost none. The latter result was a reversal of the former. Because he had not only destroyed the oxidants but also got rid of the water (something he had not done before), and had nonetheless received a positive result, neither water nor oxidants could be involved in the active result. That meant that almost none of his original ideas for generating organic compounds under short wavelengths of ultraviolet light (for example, formaldehyde from carbon monoxide plus water) and no variation of them that would work under his filtered light (such as formic acid from carbon monoxide plus hydrogen peroxide) were any longer in the running, because the key ingredients were gone. Even his exchange theory—currently the front runner, because in laboratory tests it had been giving sec-

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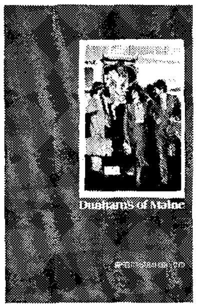

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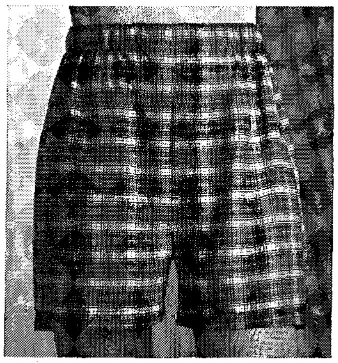

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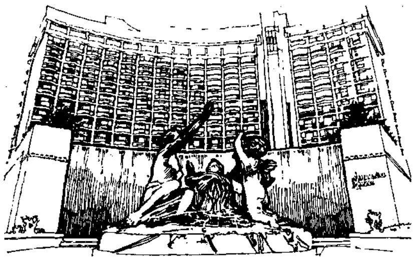

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ond-peak results in the upper thirties, or higher than any of his other chemical processes—was weakened. Although the exchange got around many of the problems of the other theories by postulating that the organic compounds had been formed *outside* the lander, at least some of those compounds, once they had been scooped into the instrument, should have been destroyed as soon as the vapor released the oxygen. Yet the current result was positive.

The sudden death had succeeded in knocking out almost all the chemical arguments. The only one left was the process involving hematites, the iron oxides that were the prime candidates for the red coating on the surface of Mars; since hematite cannot be broken down by water, it could survive the wetting to react after the water was gone. The hematite theory was clearly the new front runner, if only by default. Horowitz still did not know how the hematite worked. The hematite process, though, posed one difficulty: in repeated laboratory tests (they had been done successfully *with* the filter), it had never given a result higher than the twenties—well below the results he had been getting from the exchange method and a far cry from the ninety-six he had got during his first cycle at Chryse. He would not believe he had found the right chemical reaction until he succeeded in duplicating that. After the sudden death, Horowitz felt that his results didn't make any sense. He shouldn't have got a positive at all. He felt that all his ideas were about to undergo another major reversal; this was about the fourth time he had had to abandon his favorite theories since Viking 1 landed, and it might not be the last. Perhaps the hardest to give up was the elegant simplicity of the idea that the results of his instrument were linked by water and oxidants to the results of the two others.

There was one tenuous way out of the situation: perhaps the water vapor, critical to the sudden death, had never got into the incubation chamber. What made this plausible was that the experiment's first-peak result had been very low, and in both previous experiments in which water had been present—the "wet" experiment and the sub-rock one, his second and third cycles at Utopia—the first peaks had been very high. The first peaks did not necessarily prove anything; nonetheless, the Chryse instruments had been on Mars for six months, and it wouldn't be surprising if there were malfunctions in addition to the leaks he already knew about. On the other hand, since he had heated his chamber to drive out the water vapor before the first-peak measurement was made, the low result was logical whether water had been present originally or not, and there was no way for him to tell which was the case. He decided to use his sixth, and last, incubation at Chryse to see if the instrument's water valve was working properly. However, Horowitz had to wait more than two months—until the middle of March—before he could try this: he had to let the other instruments catch up.

LEVIN, of course, was delighted with the way Horowitz' results further complicated the chemical argument. Serious problems confronted "those proposing the single-cause theory—oxidants—to explain all three instrument results," Levin later implied in an interview in the periodical *Science News*. He seemed to forget that Horowitz' results posed even more serious problems for the biological argument. Indeed, Levin's own position was not a very comfortable one. His long incubation of the sub-rock sample at Utopia—to see whether the slow, provocative rise that always followed his second injection would this time take off exponentially—was approaching its ninetieth sol without showing any sign of accelerating in a manner that would confirm the biological indications of the first injection's results. To make matters worse, Oyama—who, with so little going for him on Mars, had been busy in his laboratory at Ames—was about to announce that he had found a chemical explanation for Levin's slow rise. As long as there had been no such explanation, biology could not be eliminated as its cause, even without an exponential acceleration. Oxides and peroxides couldn't account for it, because they would have been used up after Levin's first injection. But now Oyama had discovered in his laboratory that when he poured Levin's nutrient onto maghemite—gamma Fe_2O_3, a magnetic form of hematite—it gave up its oxygen much more slowly than other oxidants did, and at a rate consistent with the release of gas in Levin's long incubations. It is quite likely that maghemite (and possibly also magnetite, another magnetic iron oxide) exists on Mars, for a couple of magnets attached to the scoop appeared to have picked some up. Levin felt that the introduction of maghemite simply added an epicycle to the chemical arguments, further complicating them. Nevertheless, as the lifetime of the instruments drew to a close, and as

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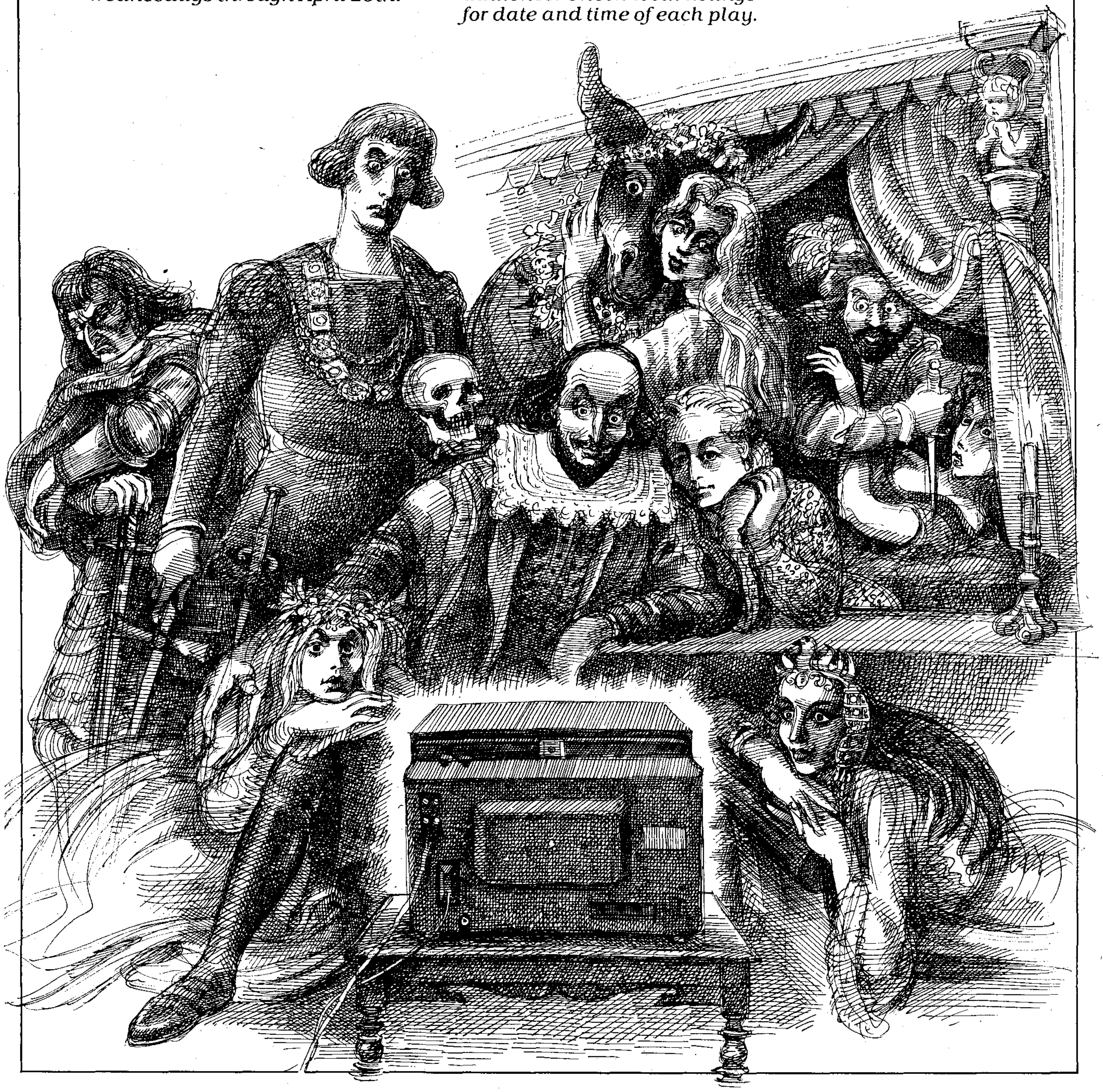

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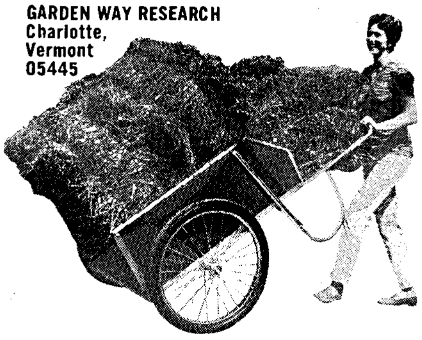

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the time between cycles got longer, the scientists would resort increasingly to their laboratories, and, increasingly, their interest would focus on iron oxides.

With the termination of his long incubation of the sub-rock sample, at the beginning of February, Levin was at last able to start a new experiment at Utopia—his first since occultation. Oyama was still incubating his own sub-rock sample; Horowitz, however, was ready to start a new experiment himself, so he and Levin did their fourth cycles at Utopia together. They got fresh soil. Horowitz once again tried to duplicate his ninety-six—an attempt he had never made at Utopia—but he couldn't complete the experiment. The valve leak on the way to the detector in that instrument, which had been getting steadily worse, precluded any useful result, and he had to turn his attention to ways of circumventing the leak in the future. Levin was more successful; for his fourth cycle, he tried to repeat the cold sterilization, which on his second cycle at Utopia had shown that his reaction was greatly suppressed by the relatively low fifty-degree heat—a result presumptive of life. Only the curious ups and downs had prevented acceptance of the data. Now, as winter was approaching at Utopia, the instrument's heaters, using the same amount of current as before, could raise the temperature only to forty-six degrees; this was enough. As had happened the first time, there was a major reduction in the reaction; the line went only as high as four thousand before levelling off—a drop of about seventy per cent from the normal spectacular curve. What is more, the line held firm, without any ups and downs; it was not far removed from the straight line of Levin's original heat-sterilized control, on his second cycle at Chryse. Nobody could question the data this time.

Clearly, Levin—despite the two long, inconclusive incubations and Oyama's maghemite—was very much back in business, and he was delighted. Not only had he got the confirmation but, since the temperature was even lower than before, the results were even more presumptive of life. However, Klein and others once again trotted out hydrogen peroxide—as they had done after the one-hundred-and-sixty-degree heat-sterilized control, performed in the second cycle at Chryse, and after the fifty-degree cold sterilization—to explain the apparently biological reduction. It appeared to Levin that every time he lowered the temperature of his

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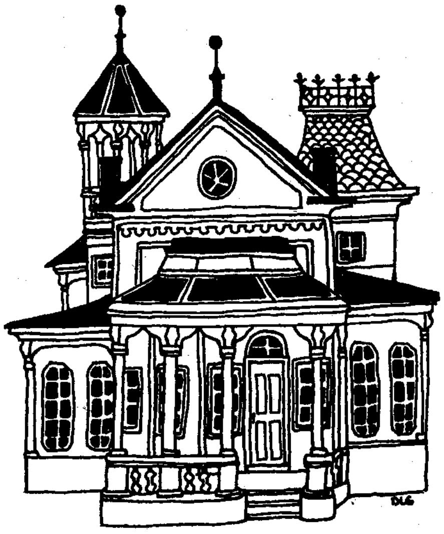
control, killing the reaction and improving the chances for biology, Klein and the others lowered their estimates of the temperature at which hydrogen peroxide decomposes. The rules, he complained, were apt to change without notice.

Levin found in a textbook that, although hydrogen peroxide did indeed decompose at fifty degrees Celsius, it did so very slowly—at the rate of one per cent an hour—so that in the three hours of the heating the reaction should have dropped by only three per cent, not by the seventy per cent he had just found on Mars. Horowitz thereupon said that the textbook experiment very likely hadn't duplicated the chemistry of that planet; the oxidant on Mars might not be precisely hydrogen peroxide but something slightly different. Failure to duplicate Martian conditions was a common complaint when one scientist invoked a laboratory result unpopular with another. To Levin, this criticism seemed highly "conjectural"—his word of deepest disapprobation—because he didn't think Horowitz knew any more about Martian conditions than he did. Other members of the team came to Horowitz' aid; one biologist pointed out that certain iron oxides, such as hematite and magnetite, were known for their ability to destroy hydrogen peroxide, and that this ability could speed up the destruction of hydrogen peroxide on Mars. "I suspect that Levin's experiment on Mars somehow did cause hydrogen peroxide to degrade seventy per cent in three hours," this scientist said.

Levin was beginning to feel persecuted by this chemical, which he seriously doubted was present on Mars; he thought he had pretty well eliminated it back in October, at the time of his first cold sterilization. In a final attempt to explode the hydrogen-per-



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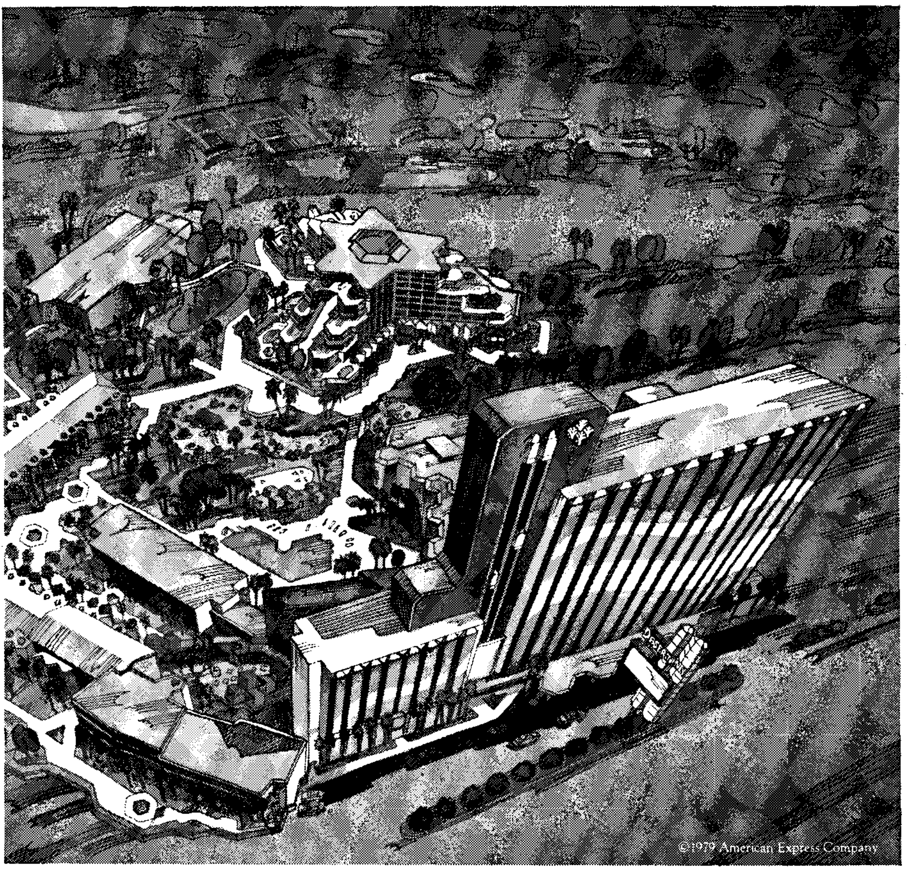

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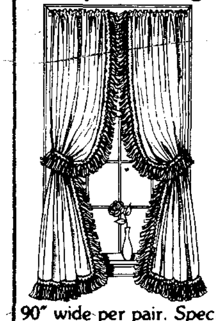

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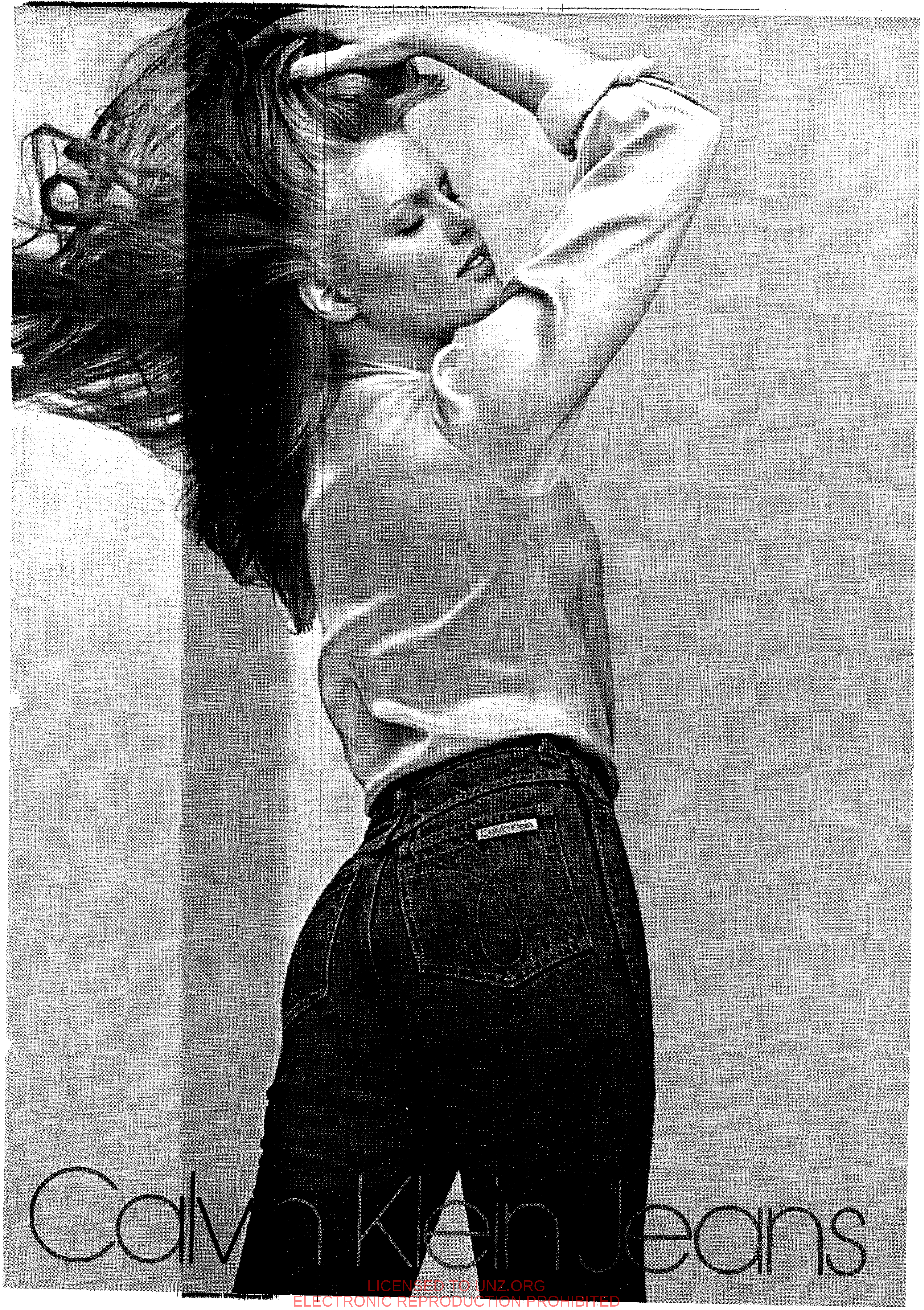
oxide theory, he irradiated with ultraviolet light a series of possible Martian soils, slightly moistened with water vapor—that being how the oxidants were presumably formed on Mars. Then he put the soil, which was biologically inactive, in a duplicate of his instrument and added his liquid nutrient; when he failed to detect any sign of activity, he took this as evidence that there were no oxidants present either in his laboratory soil or in the soil on Mars that were caused by direct irradiation with ultraviolet light. His critics howled. They said that he had clearly failed to duplicate conditions on Mars, and that all he had proved was that he couldn't make oxidants on earth. Levin, though, was so certain he had eliminated the possibility of ultraviolet-formed oxidants on Mars that he had no intention of experimenting with them further. He said, "We do not believe in peroxides anymore."

EXCITED as Levin was by the results of his fourth cycle at Utopia, they paled beside the results of his fourth cycle at Chryse. He ran it along with Horowitz' sixth cycle there, which was the control on his sudden death, to determine whether the water vapor essential to that experiment had been injected properly. Levin did his double-squirt experiment—the one he had been forced to put off until he had been sure of repeating his cold sterilization—in which he injected twice as much nutrient, in order to determine whether the critical ingredient was in the soil or in the nutrient. As matters turned out, many things went wrong, and, instead of determining the critical ingredient, he wound up accomplishing by accident an even colder cold sterilization.

Since the soil in the hopper had been sitting there for a hundred and forty days—it was now the middle of March, and the last time soil had been collected at Chryse was back in October—both scientists wanted a fresh sample. There was another incentive as well, for the Viking engineers had finally agreed to let the scoop dig a hole a foot deep. (Carl Sagan, who was a member of the Viking lander's imaging team, which studied photographs of the surface, and who had long argued that there might be life on Mars, had been pressing for this, as had several other Viking scientists.) The new sample would be from even farther down than the one taken from beneath the rock at Utopia. It was even more likely that there would be no oxidants and more moisture—perhaps even methanogen-like microbes, or, at least, organic compounds. Biemann was not involved this time, for his instrument at Chryse had suffered a short circuit because of cracked insulation and had been shut down lest it damage other equipment. However, he felt satisfied that he had proved conclusively that there were no organic compounds on Mars—not at the two Viking sites, anyway. Horowitz badly wanted the deep-hole soil, but Levin did not; he had seen colored patches on some rocks in the area and wanted to use them. He was outvoted. At any rate, neither Levin nor Horowitz could accommodate the deep-hole soil, for there was no place to put the old soil, already in the hopper, and neither of them had any room for surplus. Accordingly, both scientists cast longing looks at Oyama's instrument: it would make a fine dump. Oyama's instrument, as it happened, had no more room in its single large dump cell, either; if it were to accommodate the overflow, it would have to take it directly into its incubation chamber, thereby ending the instrument's life as an experiment. The situation was reminiscent of the time Horowitz had wanted to go ahead with his cold incubation at the others' expense—only this time he had Levin on his side. Oyama couldn't resist the two of them; he gave in, stipulating only that he be allowed to finish his two-hundred-day incubation, which still had a couple of weeks to go.

As it happened, Oyama did better out of all this than either of the scientists who were willing to throw him overboard—and especially Horowitz, whose plans had a way of backfiring. The digging was done in a barren-looking spot that the geologists, with a possibly ironic intent, had called Atlantic City, but which everyone now hoped would be crawling with as much life as its terrestrial namesake. Digging the trench took about a month, and though everything was quiet, Levin and Horowitz, already impatient, became alarmed when, before the sample was taken, there was a problem with the radio receiver at Chryse which threatened the engineers' control over the Viking 1 lander. Horowitz and Levin panicked; rather than risk waiting any longer, they elected to go ahead with the next cycle, using the soil that had been in

d.ehrenberg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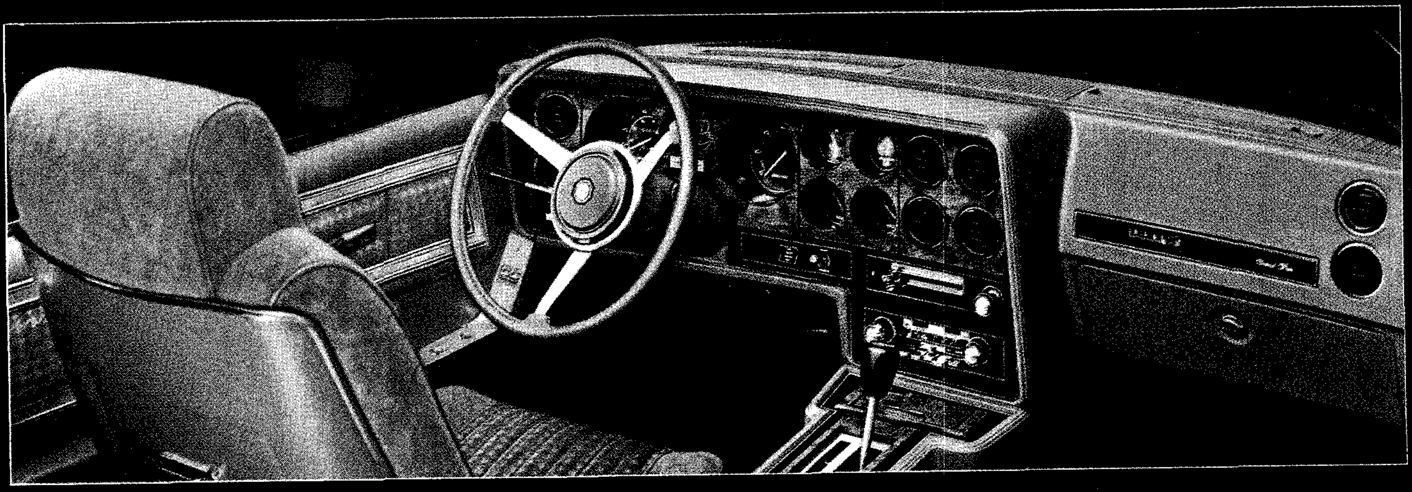

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the hopper since October. Oyama was reprieved: he would not have to sacrifice his instrument after all. The two others were naturally disappointed—the more so when, after they started their incubations, the radio problem cleared up, for this meant that they could have safely waited for the sample from the deep hole. As it turned out, though, Levin was lucky to be using the old soil.

Levin and Straat injected the two squirts separately, with a three-hour interval between injections. "We needed a control over whether the hopper had done something to the soil in that time or not," Straat explained. "We knew what the reaction to a single shot should be—the usual spectacular count of twelve to fifteen thousand per minute. But if the shots were simultaneous, how would we know that the result was not due to the long time the soil was in the hopper? With two variables, we couldn't separate them—unless we did two injections." For whatever reason, something different happened this time. There was no spectacular rise after the first injection, as there should have been, nor was there the usual drop after the second; rather, after the first injection the count rose slowly to about four hundred a minute. After the second injection, it levelled off for a while and then started to climb again, reaching about two thousand by the end of the cycle—after seven sols. This was very little. Clearly, the active, or limiting, factor in this cycle was not a shortage of nutrient; what was more important, though, was that something had caused the active agent to degrade, and Levin and Straat didn't have to look far for an explanation that satisfied them, at least. The temperature in the hopper had all along been averaging fifteen degrees Celsius—somewhat higher than the highest Martian summer temperature.

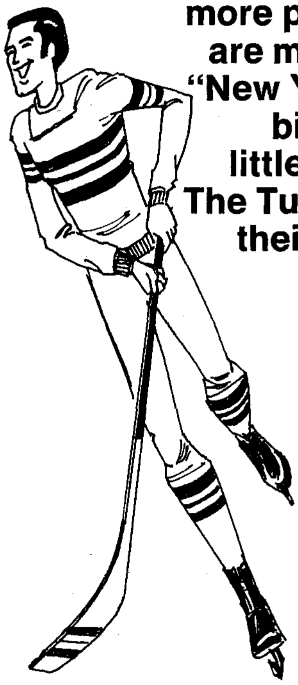
"The fact that the soil spent one hundred and forty days in the hopper at fifteen degrees is the only possible explanation for cutting down the activity," Straat, who thought the result favored biology, said afterward.

"Our group's case for biology has consistently strengthened since the first day," Levin said at this time. "Every result we have from our instrument is internally consistent, and consistent with life." Consistency, he felt, was what the chemical argument lacked.

The rest of the biology team was not impressed by Levin's interpretation. Klein and others suggested that peroxides, too, might evaporate at fifteen degrees—especially over a four-month period.

WITH his newly reprieved instrument at Chryse, Oyama wanted to try something different. Because his two-hundred-day incubation had ended without a trace of a Great Event, he had now given up on the idea of life, and he had at last decided to use his instrument at Chryse as a chemical laboratory—a decision that Horowitz, who had urged it many months before, said was better late than never. He was even glad now that Oyama's instrument hadn't been sacrificed. Completely ignoring Levin's protests that there were no oxidants on Mars, Oyama, whose belief in their presence ran deep, wanted to get at the question of whether there might in fact be *more* than one. Accordingly, at the same time that Levin was doing his double squirt Oyama heated his soil to a hundred and forty-five degrees Celsius; most superoxides are stable at temperatures up to two hundred degrees, while most peroxides break down at temperatures of a hundred degrees or less, and he had picked a temperature right in between. He got no oxygen. Then he humidified the soil and analyzed the atmosphere again; he got an oxygen peak, presumably caused by the destruction of superoxides that hadn't been destroyed by the heat. Thus, Klein may have been right in something he had said at the time of Levin's heat-sterilized control, his second cycle at Chryse, when, under circumstances remarkably similar to Oyama's present experiment, Levin had heated his soil to a hundred and sixty degrees and then added liquid nutrient; when he had got no reaction, Klein had suggested the superoxides were present but for some reason were unable to oxidize Levin's nutrient. Klein had been quite certain, though, that the degradation of activity in Levin's control could be explained by peroxides. Indeed, Oyama now felt that the result of Levin's experiment, taken together with the result of his present one, clinched the matter of the presence on Mars of both peroxides and superoxides, but Klein, though he felt that the evidence was persuasive, cautioned that it was still circumstantial.

Most people on the biology team saw no reason to stop at just a couple of oxidants in a highly oxidized environment like Mars. They thought that there could be several varieties of peroxides and several varieties of superoxides, each with different characteristics, and that modelling the correct mixture to account exactly for all Le-



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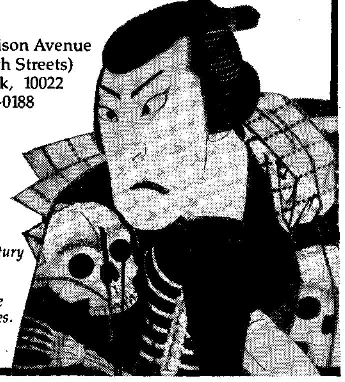

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vin's and Oyama's results could take years of laboratory work. Just the rough model they had now was complicated enough: it seemed that hydrogen peroxide accounted for all Levin's results—the activity at normal temperatures and the cessation of activity at higher ones; that a combination of peroxides, and especially superoxides, accounted for Oyama's results at normal temperatures; and that superoxides alone accounted for his activity at high temperatures, such as the oxygen peak that he had just detected at Chryse. And there was also the maghemite gamma Fe_2O_3, which Oyama had found might account for the long, slow rise in Levin's count. Yet, despite the complexity of the soil—it seemed almost alive itself—none of these compounds were able to account for Horowitz' results. Oyama, having worked so hard to try to explain what was going on in his own and Levin's instruments, wouldn't rest until he had done the same for Horowitz'.

HOROWITZ' sixth and last cycle at Chryse, which he did along with Oyama's chemistry experiment and Levin's double squirt, was his long-postponed control on his fifth cycle there—the sudden death, whose high second-peak result had appeared to rule out almost everything. But had the water, which should have killed the reaction, actually got into the chamber? Because the first peak had been unusually low for an experiment in which water was used, the possibility existed that the water valve had stuck, and there had been no water. To find out, Horowitz now wet the soil with a double squirt of vapor, and this time did not heat the soil afterward, so the water would not be driven off. This was almost a duplicate of his second cycle at Utopia, in which he had learned that water killed his activity, and if everything was working properly he should get the same results now. (Because of the leak, he had to put in many times the usual amount of radioactive gases to make sure the right quantity got in. "You see how close to the ragged edge we were with the instruments," Klein said one day in his office at Ames.) The results, however, were contradictory. The first-peak result was very high, indicating that the vapor had in fact entered the chamber, but the second peak, instead of being near zero, was a thirty-three—well within the active range.

Klein called the thirty-three a shocker. He had been keeping track of all of Horowitz' second-peak results, and he and others felt that at last, taken to-

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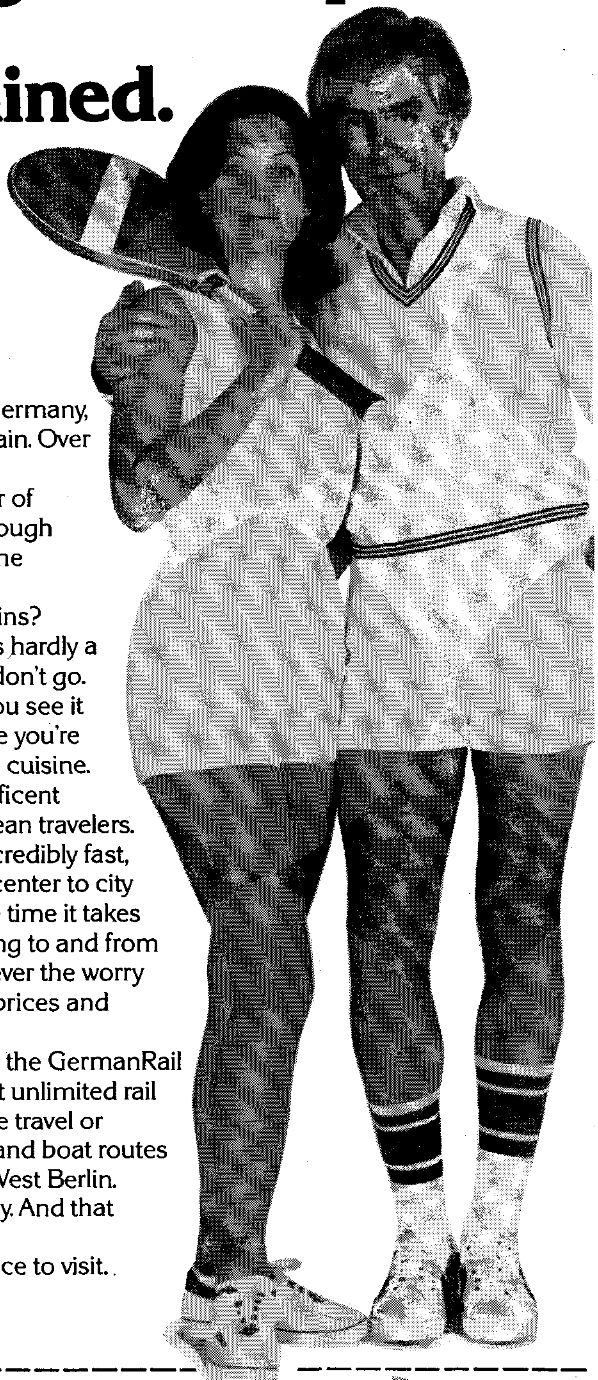
gether, those results were beginning to fall into a sort of pattern:

Chryse 1—light, dry, active (the original one)	96
Chryse 2—light, dry, sterilized (the heated control)	15
Chryse 3—light, dry, active (attempt to duplicate original)	27
Chryse 4—light, dry, active (attempt to duplicate original)	35
Chryse 5—light, wet, sterilized (sudden death)	37
Chryse 6—light, wet, active (control for water)	33

The last four results, Klein and others noticed, were close, ranging from twenty-seven to thirty-seven. The first two results—the original ninety-six and the fifteen of the heat-sterilized control—were special cases, they now felt, which could be ignored. If the last four results were the only important ones, it didn't seem to matter much what was done to the soil: whether it was wet or dry, hot or cold, the results were similar. And the same could be said of the results at Utopia, where, since there had been no heat-sterilized control, the second experiment did not have to be eliminated and so could be counted:

Utopia 1—dark, dry, active	23.0
Utopia 2—light, wet, active (first wet cycle)	2.8
Utopia 3—dark, dry, active (sub-rock, wet)	7.5

Here, if the result of the first cycle was removed, the remaining experiments also gave results that were close together. Two experiments, of course, were too few to indicate trends, but Klein and some of his colleagues pointed out some nonetheless; they had little choice. From the Utopia data, they were tempted to think that whether the experiments were run in the dark or in the light made no difference, either: though the first experiment at Utopia had been run in the dark (this had been done out of necessity, because of high temperatures after landing), it had given an active result; the third one, also run in the dark, had given a negative result. The Utopia second peaks, of course, were much lower than the ones from Chryse. "We had convinced ourselves that this was because there was more water at Utopia—either because we ran the experiments wet or because the soil had more water in it," Klein said, sitting at his desk. "However, at the time the wet experiments were being done at Utopia, there had never been a wet experiment at Chryse." Later, when the two wet experiments were done at Chryse, the results were quite high. Klein and others were now tempted to ascribe the higher results at Chryse and the lower



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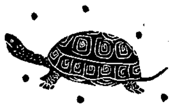
results at Utopia to discrepancies between the two instruments. "It now looks as though the water, the light, the heat, and everything else we did, regardless of which lander we used, made no difference," Klein said.



Before this theory of a uniformity in Horowitz' results—which was still only a theory—could be accepted, the results of his first cycle at each site, which were by far the highest for each instrument, and were therefore out of step with all the others, had to be eliminated. One thing that had bothered almost everyone about Horowitz' instrument even long before the mission started was the possibility that the affinity of the organic-vapor trap—the golden U-shaped pipe that the gases passed through on their way to the radioactivity detector—for carbon dioxide was greatly enhanced by long periods in vacuum. During the eleven months that it took the two Viking landers to reach Mars, the valves in the biology instruments were open to space, so before the launch the organic-vapor traps of both instruments had been saturated with ordinary, nonradioactive carbon dioxide (after the landings it was done again with the Martian atmosphere, which is ninety-five per cent composed of that gas) to prevent the traps from retaining excessive amounts of radioactive carbon dioxide later. "But suppose the eleven-month exposure to vacuum enhanced the trap's ability to pick up carbon dioxide far beyond our estimates?" Klein asked at Ames. "And suppose we didn't saturate the traps sufficiently? And suppose each trap then picked up some radioactive carbon dioxide from the chamber's atmosphere during the first peak of the first cycle, which was later baked out by the pyrolysis for the second peak? That would say that the first time you do the experiment, you will get an immensely high second peak. And that's the way the data on both instruments looks." If this was so, then it was little wonder that Horowitz had never been able to duplicate his ninety-six on Mars.

Horowitz did not like any of this; at the very beginning, he himself had been proud of the ninety-six—the way Oyama was of his oxygen peak and Levin of his curve. He thought it his most significant result, but later, he came to think of it as an anomaly (but not an instrument anomaly) whose duplication in the laboratory would be an important step in proving the chemical theory. This was Klein's and Horowitz' only serious disagreement. Horowitz pointed out that he himself had been the one to discover the effect of vacuum on his organic-vapor traps, and said that, although he had never tested a trap in such a strong vacuum for as long as eleven months, he did not think even that length of time in space would account for his ninety-six. As for discrepancies between the Chryse and the Utopia instruments, although Horowitz had never been able to test in the laboratory the instruments now on Mars, he had run many tests with an identical instrument, and it had given more or less the same results from the same soils every time, and this suggested that the instruments on Mars would, too. Now, with his theories once again in a state of disarray, he clung rigorously to the integrity of his instruments and to that of his results—including the two initial ones. He recognized that it was difficult to make much sense out of his results when they were taken together, but he preferred another explanation to Klein's. Perhaps none of the changes he had introduced *had* affected things much (itself an interesting piece of information), but he himself was inclined to believe that the differences between the Chryse and the Utopia results were caused not by discrepancies between the instruments but by differences between the soils at the two sites—particularly with respect to the effect of water vapor upon them. Perhaps at the time of the first cycle at Utopia, when he had been unable to turn his lamp on, he had been too quick to accept Levin's and Oyama's evidence that the soils from the two sites were similar. "There could be a heterogeneity of the soils such that at Utopia water kills my reaction and at Chryse it doesn't. That's the trouble when you can't see what you're doing; and that's about all the data we have," Horowitz said in his office at the California Institute of Technology.

Oyama, after his success with the oxidants, had been spending fifteen, and even twenty, hours a day in his laboratory at Ames trying to come up with an explanation for Horowitz' results. Now he proposed that, if the superoxides were doing the dirty work in his own instrument and the peroxides were doing it in Levin's, then possibly Horowitz' results could be explained by another type of chemical—the carbon suboxides. This notion had a certain elegance: suboxides, being compounds that contain less oxygen than the oxides, were off the bottom of the ozonide-superoxide-peroxide-oxide ladder. But Horowitz didn't like this idea, either. He didn't believe there was any carbon suboxide on Mars. In this, Horowitz was supported by Biemann, who was certain that if any was present his GCMS would have found organic compounds derived from it—and it didn't.

When, in his next cycle at Utopia—another chemical experiment—Oyama claimed that he had detected evidence of a carbon suboxide on Mars, and, further, that it might be ancestral to organic chemicals, Horowitz blew up. "There's no reason to give any more weight to Oyama's hypothesis than the ones we're studying—perhaps less," he said. "I have the feeling Oyama is sort of pulling something out of the air; it's terribly ad hoc. Mariner 9 had an instrument to look specifically for carbon suboxide and found none. None have been identified by Viking, either."

Suboxides or no suboxides, Horowitz appeared to be in trouble. After the doubts cast on all his theories by the sudden-death experiment, the further possibility that none of the changes he introduced had made any difference appeared to leave Horowitz—who had initially been the biologist surest of his experiment—without a leg to stand on. This was not the case, however. Despite all the reversals, Horowitz had come out on top with respect to the only question that his instrument or either of the other instruments had been designed to answer: whether or not there was life on Mars. Whatever the explanation for the activity he had been measuring, the evidence was now overwhelming that—in his instrument, at least—it had to be chemical activity of some sort. If nothing—temperature, light, water—affected his activity, it had to be insensitive, and only chemistry filled the bill. (This would be true if he never managed to duplicate his ninety-six chemically; if he did, that, of course, would be further proof.) To expect any of the instruments to identify a particular chemical reaction—the task Levin now seemed to be requiring of them—might be asking too much of experiments designed to answer simply yes or no to the question of biology. At the very least, Horowitz' failure to pinpoint the reaction could hardly be taken as any reason not to rule out life as a cause of his results.

Previously, Klein and others had felt that Horowitz' activity was the most difficult to explain chemically, Oyama's the easiest, and Levin's somewhere in between. Now Klein was prepared to put Horowitz' results firmly in what he called "the nonbiological column." Doing so gave Klein himself a powerful push away from the over-all possibility of life on Mars, for in his view the only instrument that left this pos-

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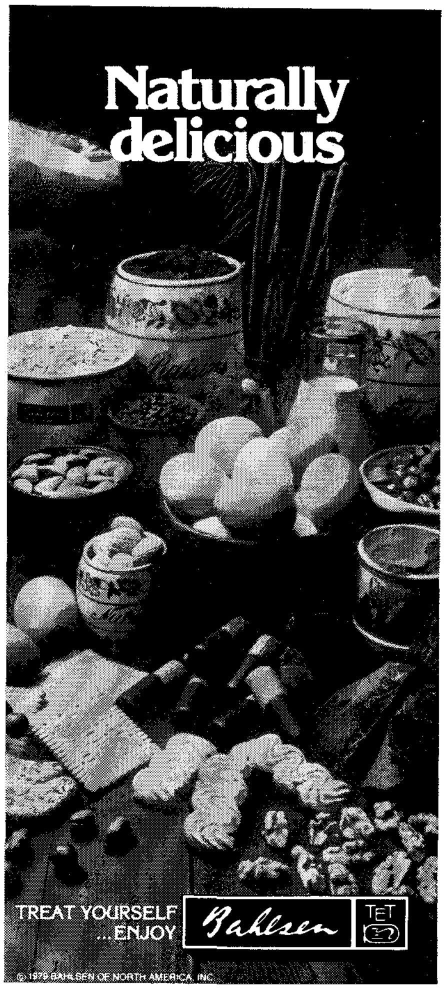

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sibility open at all was Levin's, and Klein was skeptical about that. Though Levin's arguments were plausible when his experiment was regarded in isolation, they lost much of their force when they were regarded not only in relation to the results of the other biology instruments and the GCMS but also in the context of the Martian environment as a whole—its low temperature and pressure, its aridity, and its very likely toxic soil.

Despite the conflicts of the last eight months, Klein's opinion still acted as a barometer of the biologists' thinking. Horowitz, however, was not yet ready to go quite as far as Klein about his own results. "My feeling is that my instrument has not found a biological response, but I still don't have a chemical proof, and as long as I don't have one there will be a residue of doubt," he said. To the end, Horowitz was determined not to yield to his preconceived ideas; his commitment to the scientific method put him in the curious position of leaning over backward so far that—along with Levin—he was among the last to keep the door open to the idea of life on Mars.

IN the middle of March, the biology instruments on Mars were nearing the end of their lifetimes—particularly the instruments at Chryse, which had been used more. Horowitz' instrument was through; after six successful experiments, it had all the soil it could take, and, as a result of its leaky tank, it was virtually out of radioactive gas. Levin's Chryse instrument, after four successful cycles, had a surfeit of soil, too; furthermore, it was virtually out of nutrient, because of the double squirt. The only instrument at Chryse that was still working was Oyama's, and for a final experiment he received fresh soil from the bottom of the deep hole. If he had a sense of justice being done in his being the only one to get the soil for which the two others would gladly have sacrificed his instrument, he didn't say so. Anyway, his own instrument either developed a leak or received too much soil to permit the incubation chamber to be sealed properly, and Oyama received no further results from Chryse, either.

The instruments at Utopia were still working, even though the temperature there had been dropping rapidly with the approach of winter in the northern hemisphere. In the south, where it was summer now, the carbon-dioxide ice cap had long since melted, leaving only a small residual cap that was probably frozen water; but in the north carbon dioxide (some of it doubtless from the south pole) had for some time been precipitating back onto the cap. By early April, Utopia was so cold that the GCMS on the Viking 2 lander had to be turned off permanently, for fear the cold would crack its electrical insulation. Both of Biemann's instruments had now done their work. At night, the temperature at Utopia reached the precipitation point of carbon dioxide—minus one hundred and twenty-three degrees Celsius.

Clearly, conditions were right for Horowitz' cold incubation—the one he had tried to do in November, even though, because of their liquid nutrients, it would have then meant risking both Levin's and Oyama's instruments, since all the heaters inside the biology package would have had to be turned off in order to bring the incubating chambers down to a temperature as close as possible to that outside the spacecraft. He didn't care about his own water supply. This time, Levin and Oyama decided to join Horowitz in the cold incubation, not so much out of amiability as out of inevitability. They all thought this was the end. It wasn't quite, however. While the sampler arm was delivering fresh soil, it stuck; the cold, apparently, was too much for it. As it had before, the little robot on Mars just kept chugging on, so there was no way to keep the heaters inside the biology package from turning off. The temperatures inside plunged. Levin and Oyama wrote off their instruments, and, as matters turned out, Horowitz' instrument, with its long-term leak, was now pretty useless. It would have returned no data. Yet Levin's and Oyama's instruments, against everyone's expectations, survived the deep cold. Each of the two biologists went on to do one more active cycle, though they had to use soil from the long-held batch and put it on top of used soil in their chambers, and this meant that the results were open to question. Still, Oyama claimed to have found further evidence for his carbon suboxide, and Levin, who detected virtually no reaction, claimed that the lack favored biology, for anything alive would surely be dead after so much time inside Viking. Horowitz, who had already retired to his laboratory, was able to shrug off this final series of outrages.

THE biology instruments at Utopia were shut down for good on May 28th; the ones at Chryse were shut down two days later. "If life on Mars had been at all easy to find, we'd have found it," one biologist said by way of an obituary. Certainly the instruments had worked better than anyone had dared to predict. The NASA press release announcing the shutdown stated, "Biologists have not reached any final conclusions about the presence or absence of life on Mars." In the following months, though, the residue of doubt dwindled further. Since the hematite theory had been about the only survivor of the sudden death, Horowitz went on to experiment with other iron oxides that might exist on Mars, and he found that by using hematite, maghemite, and magnetite, he was able to get results similar to his Martian ones. Though the chemistry of the reactions was not clear, the hematite had apparently needed the filtered light to synthesize organics, and the two others did not—another mark in their favor, considering that in his first cycle at Utopia he had got a positive response with the lamp off. He thought it likely, though, that all of his Viking results could be explained by some kind of iron chemistry. Other chemical theories were also advanced, including one that attempted to explain the partial duplication, in laboratories, of the Martian pyrolytic-release and labelled-release data, using certain iron-containing clays—a theory not inconsistent with Horowitz' new line of thought. By September, however, most scientists felt that they were pushing their theories beyond what the Viking data could support—something they had begun to feel when Oyama suggested the suboxides, if not before—and that the remaining doubts might not be resolved without another landing on the planet. Even without another mission, though, it was likely that if ever again mankind receives what might be interpreted as a sign of extraterrestrial life—data from a future Mars lander that could rove the planet, perhaps, or even a radio signal that might be from another intelligent civilization—matters could well follow the same course as they did with Viking: hopeful excitement, doubt, arguments, and confusion, all saying as much about terrestrial as extraterrestrial life, and all played against a background of reams and reams of seemingly conflicting computerized data.

—HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

(*This is the second part of a two-part article.*)

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CORRECTION

A recipe for Mock Creme Fraiche in Monday's Courant contains one tablespoonful of firmly-packed brown sugar, not two tablespoonfuls horseradish as listed.—*Hartford Courant.*

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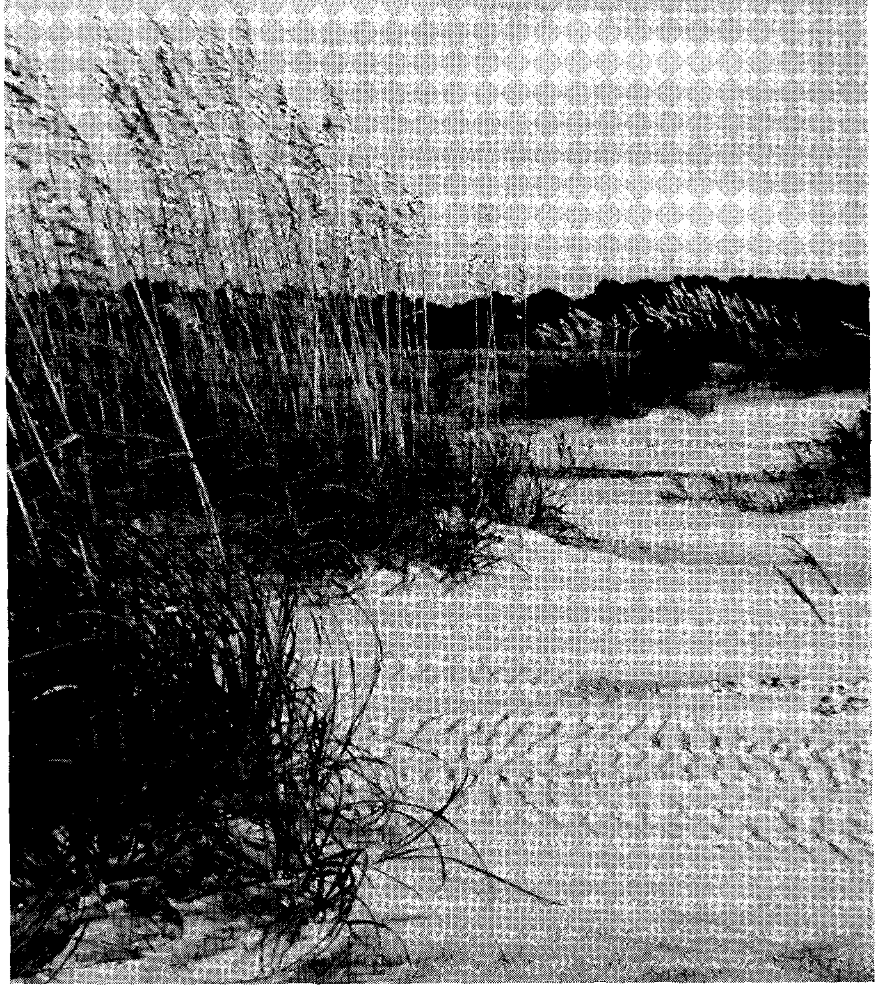

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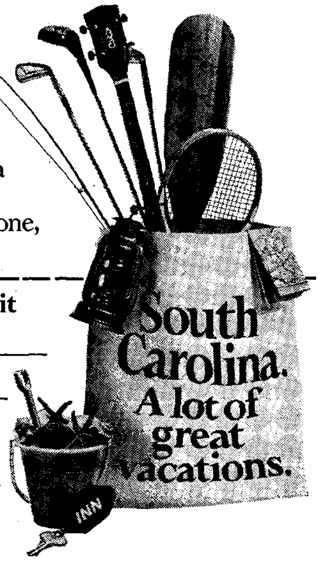
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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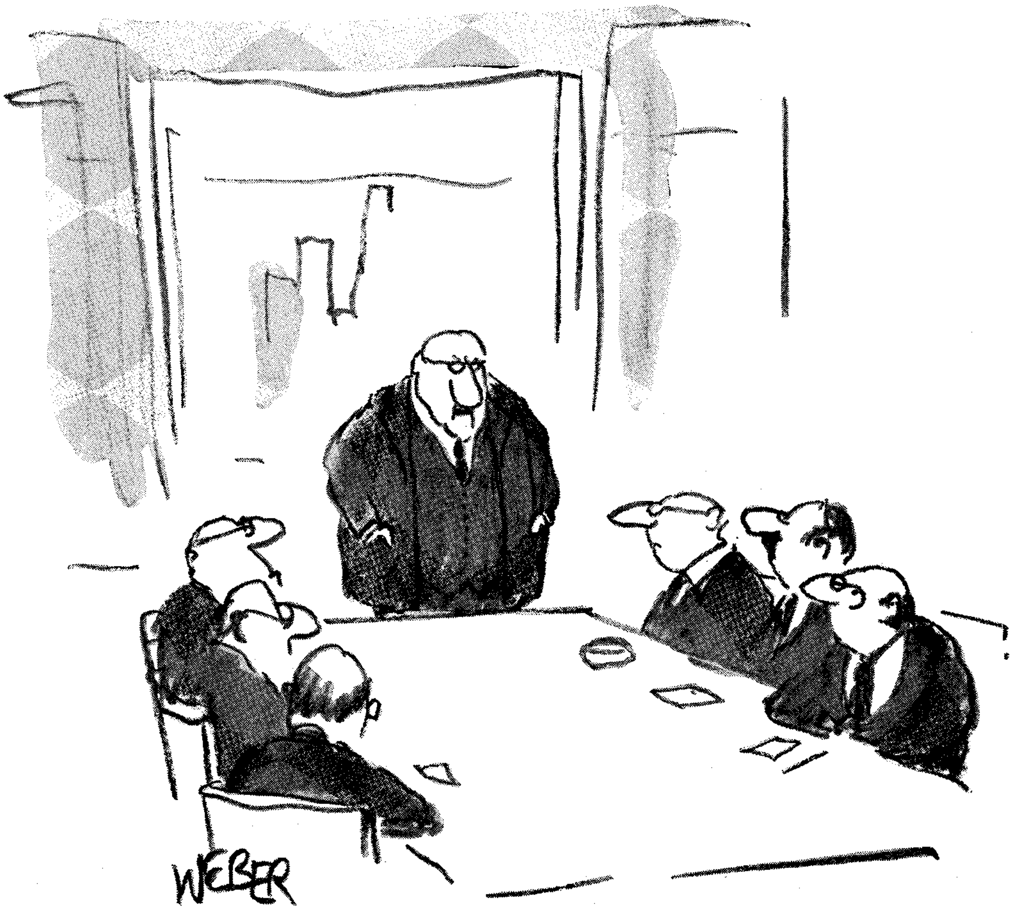
MICHAEL CRICHTON'S "The Great Train Robbery," which is set in mid-Victorian England, has a golden, plummy look. It's not often now that we get this "civilized-entertainment" sort of costume picture—handsomely mounted and slightly stiff. The year is 1855, and the hero (Sean Connery) is a thief masquerading as a wealthy businessman in order to gather the information he needs to steal the gold bullion that is being shipped by train in double-locked safes to pay the British troops fighting in the Crimean War. The film is a fictionalized version of this theft, which, according to Crichton, was the first train robbery. (Trains themselves had been in existence for only a few decades, and such aids to safecracking as dynamite were yet to be invented.) Although Crichton has made two other movies ("Westworld" and "Coma"), this is the first time he has been in a position to adapt one of his own novels to the screen and direct it; the result is an evenly paced suspense movie with laconic, dryly funny flourishes. There's a total absence of personal obsession—including moviemaking obsession—in the way Crichton works. He never excites us, emotionally or imaginatively; when he shows the poverty and cruelty that went along with the overstuffed Victorian poshness, we never feel threatened, never identify with those who suffer. "The Great Train Robbery" could almost be a textbook demonstration of bourgeois moviemaking: there are painstaking re-creations and restorations of the Crystal Palace, the trains pulled by coal-burning steam engines, Newgate Prison, mansions and slums, but the camera rarely moves. We seem to be looking at pictures of the past, with people moving around in them. The film has a satisfying tame luxuriousness, like a super episode of "Masterpiece Theatre."

Though Crichton's attempt to whet our curiosity about how an elaborate robbery was carried out more than a hundred years ago has an antiquarian charm, the problems to be solved aren't clear and the narrative is a bit of a cheat. The film concentrates on relatively simple matters, like how keys are duplicated, and leaves us in the dark about the bigger questions. Who is this thief? How has he acquired the manners and the social knowledge of a gentleman? (Was he born a gentleman?) We don't find out how he got into the exclusive men's club where he learns details vital to the robbery, or even such smaller points as how he manages to take over the operation of a fashionable bordello for a night and stage a police raid. In the book, Crichton speculates about questions such as these and then skillfully ducks them by the ruse that he is dealing only with the known facts; in the movie, he never raises them at all—leaving the viewer puzzled about why we're given what we're given when so much that would seem to the point is left out. But Sean Connery gives the movie something of his own substantiality. Though his character seems practically unwritten—a carry-over from Crichton's literary conceit about working only with the historical records—he makes the thief what used to be called a fine figure of a man. Dandified, with light-brown hair and a darker beard, Connery plays his role close in and makes his smallest changes of mood register. He's the film's animating force, and the other actors—costumed to the hilt, and set off the way they are in those British TV series—are very agreeable.

As the thief's devoted doxy, the lushly pretty Lesley-Anne Down gives an overeager, literal-minded performance. There's one scene in which the script must have called for her to pace in agitation; she paces back and forth as dutifully as a boy acting a soldier in his first school play. You can see her calm face under her energetic efforts, but she gets by with this childish, let's-pretend acting because of her warm blue eyes and her rolling, eiderdown softness and her desire to please. Her bad acting complements her physical presence—makes her more appealing, more accessible. (She's so beautiful that if she were also a good actress she might be forbidding.) She and Connery share the film's two most visually facetious—and best—moments. The first comes at the start, when the thief is sitting up in bed, and she peels off her black net stockings and her merry-widow corselet and joins him by climbing in under the covers at his feet, with her pert round behind to the camera. (The thief gets part of the action, the audience the other part.) In the second, she's leaning over his head, scraping his neck with a straight razor, as he tells her something that gives her pause; it's



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a fine tableau—the two heads and the hand with the razor. In narrow-tailored clothes, the tall Donald Sutherland is a stork-legged pickpocket: a scarecrow of a man. Limbering his cadaverous fingers and cracking his knuckles, Sutherland provides flighty, eccentric contrast to Connery's resourceful leader with his feet on the ground. Two English character actors do more than create the environment for the robbery—they *are* the environment. As a plump-faced bank manager, Malcolm Terris fairly quivers with lust; he's like a horny pudding. And as a Scotland Yard inspector, Robert Lang carries his share of bureaucratic anxieties and works on the case in a Victorian way—doggedly, intuitively. It's also a graceful touch that Gabrielle Lloyd, who plays the marriageable daughter of a bank president (Alan Webb), is made out to be perky, as if she had learned to overcome her plainness by her acuity in turning a phrase. Crichton miscalculates, though, in his handling of Wayne Sleep as Willy, the human fly who, having got word in Newgate that the thief wants his help, scales the prison walls and escapes; Willy's tight little Cockney face is too masklike, and his role (which relates to a minor aspect of the robbery) is too melodramatically conceived—it throws the movie slightly off balance.

"The Great Train Robbery" was the last film photographed by Geoffrey Unsworth, and, like the next to last—"Superman"—it is dedicated to him. But, unlike "Superman," this picture has the subdued richness that one associates with Unsworth's lighting. His formality has nostalgia built into it; the images have gravity—they seem both perfectly controlled and ripely sensuous. It's too bad that Crichton doesn't direct with a more fluid sense of movement, but, with Unsworth's images to look at, watching Connery and the others move in and out of the shadowy frames, as if they were entering and leaving a series of stages, has a pleasant, ceremonial aspect. The settings recall the photographs of the marvels of the new industrial age in the rotogravure sections of old newspapers; the London Bridge Station is a particular beauty. (It is actually the Heuston Station in Dublin, and most of the other locations are also Irish.) Viewers may even feel grateful that the director's attempts at suspense fail: without pressure on your nervous system, you can enjoy the well-behaved crooks, their finely tailored dupes, the deft Jerry Goldsmith score, and the many teasing touches. And though the dialogue,

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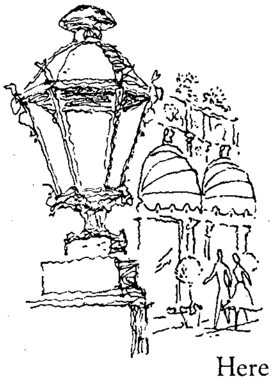

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which often seems on the verge of being witty, doesn't quite make it—Crichton's Shavianism is gummy, it has no bite—the actors convey an illusion of wit. This poorly plotted movie is told in such a deceptively orderly manner that the effect is very relaxing. There's a subtle flattery in bourgeois entertainment: sitting back in your seat, you feel like a person of taste.

FOR its first hour, Visconti's 1976 film, "The Innocent," based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners that seems an almost perfect preparation for a tragicomedy of jealousy. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), a freethinker and atheist, an aristocratic liberal who believes in his own intellectual distinction, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli). He has turned to a liaison with an ardent and experienced countess (Jennifer O'Neill), a slim, glittering beauty—a sexual woman of fashion. Visconti shows us Tullio's dilettantish character from an amused distance, in a series of shapely ironic sequences; he's an Italian male peacock whose modernist ideas are displayed like tail feathers. Tullio is so spoiled and so unthinkingly cruel that he doesn't only talk about his mistress when he's at home with his wife—he complains about her to his wife. But when his mistress mentions to him that his wife is having an affair with a novelist, she sees from his change of expression that her careless words were a blunder. Tullio may have begun to regard his modest, fair-complexioned wife as a sister, but, alerted by his mistress's remark, he becomes excited by the sensual emanations this gentle woman is suddenly giving off. He falls passionately in love with her.

Though the red-damask décor, with its furs and patterned-silk couches and heavy draperies, provides the setting for an Italian opera, and Jennifer O'Neill, with her skin darkened, has the imperiousness of a diva, the camera glides smoothly among the rich at their social rituals, and the tone is almost that of Viennese light opera. The film recalls an earlier movie about the tragic consequences of passion among shallow people: Max Ophuls' "The Earrings of Madame De . . ."—which, like this one, was set at the turn of the century. The 1953 "Madame De . . . ," with its expressive décor (lace and gauze, chandeliers and staircases) and its distilled passions, also dealt with aristocrats who were protected against almost everything in life but their own emotions. Visconti points up his indebtedness to Ophuls in a musicale at the home of a princess (Marie Dubois), where the virginal-looking young wife, who has seen the novelist among the guests, feels a touch on her shoulder and for an excited instant thinks it is his hand, then looks up and sees her husband. She is listening to the "Che faro senza Euridice" aria from Gluck's "Orfeo ed Euridice" during this scene, and she goes on humming the tune at home. It's the same aria that Ophuls featured in the opera sequence of "Madame De . . ." Like Ophuls, Visconti shows a richly ambiguous joy in evoking the past and in demonstrating that love can be a form of damnation which cancels out good sense even among the sophisticated. Both films, with their attention to the customs and manners that the most privileged people in a society can violate and those they can't violate, show the influence of the greatest of all studies of passion and shallowness—"Anna Karenina." (D'Annunzio is said to have been under the sway of Russian literature when he wrote "The Innocent.") Tullio is a male variant of Anna, and, like Anna and like Madame De, he becomes rash and destroys himself.

If the second hour, in which the tone of Tullio's jealousy deepens, moved along like the first, "The Innocent" might be a masterpiece, but the film becomes so ponderous that the characters begin to seem used up. Visconti did not live long enough to complete the editing, and, though his pictures have often maundered ("Death in Venice" ends over and over again), I wonder if those who prepared this cut may have exaggerated the flaws in the script. He has clearly planted the clue to the structure: the wife's lover (Marc Porel) writes popular romances, and the joke on the husband, who is contemptuous of this trash, is that passion turns his own life into a cheap novel. Tullio's newfound ecstasy with his wife is marred when he discovers that she's pregnant by the novelist. A devout Catholic, she cannot be persuaded to have an abortion, and when the child is born Tullio sees her attentions to it as confirmation of his jealous fears that she still loves the novelist.

Giannini is far from ideally cast; his Tullio, who is such a foolish, limited man from the beginning, doesn't have enough intellectual stature for the film's delicate mockery of him to make its fullest impact. But Giannini seems acceptable until he remembers to act. In the second hour, he's all over the place acting. And with him staring into mirrors for moody closeups and wan-

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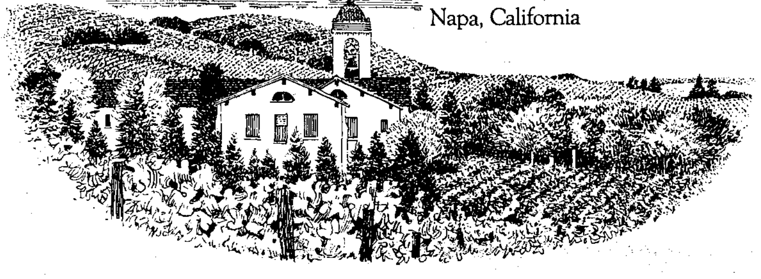

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dering about looking stricken and rottenly atheistic, while his rejected mistress raises the issue of women's rights and also suggests that the novelist transmitted a venereal disease to his child, the movie seems to be poking into all the family closets. Instead of turning out to be a tragicomedy about a man who is in torment because his wife doesn't love him, it becomes a melodrama that truckles to Catholicism: being an atheist, Tullio does not value human life—he commits infanticide without remorse, and finally he has no reason to go on living. This Hollywood-style attitude toward godlessness is an ingredient of the movie from the start, but could Visconti have intended it to function so moralistically? Surely he meant it to serve more elegantly—as the coup de grâce, perhaps?—that Tullio is destroyed by all the things he doesn't believe in. The wife uses her piety as the stratagem by which she clings to the child of the novelist, whom she does indeed still love. But as the film stands, Tullio seems to be destroyed by his immorality (rather than by jealous passion), and the film loses its ironic balance. Toward the end, the charges and recriminations between the husband and wife have no force, because we haven't been shown the turns and twists they're arguing about, and the picture has long since run out of steam. What we're left with are images: of the gentlemen's gym where Tullio and his rival fence, of Tullio's holding fire tongs in a blazing fireplace at the moment his wife's infant is delivered by forceps, of Antonelli herself. She's like a placid ingénue in a Russian movie, except that she has furtive yearnings—naughty thoughts. Laura Antonelli doesn't act, exactly, but she behaves amusingly, and she builds up sexual suspense. When she's finally nude, in bed, and aroused, she heaves and writhes so prodigiously she's like a storm-tossed sea. It's the kind of passion you learn in a circus: she's a horizontal belly dancer. If only W. C. Fields were there to comment on the undulations of her succulent flesh. —PAULINE KAEL

•

DEAR EMILY:

I wish you'd write something about people who are unfeeling about pets. I've had visitors talk disparagingly about my cat—and within her earshot. Those same people would be highly indignant if I made a similar remark about one of their children. I can't understand such lack of feeling.—IRATE C.O. —*Emily Wilkens in the Newark Star-Ledger.*

Simply ask them to lower their voices.

LETTER FROM ISRAEL

AN eerie rumor swept the Knesset here in Jerusalem on September 28th, when a majority of the members voted to approve the newly written Camp David accords setting out what was hailed as a "framework for peace in the Middle East." Even as the result of the vote was announced, there flashed through the parliament the word that Golda Meir had died. As it happened, Mrs. Meir, who was indeed very sick, did not die until December 8th. But the ready acceptance of the false alarm reflects the spirit that has characterized the Israeli approach to peace. As Amos Oz, a well-known novelist, said when he and I talked of the episode, "Israel is making peace in a hysterical mood. Opinion swings from the messianic to the apocalyptic, with nothing in between. Many intellectuals are exhilarated, elated. They say, 'We have arrived.' For my own part, I don't think we have arrived. First we have to make peace with the Egyptians, then with the other Arabs—the Palestinians, the Syrians, and the Jordanians. Then we have to confront the unresolved existential problem of Zionism. We have to decide who we are, what the content of being an Israeli is."

Peace could not come easily to this country under any circumstances. Israel fits the description of what a student of American politics, Professor Louis Hartz, of Harvard, has called "new societies." Professor Hartz's term was applied to Israel by Professor Daniel Elazar, of the Bar-Ilan University, in a pamphlet entitled "Israel: From Ideological to Territorial Democracy," which he published here in January, 1978:

> Israel [Professor Elazar wrote] is one of the handful of "new societies" in the world, in the select company of the United States, Canada, the Republic of South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand.... "New societies" are those founded "from scratch" as a result of migrations to "virgin" territories.... The key to their birth as modern societies from the first lies in the migration of their founders to new frontier environments where they were able to create a social order with a minimum amount of hindrance... by existing populations.... While the founders of the new societies obviously brought with them a cultural heritage derived from their societies of origin, their motive in migrating was almost invariably a revolutionary one. They sought to create a better society than the one they had left.

The society the Zionists left behind was the society of exile—the society of Jews who wandered rootless and homeless across the centuries; the society of the Jewish Question, which plagued Europe from the middle of the nineteenth century through to the Holocaust. Three answers to the question—three radically different visions of a better life—played central roles in the political history of Israel.

One vision centered on the land—a socialist vision, conceived in the shtetlach (or villages) of pre-Revolutionary Russia and topped off with the mystique of a Jewish return to the soil. It asserted that the *Luftmenschen*, or intellectual dreamers of the exile, would be transformed by work on the land into vigorous, practical men. That vision found expression in such institutions as the kibbutz (or collective) and the moshav (or coöperative), for working the land; in the national trade federation, known as the Histadrut; and in the Mapai and Mapam Parties, which eventually merged to form Israel's Labor Party alliance. Almost all of Israel's early leaders, including its first four Prime Ministers (David Ben-Gurion, Moshe Sharett, Levi Eshkol, and Mrs. Meir), came out of those institutions. And so, via the defense establishment, which took in the boys from the collectives and coöperatives, did their followers at the top of the Labor Party.

A second vision of a better life centered on man. It was liberal and nationalist in politics, and found a historical model in the ancient Kingdom of Israel. It appealed especially to the professionals who had been raised as assimilated Jews in the larger towns of Eastern Europe. Vladimir Jabotinsky, a journalist from Odessa who served as a correspondent in Rome, where he acquired a taste for the bravura style of Garibaldi, was one of these professionals, and another was a lawyer from Brest Litovsk, Menachem Begin. Ideologically, they found their model in the Western state, with its trappings of sovereignty and modernity, including a strong army and a going economy based on a self-reliant free-enterprise system. Their characteristic institution was the Irgun Zvai Leumi, an underground army formed in 1931, during the period of the British mandate over Palestine, to fight against—as distinct from merely resisting—the mandatory power and the local Arabs. The Irgun eventually became the nucleus of the Herut (or Freedom) Party, which through a series of mergers became in 1973 the major component of a coalition called the Likud (or Gathering). The commander of the Irgun from 1937 to 1940 was Jabotinsky, who died in 1940. In 1943, the com-

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mand passed to the man who later led the Herut and then the Likud—Menachem Begin.

Finally, there was a vision fixed on God. The religious vision saw in Israel a paradise on earth, the one place in the world where Jews could worship without making concessions to a Gentile majority. The bearers of that vision were the orthodox rabbinate and the National Religious Party, a political grouping that has shared power with both Labor and the Likud.

CONFLICT among the warring ideologies inevitably yielded different answers to fundamental questions. In the twenty years I have been visiting Israel, I cannot remember any time when some episode or other did not pose the question "Who is a Jew?" The latest case concerns a black basketball player from Newark, Aulcie Perry, who led the Tel Aviv Maccabi team to an Israeli championship and a victory in the European Cup competition. Perry came to Israel under the Law of Return, which theoretically grants immediate citizenship to any Jew. He had become a Jew through conversion in an orthodox congregation, Tifereth Israel, of Brooklyn. But Tel Aviv Maccabi's arch-rivals, Tel Aviv Hapoel, complained that the conversion was not kosher. Disregarding the transparently nonreligious motive of the complaint, a tiny extremist religious party, Agudat Israel, picked up the issue. After an investigation in Brooklyn, an official of the group declared, "Perry is not a Jew." The Party threatened to quit the governing coalition if the Minister of the Interior found otherwise. The hapless Minister referred the matter to the Chief Ashkenazi Rabbi of Israel, Shlomo Goren. He is conducting a formal inquiry into the burning question "Is Aulcie Perry a Jew?"

Arguments as difficult to resolve, but of far more consequence, have been generated by the different visions of the State of Israel and of its relations with the Arabs—especially since the Six-Day War, of 1967. During that conflict, Israel occupied the Golan Heights, which were part of Syria, and the Sinai Desert, where Egypt had long ruled. The Israelis also took two pieces of the original Palestine mandate which were populated by Palestinian Arabs but since the breakup of the mandate, in 1948, had been run by the neighboring Arab states. One was the Gaza Strip, on the Mediterranean coast just southwest of Israel, which Egypt had administered. The other included the territories west of the Jordan River, up to and including East Jerusalem, which were annexed in 1950 by the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan.

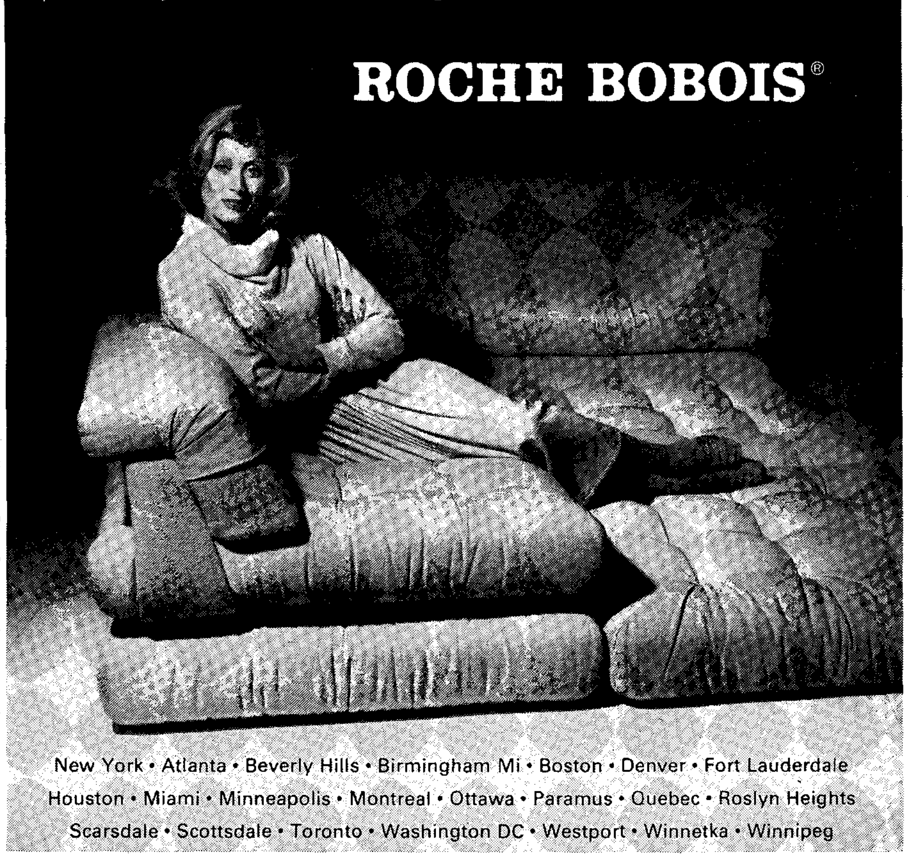
The Labor Party, faithful to its mystique of the land, came to favor a peace built around territorial compromise. In 1967, the Labor Minister in the cabinet of Levi Eshkol, Yigal Allon, put forward a proposal, known as the Allon Plan, that would return most of the occupied land to Egypt and Jordan but would reserve strategic sectors as bases for Israeli defense forces or as sites for armed settlements. In keeping with that plan, the Labor government established several settlements near military bases in the West Bank territories of the lightly populated Jordan Valley and in a finger of land just south of Gaza known as the Rafiah salient, poking into the Sinai along the Mediterranean coast.

The Likud approach emphasized style as much as substance. There was, first of all, insistence on direct, man-to-man negotiations with the Arabs. There was also insistence on Israel's legal right to the historic "land of Israel," including the West Bank territories, which the Likud called by their Biblical names, Judea and Samaria. But the claim was distinctly legalistic. The Likud had scant interest in settlements on the West Bank.

The National Religious Party, which had once been prepared to leave security issues to Labor, became more and more involved with foreign policy after 1967. An insurgent group within the Party set up an organization—the Gush Emunim (or Bloc of the Faithful)—to plant Israeli settlements in Judea and Samaria. On the strength of that movement, three younger leaders—Zevulun Hammer, the current Minister of Education; Yehuda Ben-Meir, the Party Whip; and Rabbi Chaim Druckman, a member of the Knesset and head of a yeshivah in the West Bank settlement of Gush-Etzion—took over the National Religious Party.

FOR decades, family conflicts among these groups were buried or postponed as Israel struggled to maintain its very existence. Labor or its antecedent parties ruled the country from 1948 through 1977, with help at almost all times from the Religious Party. After the 1977 elections unseated Labor, the Religious Party leaders joined a coalition government headed by Mr. Begin and the Likud. At times of great emergency—during the 1948 War of Independence, or during the Six-Day War—all three political families joined together. Even when there was no active conflict, moreover, the reluctance of the Arab states to negotiate provided the Israeli leaders with an excuse for not stating exact peace terms. Those Israelis who pressed for explicit proposals were regularly accused of "wanting to play chess against themselves." By thus putting down the would-be peacemakers in their own ranks, Israeli leaders kept adding to the backlog of unresolved differences. These differences touched on the problems most difficult for a "new society" even to acknowledge—the problem of recognizing the end of the frontier experience, the problem of accepting final borders. That is why the coming of peace was bound to be so hard for Israel at any time.

Particularly now. The Yom Kippur War, of 1973, forced Israel into a major rearmament effort, which set in motion a surge of inflation and a wave of wildcat strikes by government employees trying desperately to keep their salaries abreast of rising prices. The war also had a powerful effect on the structure of the Israeli leadership. The Labor government was surprised by the joint Egyptian-Syrian attack, and bore most of the blame for the heavy casualties that were incurred before Israel regained the upper hand in the fighting. Although Labor won the election of 1973, three of the leading figures in the government—Prime Minister Meir, Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, and Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir—subsequently withdrew voluntarily from high office. Labor's leadership passed to a second generation, which had advanced through the defense establishment. Yitzhak Rabin, a former Chief of Staff and Ambassador to the United States, became Prime Minister. As is so often the case in "new societies," those who followed the founding prophets bore to their mentors the relation that contractors bear to architects. Mr. Rabin, a man who was handicapped by a lack of vision anyway, had to depend for political advice on the bosses of the Labor Party machinery, and, as it happened, two of these—Asher Yadlin, of the Histadrut, who was sentenced to five years in prison for taking bribes, and Avraham Ofer, of the party bureaucracy, who committed suicide—were involved in corruption scandals. In the investigation that followed, it became known that the Prime Minister and his wife had maintained a bank account in America, in violation of Israel's strict currency laws. Rabin resigned, and was replaced as acting Prime Minister by Shimon Peres, the



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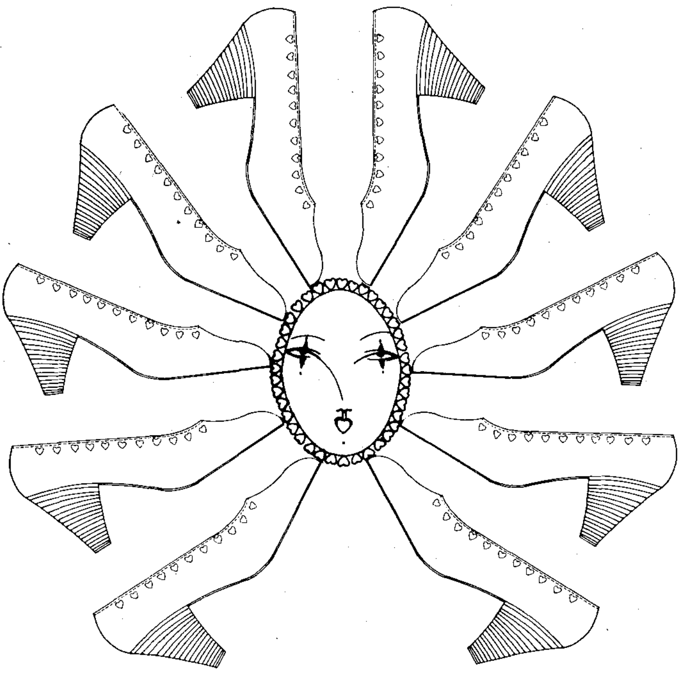

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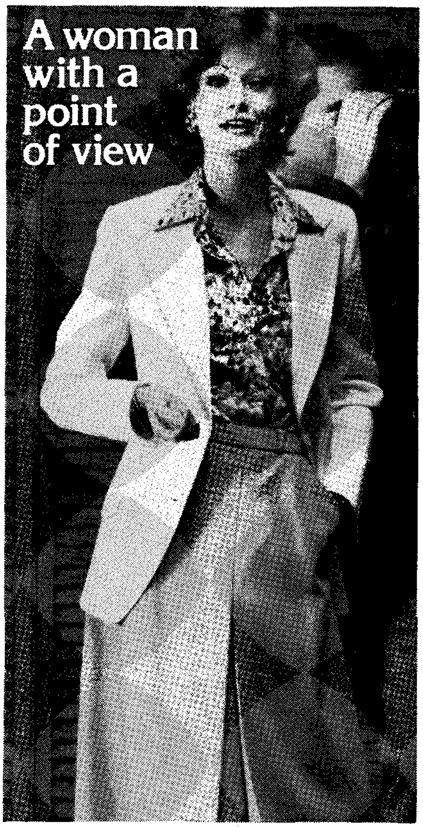
former Defense Minister. In the course of the corruption scandals, some of Labor's best-known and most highly principled leaders, led by Yigal Yadin—a former Chief of Staff who had become a distinguished archeologist—broke with the Party to form their own grouping, the Democratic Movement for Change. Thus Israel's governing party fought the 1977 election with its leadership split and under a cloud of inflation, strikes, corruption, and dubious conduct of a major war. It is not too much to say that the Israeli élite had been shattered.

THE Likud Party, which won the election, had two undoubted assets. Because Mr. Begin was in office, not in opposition, he could not bring his formidable negative talents against any move toward peace. His own emphasis on man-to-man talks, moreover, fitted the dramatic flair of Egypt's President Anwar Sadat. However, Mr. Begin was sixty-three when he took office in June, 1977, and had suffered a heart attack. He had been in opposition for thirty years and had lost eight straight elections. His personal entourage was composed chiefly of men who had nowhere else to go. Moreover, Mr. Begin was obliged to look over his shoulder at a competitor for the Likud leadership who had the advantage not only of being younger, richer, and better-looking but of being a recent military hero and the organizer, during Begin's illness, of the Likud election victory. On top of all that, the rival bore a historic name. He was Ezer Weizman, who was fifty-three, a nephew of Chaim Weizmann, the Zionist leader who became Israel's first President. Weizman had been a super-hawk while he was chief of the Israeli Air Force, but after his son was wounded at the Suez Canal in 1970 he became an enthusiastic advocate of peace negotiations. To counterbalance Ezer Weizman, whom he had named as his Defense Minister, and to bring to his Cabinet someone with experience in government, Begin named as his Foreign Minister Israel's best-known military man, the former Labor Party Defense Minister, Moshe Dayan. Dayan quickly made himself a central figure in the negotiations for a settlement with the Arabs.

Sometime in his first months after taking office, Dayan met secretly with King Hussein, of Jordan. The details of the meeting are unknown to me, but Dayan did satisfy himself that Hussein was not interested in a territorial bargain that would leave Israel in control of security zones on the West Bank. On September 17, 1977, Dayan had another secret meeting—in Morocco, with Hassan Tohami, the minister in the office of President Sadat. At that session, Dayan and Tohami discussed the possibility of a visit to Israel by President Sadat. Tohami insists that a trip to Jerusalem—as distinct from a trip to Israel—was not mentioned, and I believe him, even though he has a big vested interest in making it seem that Jerusalem was Sadat's idea. Dayan says that he did not specifically mention ceding to Egypt all of the Sinai in return for a visit. That may be right, though he, for his part, has a vested interest in making it seem that giving up all of the Sinai was Mr. Begin's idea. In any case, Sadat has acknowledged to me and to others that before he went to Jerusalem he knew that he would receive in return, at the very least, all of Egypt's territories in the Sinai Desert.

After Sadat's visit to Jerusalem, with all of the Sinai in effect ceded, the critical issue became the Gaza Strip and the West Bank land seized from Jordan—the two territories that had been occupied by Israel since 1967 and that were predominantly populated by Palestinian Arabs. As the head of a party committed to the preservation of Israel's historic rights, Begin was in a poor position to hand back pieces of the West Bank territories. As a very legal-minded lawyer, he was determined at least to maintain Israel's claim to sovereignty over the area. He had a word for what he was prepared to give the Palestinian Arabs: it was "autonomy"—a term borrowed from the works of Jabotinsky. But what would be the meaning, the inner content of "autonomy"? To fill that void, Dayan contributed what is perhaps a main element of his extremely enigmatic view of the world.

WORDS can convey only poorly the fluid character of Dayan's mind. Ideas course through it like quicksilver; thought moves to thought without apparent connection. Many people, including those who communicate with him in Hebrew, find him inarticulate in both speech and writing. Still, a revealing glimpse of his mind emerges in his new book, "Living with the Bible," which is currently a best-seller here, and is a most curious work. The Biblical characters celebrated in the book are primarily leaders of Israel—Moses, Joshua, Gideon, Samson, Saul, and David, "the greatest of Israel's kings." There is abundant material on their marches and battles and stratagems, and even on the occasional error of their ways. What is missing—



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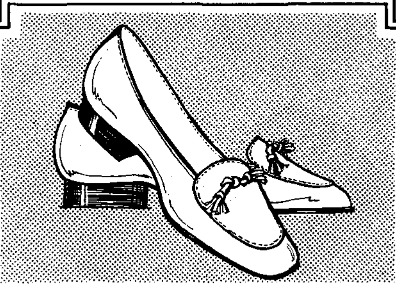

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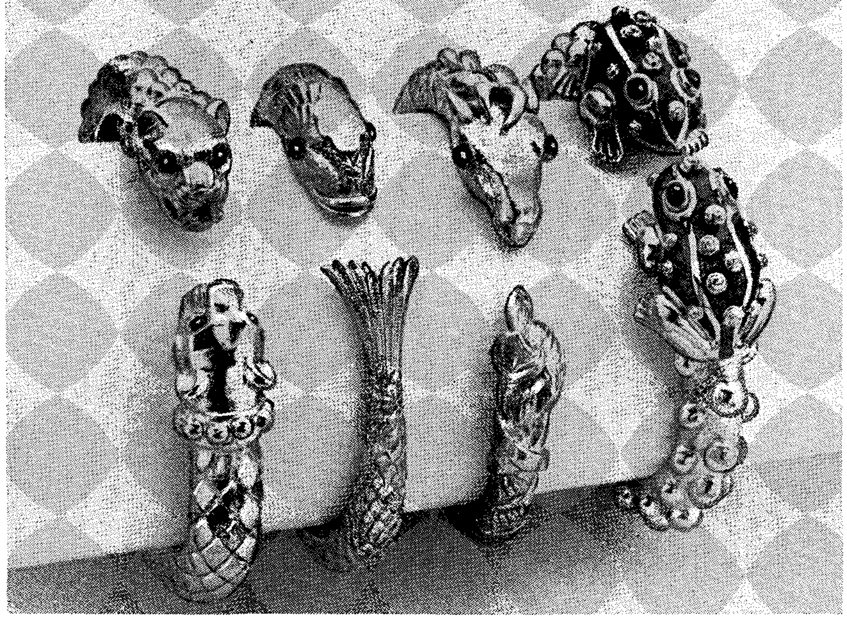
is, indeed, glaringly absent—is any mention of the great prophets. The preacher might never have written the Book of Ecclesiastes, or Isaiah have existed, or Jeremiah. "In Dayan's Bible," the well-known journalist Amos Elon wrote, in reviewing the book for the *Times Book Review*, "there are only wily nomads and gloomy kings and bloody warriors. There are no ethics, no psalms, nor any of the moral and behavioristic precepts of the Mosaic code. It is a Bible of violence and raw passions, bows and arrows and horses and iron chariots, very many, and filled with the sound and fury of battle; no small and silent voices are ever heard there."

I had occasion to question Dayan about the book not long ago. He was sitting alone (as usual) in the Knesset cafeteria, eating a piece of melon at a table by the window. I introduced myself and reminded him that we had missed connections on a couple of meetings scheduled for New York and Washington. He nodded, and asked me, a shade coolly, to sit down. I said I had been reading his book about the Bible, and I asked him what meaning, in the eyes of a secular Jew like him, the Bible had for Israel today. It was like touching a faucet and releasing Niagara.

"To me, the Bible tells the story of this country—the land and the sky," Dayan said. "I go out in the land and I walk up and down, and it matters to me. I love the land even if those who happen to be living on it are Arabs. Don't get me wrong. I prefer to see Jews living on it. I'm not an anti-Zionist. But in this way, I think I'm different from Golda, or even Ben-Gurion. When they saw an Arab occupying this land, it seemed to them a foreign country. Not to me.

"I remember when I was a little kid going out with my father and walking down a road. It was winter and bitter cold. We met an Arab coming the other way. He was dressed the way Arabs always are against the cold—with his cloak pulled up over his chin, and his hood pulled down over his brow. All you could see was his eyes. As we passed, my father said, 'You can see he's a murderer.' I asked, 'How can you see he's a murderer?' My father said, 'Just look at his eyes—all black. And the rest of him covered up as though he had something to hide.' I said, 'He's not a murderer. He has black eyes because he comes from here, where people have black eyes, and not from Europe, where people have blue eyes. He covers him-

DAVID WEBB



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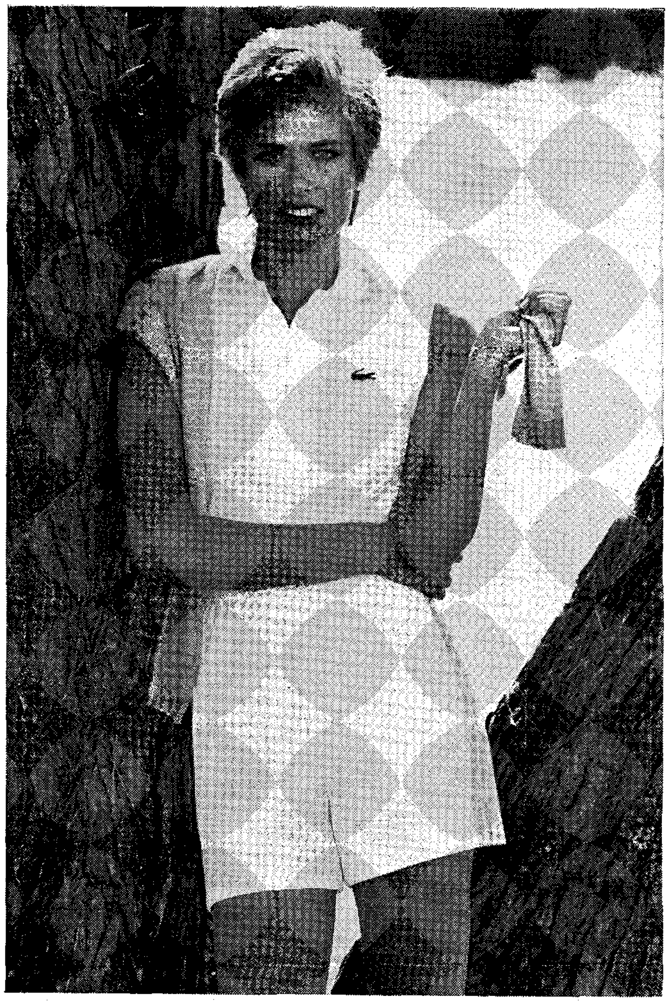

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self because it's freezing. He's not a murderer. He's just a poor fellow trying to protect himself against the cold.'

"The Bible goes back thousands of years and shows us Jews living in this area with other people. Sometimes Canaanites, sometimes Philistines, but always somebody else. So if there's a Jewish settlement next to an Arab settlement, so what? There's nothing wrong with it. If there are Jewish shops next to Arab shops, that doesn't bother me. Right now, the Jews and the Arabs don't want to live together. But they'll get used to it. They did it in Biblical times."

The faith in Arabs' and Jews' living side by side in the Holy Land constitutes the flesh-and-blood reality that Dayan inserted in Begin's legal vessel, "autonomy." What Dayan seems to see in the future is a condominium in which Israel, Egypt, and Jordan share ultimate sovereignty over the Gaza Strip and the West Bank (minus Jerusalem, which he reserves for Israeli control). Beneath that shared authority, there would be local autonomy, with urban or regional groups responsible for such public business as taxation, education, sanitation, and safety. To move from the present military occupation toward that goal, the Israeli Army would gradually hand off pieces of its responsibility to locally chosen officials. Since territorial partition is out, there would take place over a period of time what Dayan calls "functional partition."

In the course of the negotiations since Sadat's visit to Jerusalem, Dayan's role has waxed and waned. He was prominent during the meeting between Sadat and Begin at Ismailia, in December, 1977. Then he faded from the scene. He came back in July, 1978, for a meeting with Secretary of State Cyrus Vance and the then Egyptian Foreign Minister, Mohammed Kamel, at Leeds Castle, in Britain. He starred at the Camp David meetings and the Blair House talks that followed in October. He then slipped again into the background. He reëmerged for a session with Egypt's Prime Minister Mustafa Khalil in Brussels, on December 24th. Whenever Dayan moved away from center stage, the leading role was played by his rival in the Cabinet, Weizman. Weizman hit it off beautifully with Sadat at the time of the Egyptian leader's visit to Jerusalem. Between then and Camp David, he met on eight separate occasions with Sadat. "I believe Egypt wants peace," he has said repeatedly. My impression after several interviews with Weizman is that he has in mind a true reconciliation, going almost as far as partnership, between Egypt and Israel. Whereas Dayan seems to favor negotiating through the Americans, Weizman prefers a direct approach to Sadat. But over and over again Weizman has had the rug pulled out from under him—perhaps by Begin, perhaps by Dayan. More than a few Israelis have felt that Dayan deliberately stepped into the background when the going was rough to let Weizman bear the onus of failure, and then came forward to pick up the pieces when opportunity beckoned.

In any case, the two ideas associated with Dayan—the ceding of the entire Sinai Peninsula and coexistence on the West Bank and in Gaza—have had the main role in the negotiations. They lie at the very heart of the two Camp David accords—one providing that Egypt would maintain complete peace in return for Israel's withdrawal from the whole Sinai Peninsula, and the other providing that over five years there would be a transition to local autonomy in the West Bank territories and in Gaza under arrangements to be worked out jointly by the resident population (the Palestinian Arabs) and the Israelis, the Egyptians, and the Jordanians.

But if Dayan's ideas carried the day with Begin, Sadat, and Carter at Camp David, they found a stony reception at home—in part, because they were Dayan's ideas. It is not only in the Knesset cafeteria that Dayan sits alone. He is a member of no party, and he has no organized following in the country. He is highly suspect in the eyes of the Likud majority, because of his role in the Labor Party and in the Yom Kippur War. He is equally suspect in the eyes of Labor, because he left the Party—after being elected on its ticket—to join the present government. Moreover, his ideas as well as his personality go against the grain of Israeli party politics. Very few Israelis share Dayan's enthusiasm for coexistence with the Arabs on the West Bank and in Gaza, and almost none of those who do are in the parties making up the governing coalition. On the contrary, the thrust of the Likud and the National Religious Party goes toward Israeli domination of the West Bank. As for the Labor opposition, its faith in the maintenance of strategic positions in the Sinai Desert and on the West Bank finds cold comfort in the Dayan position. Under the framework agreement with Egypt, the Rafiah salient in the Sinai was totally abandoned; under the framework agreement on Gaza and the West Bank, the Israeli settlements and military presence there have an uncertain future, at best.

The bad fit between Dayan's two ideas and Israel's party politics showed, on analysis, even in the lopsided vote of approval which the Knesset accorded the Camp David agreements. The vote, which came on September 28th, eleven days after the signing and in the full flush of the excitement generated by that event, was eighty-four to nineteen, with seventeen abstentions, but the only truly enthusiastic support for the agreements came from a tiny left-wing party of doves, Sheli. "Honorable speaker, members of the Knesset," the Sheli spokesman, Arie Eliav, said in the debate, "we will vote for the Camp David agreements with both hands." Though the Labor opposition did vote to approve the accords, the support was grudging. Former Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin said that "the greatest advantage of these accords is that they . . . provide for a full peace with Egypt within a year, while postponing for five years the solution of the Palestinian problem, the future of Judea, Samaria, and Gaza, and the attainment of peace with Jordan." Yigal Allon harked back to "the Rafiah salient and the other defense localities," saying, "We"—he was speaking for Labor—"would have put up a struggle over the Rafiah salient, and not just conceded it."

The most virulent opposition came from the Prime Minister's Likud coalition, and the closer the members were to Mr. Begin the more intense their resistance was. Thirty-six of the sixty-seven members of the governing coalition either opposed the agreements or abstained. Among the abstainers were two of the young leaders of the Religious Party who had established the Gush Emunim, converted the Party to settlements on the West Bank, and brought it into coalition with Begin—Education Minister Hammer and Party Whip Ben-Meir. Among those who voted against the agreements were two leaders of a faction within the Likud known as La'am: Yigal Horovitz, who then resigned as Minister of Trade, and Moshe Shamir. As to Begin's own original Herut Party, eleven of the twenty-one members either abstained or opposed. Included in that group were three comrades from the Irgun—Speaker of the House Yitzhak

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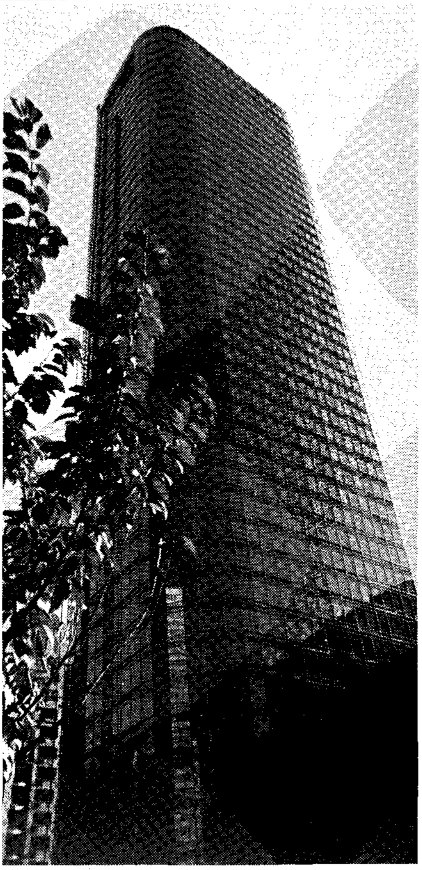

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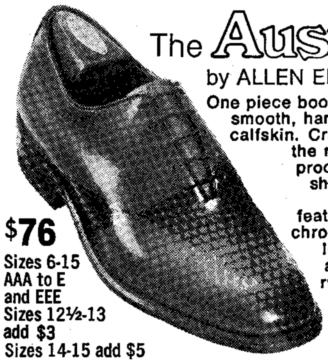

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Shamir, Minister Without Portfolio Chaim Landau, and Eitan Livny. Geula Cohen, a former spokeswoman for the terrorist organization, the Stern Gang, led the opposition with a personal attack on Begin for accepting in place of Israeli claims to the West Bank a vague concept of autonomy which was bound to lead over time to a Palestinian state with claims on Jerusalem. "How many promises have you broken?" she asked Begin. "Is even one word of yours credible? You did not make those concessions in bad faith. You were pressured. But who will guarantee that you will not be pressured again? Who will guarantee that they will not say that Jerusalem is also an obstacle to peace? If that happens, there will be those that say, as they always say, that 'there is nothing else to do—we're being pressured.' Dayan is fond of this argument—he always justifies himself by saying, 'But they don't agree.' "

The vote of September 28th prefigured the possible development inside the Knesset of an Israeli rejectionist front running wall-to-wall from the extreme right of the Likud (hooked on the notion of the West Bank as part of the historic land of Israel) to the left wing of the Labor Party (wanting Jews on the land in bits of the Sinai and along the Jordan River). Ever since then, events have been running in that direction. In mid-October, Egyptian and Israeli delegations began negotiations at Blair House, in Washington, to put the Camp David framework accords into treaty form, and they speedily ran into difficulty. The Palestine Liberation Organization, headed by Yasser Arafat, and almost all the Arab states, including Jordan and Saudi Arabia, found fault with the Camp David accords, because they did not provide for a Palestinian entity on the West Bank and did not provide for such an entity to have control over the Arab section of Jerusalem. The elected mayors of the major West Bank communities unanimously condemned the Camp David accords as offering too little to the Palestinians. In an effort to win more support, the United States sent Assistant Secretary of State Harold Saunders to the area with responses to questions about Camp David which had been raised by King Hussein, of Jordan. Though the American Consulate in Jerusalem had plans to publish the responses, the plans were killed at the last minute, at the insistence of Israel. Still, it became known—or, at least, believed—throughout Israel that the United States was interpreting the Camp David accords to mean that Israel would have to abandon the West Bank at the end of the five-year period. Israeli fears were further heightened when, on October 26th, Iraq and Syria, which had been enemies for years, announced a reconciliation, for this raised the possibility that even if Egypt made peace Israel might be attacked on its northern flank by a joint Iraqi-Syrian force of considerable power. At that point, Begin and his negotiators in Washington—Foreign Minister Dayan and Defense Minister Weizman—were still able to win Cabinet approval for continuing the Blair House talks, but only by playing to the hawks in the Likud majority. "Never will a so-called Palestinian state be established in Judea, Samaria, or Gaza," Begin told a public meeting in Tel Aviv on October 26th. About that time, he said he was thinking about moving his office from West to East Jerusalem. Under pressure from the Minister of Agriculture, Ariel Sharon, he announced a plan to "thicken" Israeli settlements on the West Bank.

Few matters have occasioned so much vexed contention as the West Bank settlements. Washington and Jerusalem had been wrangling over the issue since the Carter Administration came to office, and the Camp David summit yielded a new misunderstanding. While President Carter asserted that Israel had agreed to refrain from building new settlements during the five-year period before autonomy was achieved, Begin insisted that the freeze was only for the three months between the signing of the Camp David accords and the signing of the projected peace treaty with Egypt. On the ground, however, the settlements do not loom as large as they do in argument. Since 1967, when the occupation of the West Bank began, the Israelis have built only thirty-six settlements. Some of those set up in the Jordan Valley by the Labor government under the wing of the Army about a decade ago are going concerns. Not so those established in the past few years by the Gush Emunim, largely for the purpose of influencing the leadership struggle in the Religious Party.

A TYPICAL example of the settlements established by the Gush Emunim is Ofra, made up of about fifty families, which was founded in 1974 on the site of a former Jordanian Army camp about fifteen miles northeast of Jerusalem. The settlers live in prefabricated houses, each of which has a single bedroom, barely big enough to hold a double bed and a crib; a combined dining room and living room of the same size; and a tiny kitchen and a bathroom. The settlers have built a small school and started several cottage industries—cabinet-making, metalworking, and silk-screen production. A handful of men were at work putting wheels on wheelbarrows in the metal shop when I paid a visit to Ofra not long ago with an American Mennonite who does social work among the local Palestinian Arabs. I asked if I might see the secretary of the settlement, and one of the men pointed to a corner of a nearby shed. A woman in her late thirties was standing by a shelf doing accounts. I introduced myself and asked if we could chat. She said yes, adding that, since it was cold inside, she would prefer to stand out in the sun. After we moved outside, she gave me some personal details. Her name was Menucha Nathan. She was married to a mechanic who worked in an aircraft factory in Haifa. She came originally from Cheyenne, Wyoming.

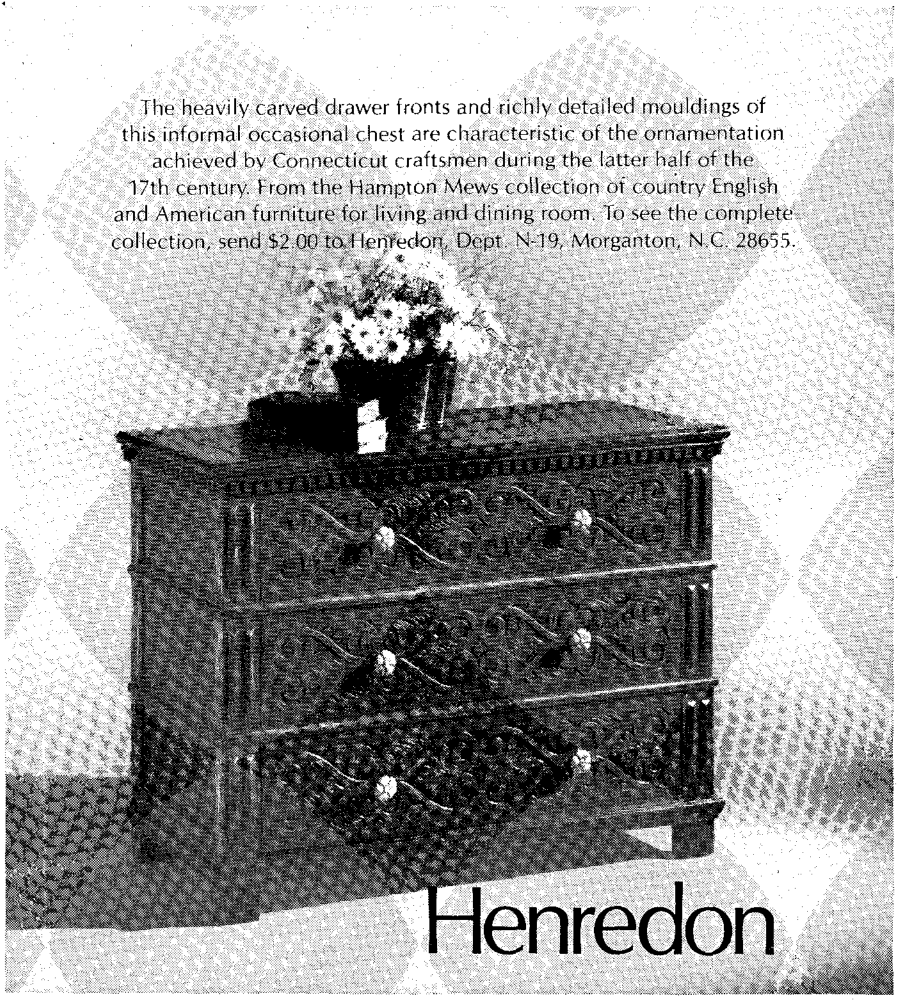
I asked her if being from Cheyenne had anything to do with her presence in the settlement. "Maybe," she said. "Being a Jew from Cheyenne, I'm used to living among people who are different and not so friendly. That's how it is living here among the Arabs."

I asked her to tell me about the other settlers. She said that Ofra was made up mostly of white-collar workers. "We came here to extend Israel to the historic lands, and also to show the dignity of work," she said. "We believe no job is too menial. So we all take turns doing the dirty work—for instance, collecting garbage."

I inquired about the paucity of men working in the metal shop. She said that most of the men living in the settlement commuted to jobs in Israel. Her husband had helped start up the metal shop, and once it was going had resumed his old job in the aircraft industry. She also said that a good part of the supplies came from Jerusalem, and that after the first three grades the children went to school in Jerusalem.

I asked her about relations with nearby Arab villages. She said that there were two villages in the neighborhood. One was friendly, and the settlers bought some of their supplies at the village stores. The other was dominated by the P.L.O. and was unfriendly. "But it's not too bad," she said. "Nobody throws stones at us."

I asked her what she thought would happen to the settlement under the system of local autonomy proposed in the Camp David accords. "I don't know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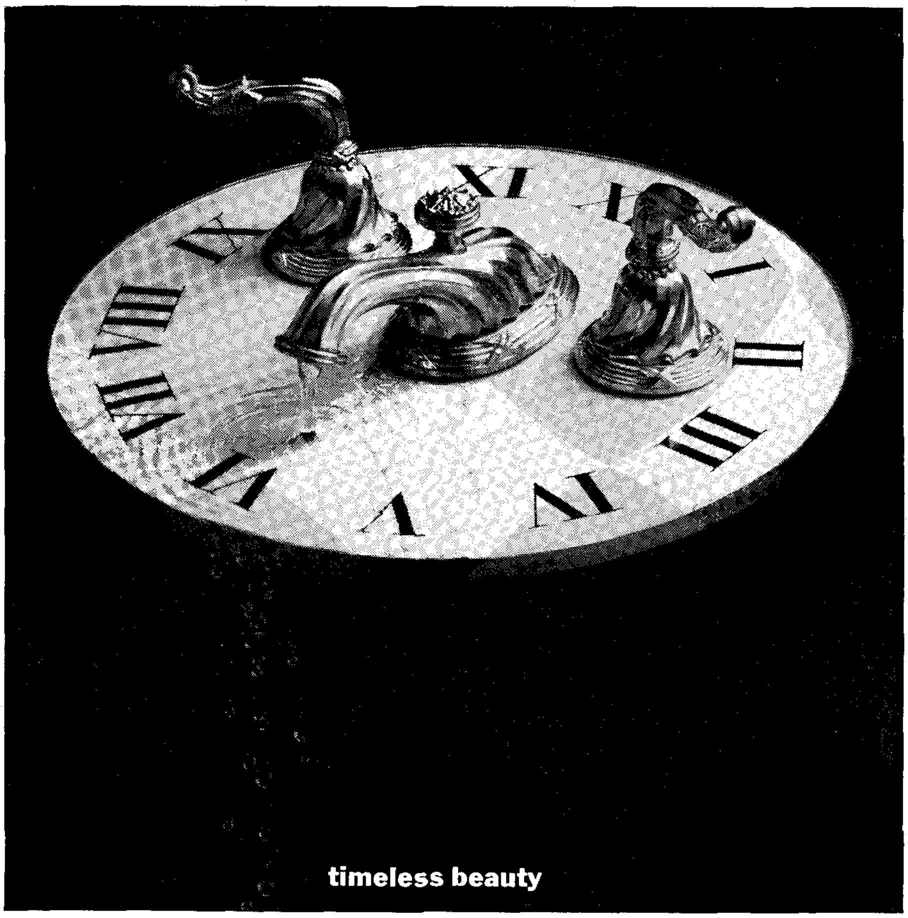

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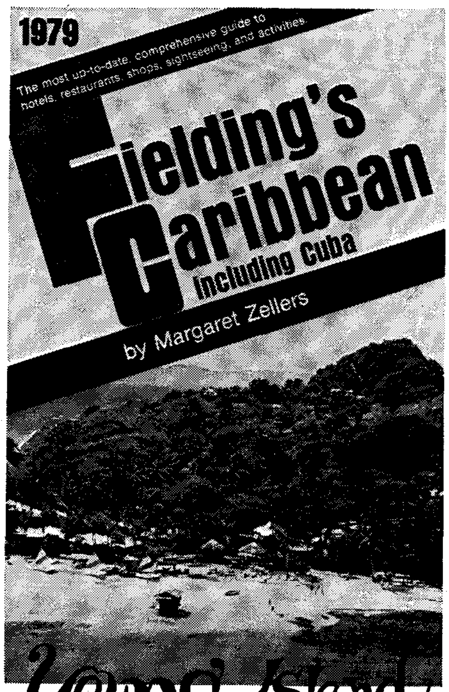
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what autonomy means," she said. "None of us do. If it is a just peace, we will stay. But probably it will depend upon who rules at the top."

"Not exactly downtown Burbank," the Mennonite social worker said of the settlement as we drove away. Later, an official at the American Consulate in Jerusalem underlined the point. Very few Israelis, he said, wanted to settle on the West Bank. Of those who did, a high proportion were recent immigrants from the United States, still imbued with the pioneer spirit. Most of the settlers, he went on, came from Kiryat Arba, a housing project near the town of Hebron, on the West Bank, and it was indicative of the drying up of the source of settlements that there were some three hundred vacancies in Kiryat Arba. In some of the recent settlements, it was doubtful whether the settlers had any sort of legal claim to the land they had occupied. Several cases testing their rights had been brought before the Israeli courts by Arab plaintiffs. In Ofra, the man at the Consulate said, the claim was clear because the site had originally been a Jordanian Army camp. But even Ofra depended on water from a nearby aqueduct and on electricity from a nearby power line. Under local autonomy, Arab authorities could easily cut off the utilities if they wanted to.

Mr. Begin's talk of "thickening" the settlements, then, like most of his references to settlements, had a lot more bark than bite. For once, though, he was able to still the local hawks without fluttering dovecotes in Washington, so in the last days of October there took place in the Blair House talks a kind of breakthrough. The Israeli negotiators, Weizman and Dayan, had proposed that the period for the first phase of Israeli withdrawal from the Sinai—which was due to be achieved, according to the Camp David agreements, within three to nine months after the signing of a peace treaty—be telescoped into two to six months. Under the accelerated schedule, Israel would be out of el Arish, a major strong point dear to President Sadat, who was once stationed there, in two months; out of the Sinai oil fields in four months; and out of most of the rest of the peninsula within six months. The Egyptians now responded in kind by agreeing that the diplomatic relations with Israel which were due to be set up be at the highest level—that of ambassador.

In the first days of November, Weizman came back to Jerusalem to win Cabinet approval for those proposals. Even as he returned, there began in Baghdad an Arab summit, which on November 5th voted to condemn the Camp David accords as a separate peace. Saudi Arabia, which attended, agreed, along with other oil states, to pay substantial subsidies over the next ten years to Jordan (supposedly one and a quarter billion dollars), to Syria (supposedly two billion dollars), and to the P.L.O. (supposedly four hundred million dollars), to keep up the fight on Israel. The Cabinet met here in Jerusalem on November 5th and 6th. The sessions were secret, and a good face was put on the outcome by the issuance of an announcement that there was a decision to continue the Blair House talks. But Begin was away on a speechmaking tour in Canada, and Dayan had stayed in Washington. Apparently, the Likud hawks took over and gave Weizman a rough time. The arguments were long and loud. At one point, Weizman was overheard to say, angrily, "You can always change the negotiating team." In the end, the Cabinet rejected the plan for accelerated withdrawal. When Weizman returned to Washington, he expressed concern that there was developing in Israel a fear that negotiations would lead to a "peace calamity."

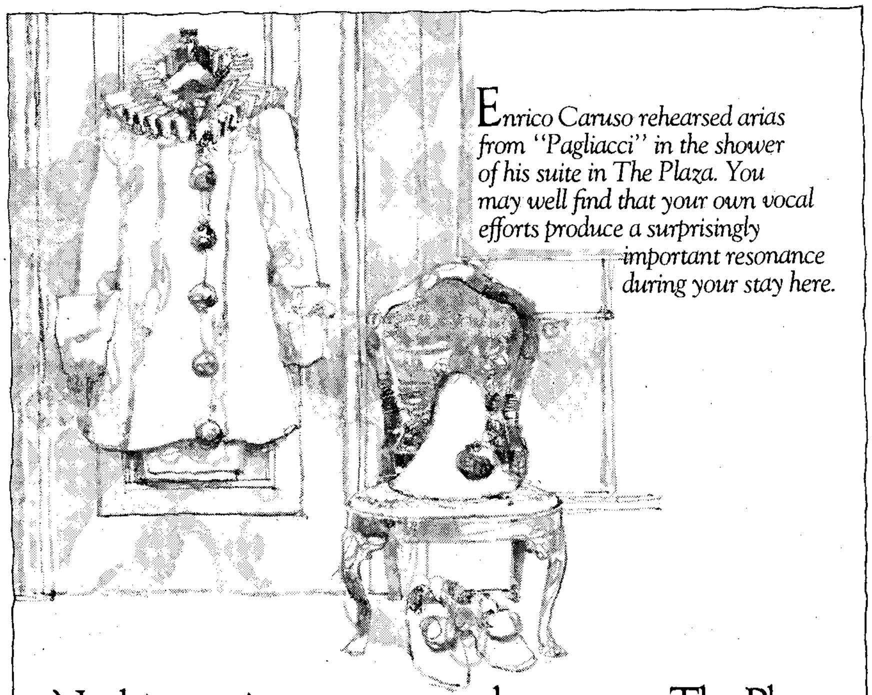
The peace-calamity mood was in full spate when Prime Minister Begin returned from his Canadian tour, on November 13th. At a Cabinet meeting two days later, he faced the first demonstration ever held inside the Knesset itself. Three members of the coalition—Geula Cohen, of the Prime Minister's Herut Party; Moshe Shamir, of the La'am faction; and Rabbi Druckman, of the Religious Party—posed for photographers outside the Cabinet meeting room with a banner held overhead. "On the Brink of an Abyss, Stop," it said. Next day, in Tel Aviv, Begin's old outfit, the Irgun, held an anniversary celebration. Thousands of veterans packed the Mann Auditorium, where there was enthusiastic applause for a *son-et-lumière* history of the Irgun showing scenes of attacks against British installations in the days of the mandate and against Arab terrorists during the struggle for independence. Cheers greeted the playing and singing (by the Israeli Army band and choir) of the old Irgun songs—including one called "The Jordan Has Two

Banks," which implied that Israel should assume hegemony in the area. The showing of the Irgun insignia—a map of the whole Palestine mandate (including the West Bank, Gaza, and Jordan as well as present-day Israel), with a rifle down the middle and, next to it, the words "Only Thus Do We Conquer"—brought down the house. But when Prime Minister Begin stood to say a few words there were catcalls against the former commander, and a few old soldiers left the hall.

Three days later, on November 19th, the Central Committee of Begin's Herut met at Party headquarters in Tel Aviv. A television announcer summarized the early proceedings by saying, "The Prime Minister has been sitting on the leadership rostrum most of the evening with a grim face. For two hours, he has been hearing, among other things, virulent interjections and applause for those who oppose the peace agreement in its current form. . . . The atmosphere in the hall is very tense. . . . Applause is heard whenever a speaker demands that there be no backing off from the original Camp David version, or if he rejects the plan." The star of the show was the chief supporter of settlements, Minister of Agriculture Sharon. He said settlements should be "expanded and developed in the Jordan Valley, in Judea and Samaria, in the Golan Heights, and in the Gaza district." Thereby, he declared, "a situation will be created where the autonomy is not *Judenrein*"—the old Nazi term for "rid of Jews." On a vote of confidence within the Party, Begin carried the day. But he was clearly on the defensive. He said, "We are willing to honor the Camp David accord as we signed it. . . . We will honor the agreements that have been signed by us."

In these circumstances, the best the Prime Minister could do respecting the peace talks was temporize. At the end of the Cabinet meeting of November 15th—the meeting that had provoked a Knesset demonstration—Mr. Begin had declared, "Egypt is about to submit new proposals, or demands, concerning the negotiations between the two countries. These reports are not yet official or complete, and therefore the Cabinet has decided to hold the political debate after Egypt's new positions are clarified."

PRESIDENT SADAT had ample reason for wanting to make new proposals. Since Camp David, there had been the refusal of the Palestinian mayors to accept the accords for the West Bank



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and Gaza. There had been the condemnation of those accords by the Arab countries, including Jordan and Saudi Arabia, that were represented at the Baghdad summit. There had been the Israeli turnaround on accelerated withdrawal from Sinai. In the week after that decision, Sadat decided to harden his own position in a dramatic way. He arranged a series of highly publicized meetings of senior officials in Cairo. Then, on November 15th, Sadat's Vice-President, Hosni Mubarak, flew to Washington with a message for President Carter.

Mubarak raised the ante on two issues. One involved the second section of Article VI of a draft peace treaty that the United States had presented to the Blair House negotiators on November 11th. The section bound the parties to fulfill the treaty "without regard to action or inaction of any other party, and independently of any instrument external to this treaty." The Israelis had wanted that language, to provide a safeguard against the invocation by Egypt of previous treaties with Arab countries as an excuse for reneging on the new treaty's terms. In response to Egyptian objections that the treaty language imparted to the pact primacy over all other international obligations, the United States had drafted a side letter saying that nothing in the Egyptian-Israeli treaty would be construed as a violation of the United Nations Charter. Since the Charter gives every country the right of self-defense, the theory was that Egypt could cite that language as an assurance that it would not be bound to sit idle if war broke out between Israel and any of the other Arab countries.

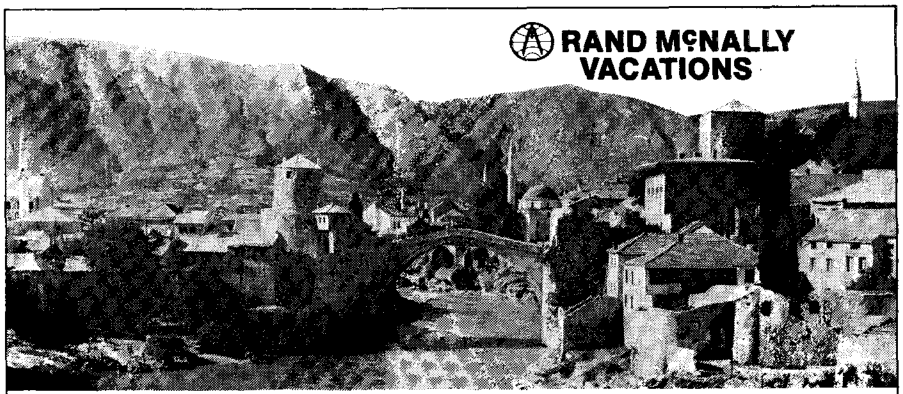
All through the Camp David meetings and the Blair House talks, moreover, the Egyptians had been pressing for some way to provide a link between the treaty with Israel and the arrangements on the West Bank and in Gaza. The Egyptians had sought a timetable whereby peace with Israel and, especially, the exchange of diplomatic representatives thereafter would be made dependent upon Israeli moves toward autonomy for the Palestinians. The Israelis had refused, saying that a timetable was not envisaged in the Camp David accords, and that making one agreement dependent upon the other would hand the Palestinians an axe for sabotaging the whole business. The United States had offered a compromise—an exchange of letters between Israel and Egypt setting forth a target date for the holding of free elections in Gaza and on the West Bank. When the United States set a target date twelve months from the treaty-signing, the Egyptians insisted upon changing the figure to nine months.

Vice-President Mubarak stiffened his country's position on both items. He asserted that the language of Article VI of the treaty had to be changed. With respect to the West Bank and Gaza, he said that not only would Egypt insist on the nine-month target date but Egypt also wanted provision made that in Gaza—the territory once administered by the Egyptians—there would be a vote even if the Palestinians on the West Bank obstructed free elections there. To prevent obstruction, he said, Egypt would send policemen to Gaza.

Mubarak evidently did not press his points very hard. American officials found him amenable to compromise, and Defense Minister Weizman, after meeting him on the evening of November 15th in Washington, asserted that the Egyptian proposals did not present special problems. But Weizman, once again, was unable to convince his government. On November 21st, the Israeli Cabinet voted to accept the draft treaty that had been presented by the United States on November 11th. By implication, though not by any direct vote, the Cabinet was prepared to accept, also, the compromise language offered by the United States on Article VI and linkage. But the Cabinet adamantly refused the new Egyptian proposals.

The Cabinet's vote of acceptance, moreover, was not unanimous. Two of the members—the Minister Without Portfolio, Chaim Landau, from Begin's own Herut Party, and Zevulun Hammer, the Minister of Education and leader of the Religious Party—opposed the majority. They wanted to accept the United States draft with the provision that if Egypt did not accept it Israel would regard everything as up for reconsideration. That hardening of opinion extended to the Labor opposition. At a leadership meeting on November 23rd, the Party leader, Shimon Peres, said Labor would not support the autonomy program for the West Bank and Gaza as it was now being interpreted by Egypt. Many of the leading members of the Party—including former Prime Minister Rabin and former Foreign Minister Abba Eban—argued that Labor should support only the treaty with Egypt and hold open for reconsideration any autonomy plan for the West Bank and Gaza.

Israel's more rigid position brought a similar stiffening by Sadat. After another series of well-publicized meetings in Cairo, he sent another message to



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President Carter, by another messenger—Prime Minister Mustafa Khalil. Mr. Khalil arrived in Washington on November 30th, and proved to be a far tougher customer than Mubarak. He insisted on revising Article VI in the draft treaty and on setting a target date for elections in Gaza and on the West Bank nine months after the signing of the peace treaty. He questioned the wording of another part of the draft, Article IV, which said that each party "may" have the right to review the treaty after a five-year period. He also insisted that it be made clear that the opening of diplomatic relations after the signing of the treaty might be at a lower level than that of ambassador. The only sign of give in Khalil's position was that throughout his stay in Washington he kept calling Weizman, then in Israel, to try to arrange a meeting with Dayan for the next week somewhere in Europe. Those efforts fell through—perhaps because Dayan did not want to act through the agency of Weizman.

The non-meeting between Dayan and Khalil in the first week of December was further soured by another get-together that did not take place. At the end of October, the Nobel Peace Prize had been jointly awarded to Begin and Sadat. Begin had been highly pleased, and had suggested that it might be appropriate to sign the peace agreement on December 10th in Oslo. Sadat had obviously been miffed at having to share the prize. He had referred questioners to a London *Times* editorial entitled "Sadat, Yes, But Why Begin?" He had flatly rejected any signing in Oslo. In the end, he had refused to receive the prize himself. Thus, Begin flew to Oslo on December 8th to receive the prize at a ceremony boycotted by Sadat and picketed by a crowd of pro-Palestinian demonstrators.

IN these less than joyous conditions, Secretary of State Vance began, on December 9th, a trip to Egypt and Israel designed to save the Camp David accords before the three-month deadline ran out, on December 17th. In Cairo, Vance was able to persuade Sadat that there should be no changes in the body of the treaty, and that the treaty should not be made directly conditional upon autonomy for the West Bank and Gaza. Sadat hung firm against a commitment to establish diplomatic relations on the ambassadorial level, and against the American target date for elections in Gaza and on the West Bank. Nevertheless, Vance declared on December 12th that he and Sadat had "finished with" problems relating to linkage and Article VI. "It was a positive and helpful set of meetings we've had," he added, "and now we're going to meet with the Israelis."

On the strength of Vance's comments, the White House then began what looked here like a move to ram agreement home by pressure on the Israelis. In response to a question at a meeting with American businessmen, Mr. Carter said that while "the Egyptians had adopted the treaty text completely and had adopted our proposal on the ancillary documents . . . my understanding is that the Israelis have some problems." His press spokesman, Jody Powell, was even more blunt. "Should [Israel] accept this proposal, presumably we will have peace." But shortly before the White House comments were pronounced, and even before Vance left Egypt for Israel, there had taken place an event that rendered pressure tactics useless, and even offensive. At four-thirty on the afternoon of Friday, December 8th, at the Hadassah Hospital in Jerusalem, Golda Meir died.

Israel for once did something simple. There was a funeral service at the Knesset. Then the body was taken in a wooden coffin covered with the national flag and a black cloth to a grave in the national cemetery on Mt. Herzl. An honor guard stood beside the grave, and for hours, beginning with the burial, around noon, and extending well into the middle of the night, mourners walked through a steady rain to pay their respects. Mrs. Meir had directed that there be no eulogies, and, apart from the prayers for the dead, hardly a word was spoken. The few who did speak spoke on a first-name basis. Even the cantor prayed for "the soul of Golda," and that familiar reference, as much as anything, expressed the nature of what had happened. Israel had not lost just a leader. It had lost its mother. Set against that kind of loss, the last-minute American pressure for agreement seemed gross and tasteless. The Israeli government reacted negatively in a Cabinet statement read to the press by the Prime Minister on December 15th, in which the new Egyptian proposals and their endorsement by the United States were noted. After listing the Egyptian proposals, the statement said:

> These demands are inconsistent with the Camp David framework or are not included in it, and change substantially provisions of the aforementioned peace treaty. Therefore they are unacceptable to Israel and rejected. . . .
>
> The government of Israel rejects the attitude and interpretation of the U.S.

government with regard to the Egyptian proposal.

Four days later, the Israelis drove home the point in a Knesset debate. Mr. Begin made a ringing statement of Israeli determination. "Israel will not sign a treaty of non-peace with Egypt," he said. The leader of the Labor opposition, Shimon Peres, backed him up strongly: "The nation stands practically united against the Egyptian demands and dictates from abroad." The hawks in the governing majority all rallied behind the government's show of resistance to the United States. A spokesman for the extreme religious faction said, "The United States has laid bare its biassed policies and its true intentions."

The Americans recovered quickly. Vance sent Begin a conciliatory letter. He arranged a meeting in Brussels on December 24th between Foreign Minister Dayan and Prime Minister Khalil. At that session, Vance persuaded the Israelis that the United States had left off being Egypt's advocate and had moved back into the middle as mediator. He asked for the parties to resume negotiations, and received expressions of assent. But when Mr. Vance's special representative, Ambassador-at-Large Alfred Atherton, tried to pick up the threads in late January, he found both sides extremely wary. The best he could get after shuttling between Egypt and Jerusalem and meeting several times with Begin and his cabinet was a vague commitment that negotiations would continue—perhaps at the ministerial level, among Dayan, Khalil, and Vance; perhaps, eventually, at another summit session, bringing Begin and Sadat together with Carter.

The outlook for such a meeting is not totally bleak. If nothing else, the issues have been narrowed. But if the United States wants to fulfill the promise of Camp David it will have to accelerate the pace of negotiations quickly. For as our 1980 presidential elections draw closer the Israelis will be less and less responsive to American pressure. Especially since there have supervened the troubles heaped upon the Shah of Iran—a friend of both Israel and Egypt—by turbulent masses grouped under the banners of Islam. To President Sadat the events in Iran present a foretaste of what might happen in Egypt if he were seen to stray too far from the Pan-Arab cause. So he has been all the more insistent about linking autonomy for the Palestinians with the settlement between Israel and Egypt. The stiffening of Sadat's tone has imbued the Israelis with new fear that even if an accord were reached

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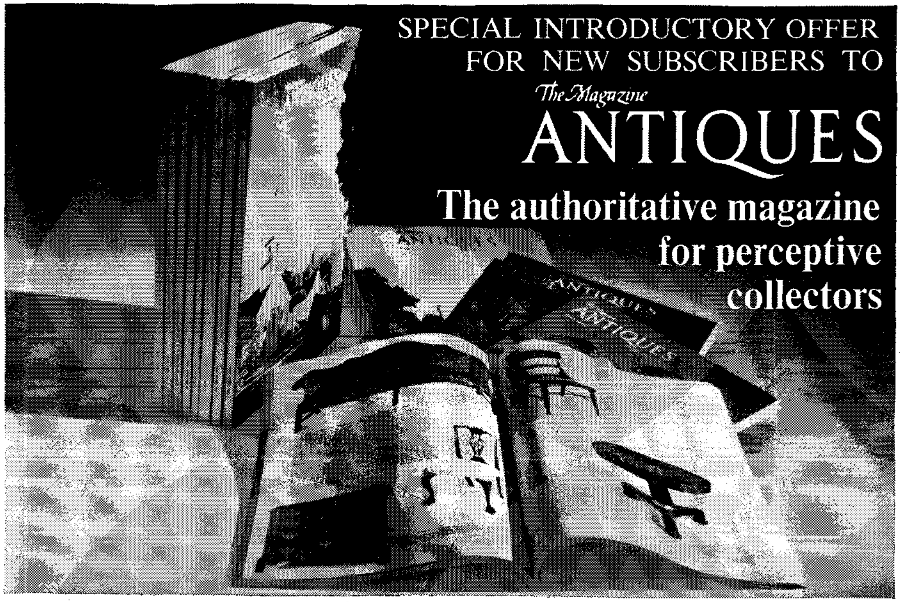

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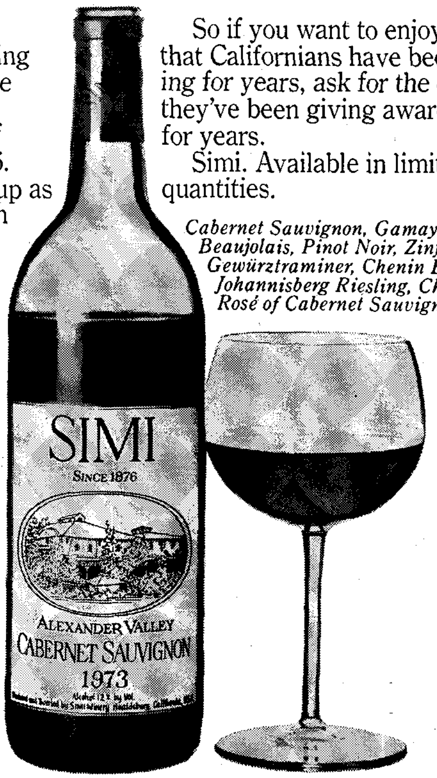

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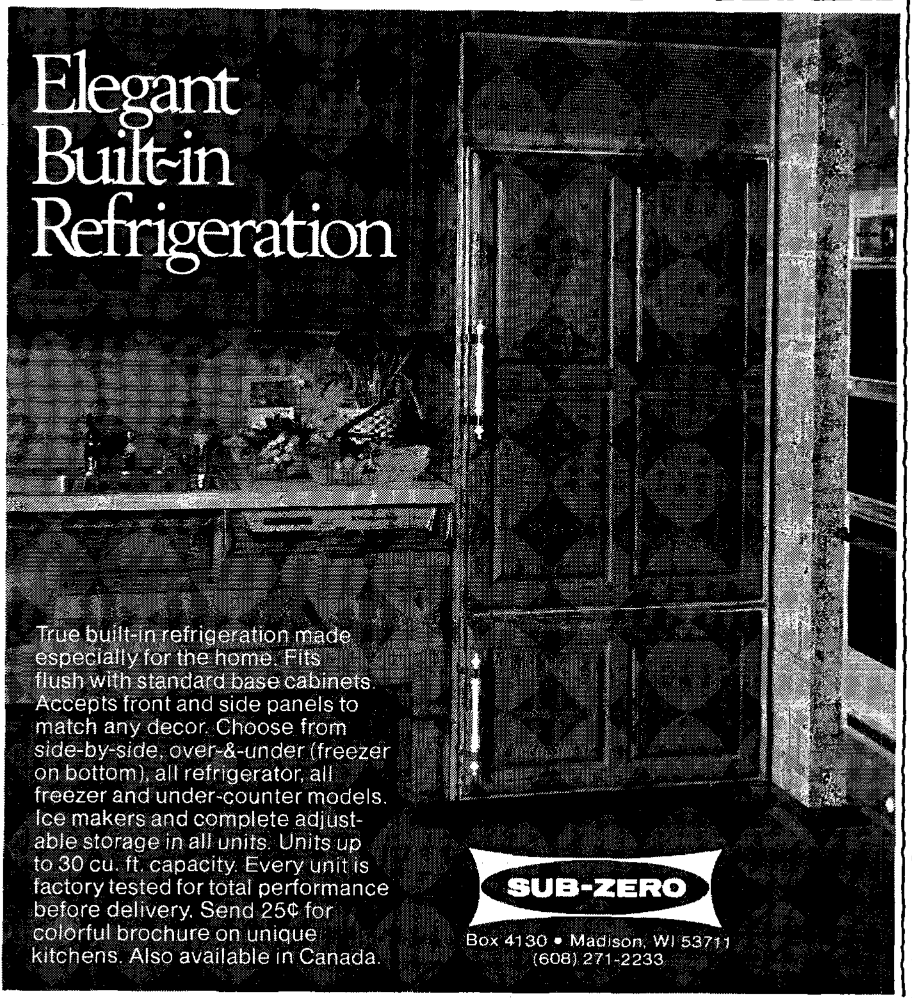
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Egypt might later go back on it. Developments in Iran have quickened Israeli worries about oil supplies, not to mention suspicions about the willingness of the United States to stand by its friends.

In this climate, the rejectionist front inside Israel has prospered. The Labor opposition is now questioning the "autonomy" plan ever more sharply, and demands that there be no suspension of settlements on the West Bank. Agriculture Minister Sharon has been able to win government decisions supporting new settlements. Even the weathervane Foreign Minister, Dayan, has turned pessimistic. In a recent speech, he alluded to events in Iran, the danger of Egypt's changing its mind, and fears of weakened support from the United States. "We do not live in a world of philanthropists," he said. "And we should not close our eyes to the reality existing in the area. One should be very careful."

Moreover, the successful resistance to American pressure before the deadline in December has bred an Israeli disposition to unload all problems on the United States. An Israeli diplomat recently remarked, "The great trouble in the Middle East isn't Israel. It isn't Egypt or the Palestinians or any of the other Arabs, either. The great trouble is what remains of the Jewish Question—the residue of complexes connected with trying to achieve normality in exile. That problem arose in Europe and reached its climax in Germany, but it was exported to the Middle East by the United States. The logic of history, not any act of charity, thus requires America to face up to what it has wrought. It is an American duty, and now we know it, to square the Jewish Question with the facts of international life: to help the Middle East receive Israel as a nation like unto other nations." —JOSEPH KRAFT

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SENTENCES WE LOST INTEREST IN BEFORE GETTING VERY FAR

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

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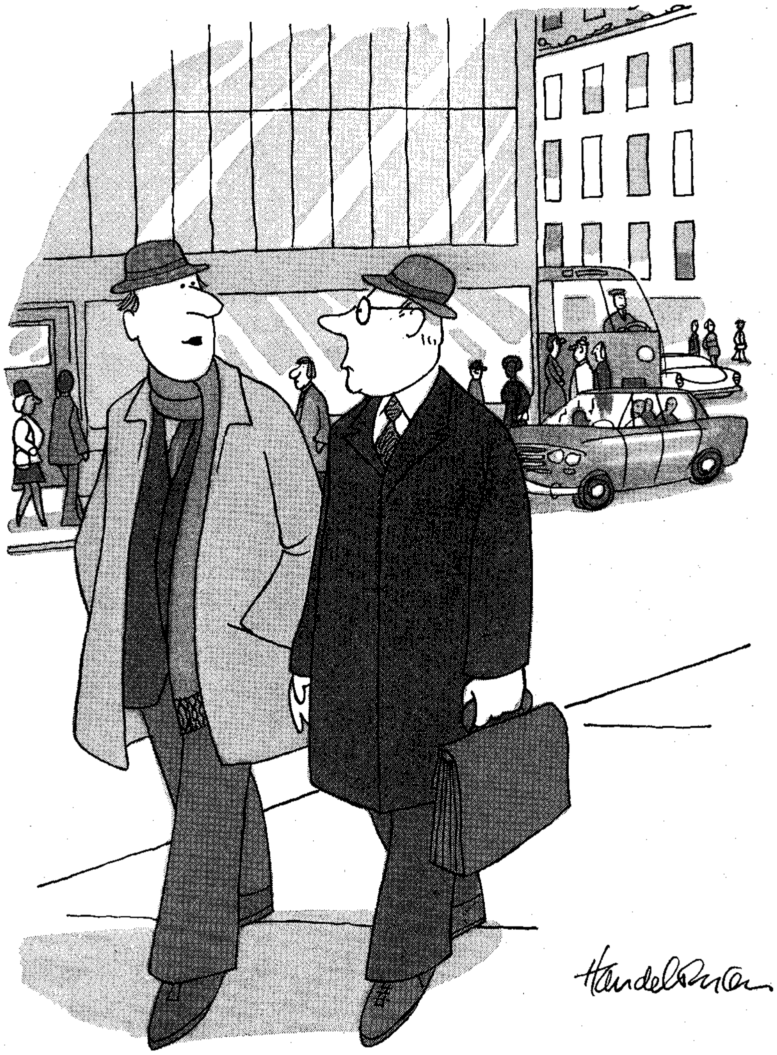
MUSICAL EVENTS

Questions

George Rochberg can be a rum composer, but I have never known him to be a dull one. His latest work is a set of three string quartets, Nos. 4, 5, and 6, intended to be played in sequence at a single concert. They are called "The Concord Quartets" and are named not for the Transcendentalists (as Ives's "Concord" Sonata is) but for the Concord String Quartet, long associated with Rochberg's music. The Concord has recorded his first three quartets. No. 3 was written for it, and No. 4 is dedicated to its members. The Concord played *all* six Rochberg quartets in a small "festival" of his chamber music last month at the University of Pennsylvania, where he teaches, and then brought the three new works to Alice Tully Hall. The concert was a belated celebration of the composer's sixtieth birthday, last July. The title proved apt in other ways, for many a true concord of well-tuned sounds was heard during the evening, and it ended with six perfect cadences in G major. In brief, "The Concord Quartets" embrace manners of string-quartet writing from Haydn's to Schoenberg's. Their harmonic language covers a still wider span—three centuries—since a variations movement in No. 6 begins with a Pachelbel transcription. The eclecticism was disconcerting. It also provided diversity and surprises. Rochberg's expressed aim—"to ensure maximum variety of gesture and texture and the broadest possible spectrum I could command, from the purest diatonicism to the most complex chromaticism"—was certainly fulfilled.

There is a pastime called "Dittersdorf," which consists of putting on a record of an unfamiliar piece of music and inviting friends to guess the composer. (Music that sounds like Haydn—but not quite—often turns out to be by Dittersdorf; hence the name.) The BBC plays a grander variant in its program "The Innocent Ear," which consists of large works unidentified until they have been performed. (Tuning in last summer, I recognized Busoni's Violin Concerto, but not at once, and was quite foxed by Edmund Rubbra's First Symphony.) The music of Rochberg lends itself to rounds of Dittersdorf. In 1972, he composed a piece for cello and piano, "Ricordanza," whose central section begins with a direct quotation, transposed, of the main theme of Beethoven's Cello Sonata in C, Opus 102, No. 1. In the outer sections, over mainly I-IV-V harmonies, the cello unfolds a long and beautiful melody, its shapes somewhat reminiscent of Beethoven's "Spring" Sonata. The tonality moves by classical third-shifts—A, F, D-flat, A. (The piece is recorded on CRI, along with the First String Quartet and the Duo Concertante.) It's hard to guess when and by whom "Ricordanza" was written. Equally hard, the when and by whom of such a movement as the finale of Rochberg's Sixth Quartet. Someone who didn't know—who came to the work with an innocent ear—might date the impassioned slow introduction, in E-flat minor, to the eighteen-nineties, and then be baffled by the Haydnish (or Dittersdorfish?) G-major exposition that opens the allegro.

Of course, Rochberg isn't simply playing games. For some twenty years, he has been asking and, as a composer, finding his answers to questions of a kind that occur to most musical people. Put very simply, they might be: What does the music of the past really mean to me today? What do the multifarious musics of the present mean to me, who was brought up to love Bach and Beethoven? In what ways do I listen similarly, and in what ways differently, to Binchois, Buxtehude, Bartók, and Jean Barraqué, Ciconia, Cavalli, and Elliott Carter, Dunstable, Dufay, Jacob Druckman, and Peter Maxwell Davies? Am I being sadly promiscuous or healthily catholic in embracing many discrete styles so readily? When there are already more great string quartets (or symphonies, sonatas, whatever) than in a lifetime I can get to know well, why should I bother to listen to/play/create further string quartets (or whatever), which may or may not be great? Do rock, Rochberg, and Steve Reich add something to my life which I can't find in Monteverdi and Mozart? Some of the answers are easily found. Some of them are sounded: when, for example, Davies composes his wind sextet, "Alma Redemptoris Mater," based on a motet of Dunstable, and when he leaps back over the centuries to



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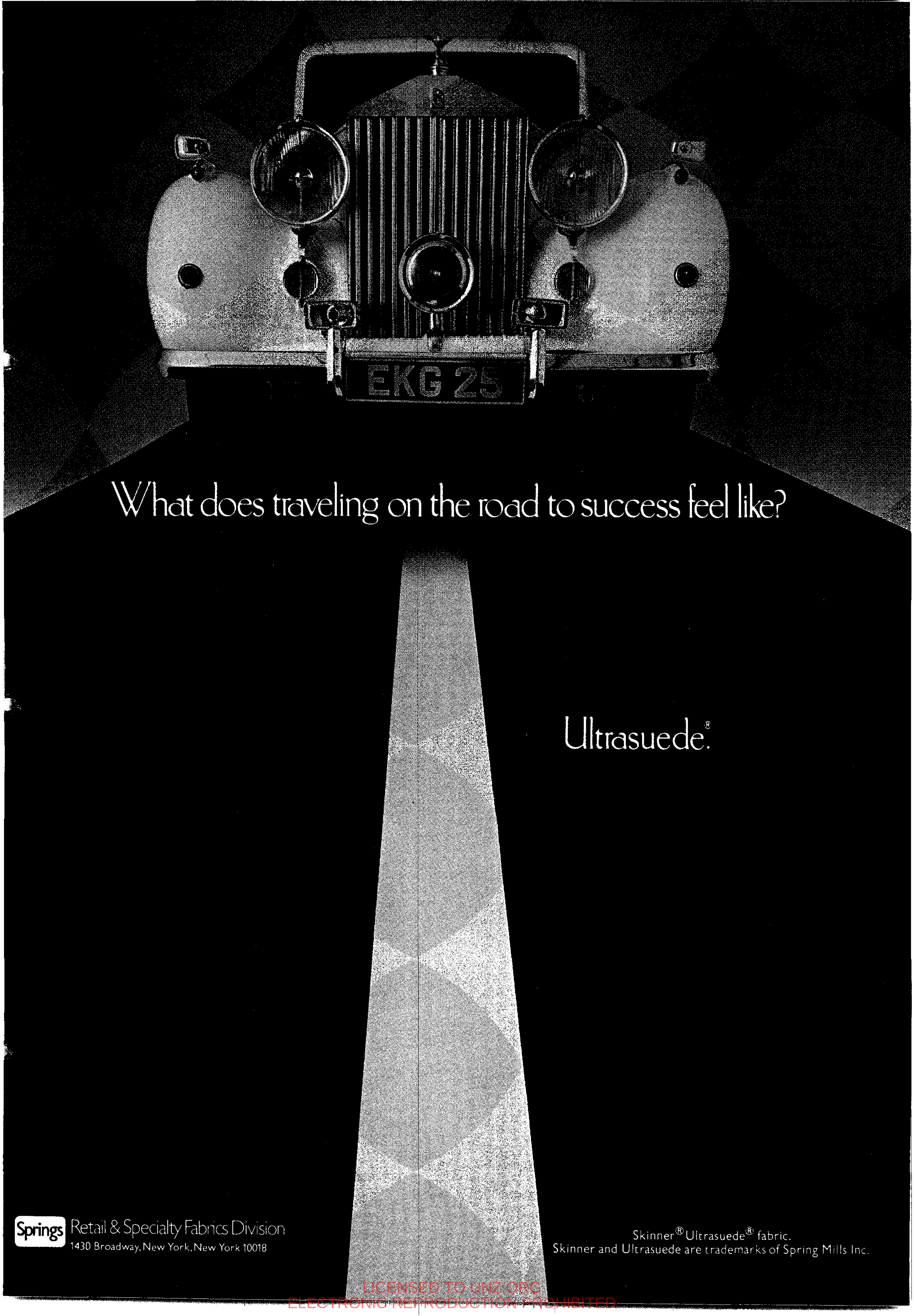
make plainchant—the origin of Western music in its melodic aspect—the foundation of a symphony saying things only the twentieth century could say. An awareness—more, a demonstration—of the past as a part of the present informs much of the art that is being made today. Sometimes it expresses simple nostalgia for the familiar and comfortable after a period of wild, bold experiments and rigorous quest. Sometimes it takes the form of pastiche. At its lowest, it aims at no more than an easy success with the part of the public which likes what it knows. On higher levels, it may test the applicability of medieval, Renaissance, and classical techniques to modern material, find new links between mathematics and music, and discover how far the old representational methods can serve to capture and communicate sights, sounds, and ideas of the twentieth century. I have never felt myself to be a person who lives solely in the present, and when Rochberg, in a note accompanying the Nonesuch recording of his Third Quartet, writes "We are filaments of a universal mind; we dream each other's dreams and those of our ancestors" I respond to the thought.

A direct approach to Rochberg's way of musical thinking is through his attractive orchestral piece "Music for the Magic Theater." (It is recorded on Desto.) The title is suggested by Hermann Hesse's "The Wolf of the Steppes" ("Der Steppenwolf")—that very musical novel in the course of which Mozart, in various guises, offers glimpses of a serene order into which the chaotic and contradictory pieces of modern life may seem for a moment to settle. In one of the more disturbing passages of the book, the Master plays chess games with fragments of the hero's personality, and the metaphors are musical: "The second game . . . was the same world built of the same material, but the key was different, the time changed, the motif was differently given out, and the situations were differently presented." For his musical purposes, Rochberg reproduces the sense of time past bearing on the present and of other men's thoughts providing not solutions but at least glimpses of possible solutions to present plights. In the book, Goethe and Mozart converse with the hero; in the score, Mozart, Beethoven, Mahler, Webern, and Varèse are heard speaking. Rochberg's three movements are called "acts," and in a preface he sets out the scenario. In Act I, past and present are confused. In Act II, "the past haunts us with its nostalgic beauty," and the music is the slow movement of Mozart's Divertimento K. 287, quoted not directly but in a transcription to make it sound as if it came from a great distance, its unearthly beauty and perfection still recognizable but crystalline. What can it mean now? Act III is an affirmation that "only the present is really real," and in his preface the composer quotes from Hesse's last page: "I knew that all the hundred thousand pieces of life's game were in my pocket. A glimpse of its meaning had stirred my reason, and I was determined to begin the game afresh." "Music for the Magic Theater" was composed in 1965. After listening to it, one hears the "Ricordanza" of 1972 as a sojourn in a room of the magic theatre where for a while the old rules and tables of kindred and affinity—the relations of IV to V to I and of tonal centers a third apart—have not yet been confused and thrown into question.

THE master of collage composition was Bernd Alois Zimmermann, who in 1970, aged fifty-two, conscientiously completed some commissions he had accepted and then, defeated by life's cruel game, killed himself. Rochberg's collage compositions do not, it seems to me, have the heroic quality of Zimmermann's. Their musical intensity is lower. Back in 1953, in music for William Saroyan's "Sam Ego's House," Zimmermann superimposed the Schumann Piano Concerto on Duke Ellington. His "Monologe," for two pianos (1964), is built of Bach, Beethoven, Debussy, Messiaen; he described it as "a dream association between the past and present epochs of music which surround us daily . . . a microfilm of the card index of our consciousness." His ballet "Présence" (1961) is a collage on various levels: at once a trio for violin, cello, and piano, a pas de trois for three characters (Don Quixote, Molly Bloom, and Ubu Roi), and a score in which Strauss's "Don Quixote," Prokofiev's Seventh Piano Sonata, Stockhausen's "Zeitmasse," and Debussy's "Jeux" are combined. This work "is the thin ice on which one's foot can rest only until it breaks," he said. "In front is a view of the future—but the ice is certain to splinter, and the constant attempts to find a foothold are futile." Zimmerman opened Act IV of his powerful, tragic opera "Die Soldaten," first performed in 1965, with *twelve* simultaneous scenes. (In practice, they have been reduced to three enacted on the stage while nine are represented in film projections.) The finale of his "Requiem for a Young Poet" (1969), dedicated to the memory of three poets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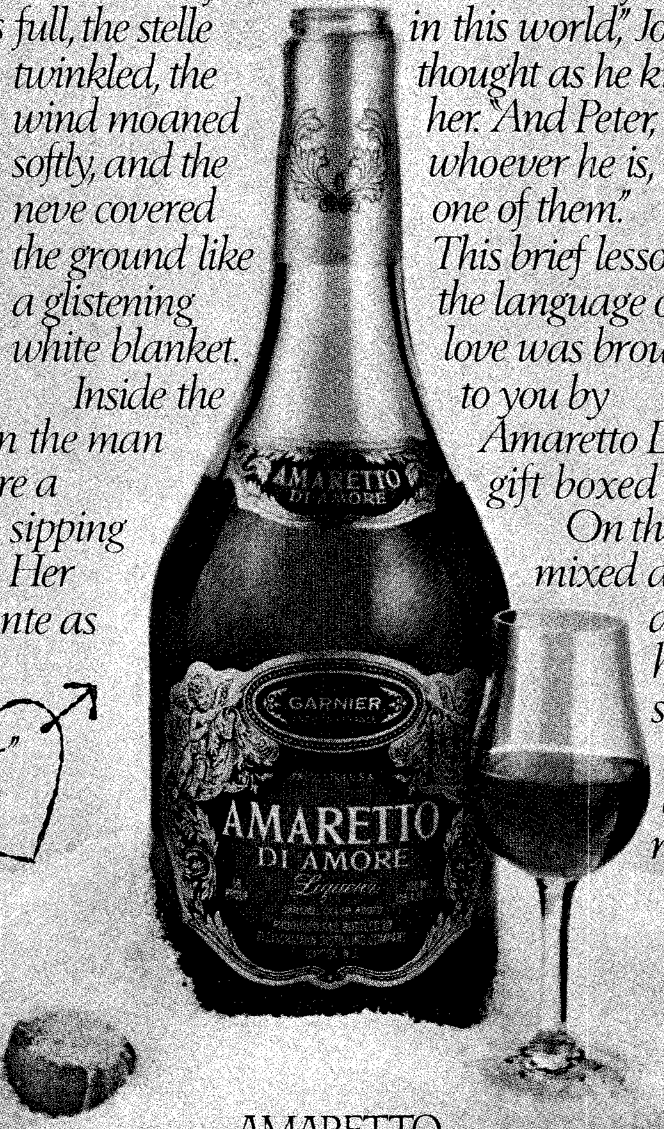
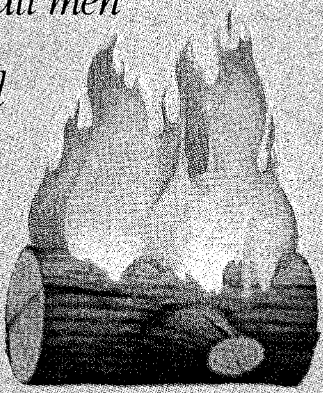


"There are some fortunati men in this world," John thought as he kissed her. "And Peter, whoever he is, is one of them."



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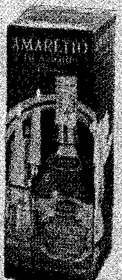

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who killed themselves, piles up Beethoven's Ninth and the Beatles, the voices of Ribbentrop, Stalin, Goebbels, and Churchill, and tape recordings of political demonstrations. Suddenly, the terrifying din is cut short. A text by Konrad Bayer, one of the poets, breaks into the silence, and there is a last, despairing, massed cry of "Dona nobis pacem." Zimmermann's last work, completed five days before his death, was "So I returned, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun," for two speakers—representing Christ and a formidable, aged Grand Inquisitor—a singer in lament, and orchestra. It ends with a quotation from Bach's "Es ist genug," cut short.

Collage was employed in some of the works done at three concerts that the Reich Music Foundation presented last month at the Guggenheim Museum. A collage—more precisely, a confrontation—of liturgy and Wilfred Owen war poems supplied the text of Britten's "War Requiem," which was performed by the National Symphony in Carnegie Hall last month. Collage is a technique effective for throwing received ideas into question. Sometimes it seems to be the recourse of a composer with nothing of his own to say—not in Zimmermann's case, however, for he could be an eloquent and generous inventor in his own right. Zimmermann's Requiem comes to a climax of agony; Britten's, after agony and contrasts not less violent but less violently sounded, finds peace at last, and concord.

ROCHBERG'S First String Quartet (1952) stands on the verge of commitment to a twelve-note method of composing. It is a well-made and engaging piece, rhythmically alive, lyrical, expansive, yet orderly. The Second Quartet (1961), in which a soprano voice joins the four strings, is a serial composition and an expressive one. (The Concord's recording, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, on Turnabout, is out of print but is still around in some stores; there is also a CRI recording made by the Philadelphia String Quartet and Janice Harsanyi.) In a note for the Concord's recording of the Third Quartet (on Nonesuch), Rochberg wrote:

> By the beginning of the '60s, I had become completely dissatisfied with [serialism's] inherently narrow terms. I found the palette of constant chromaticism increasingly constricting, nor could I accept any longer the limited range of gestures that always seemed to channel the music into some form or other of expressionism.

Serialism, he continued, was "a style

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which made it virtually impossible to express serenity, tranquillity, grace, wit, energy." And so:

> I have been engaged in an effort to rediscover the larger and more sweeping gestures of the past, to reconcile my love for that past and its traditions with my relation to the present and its often destructive pressures. This has been an almost impossible task; it has taken many forms; all of them have led me back to the world of tonal music.

First, there were the collage pieces such as the "Music for the Magic Theater." Then, in the Third Quartet (1972), came a collage of manners if not of actual matter. The central movement is a serene A-major adagio that César Franck would have deemed harmonically unadventurous. The finale includes a Mahlerian D-major serenade and a B-flat scherzo but ends in energetic dissonance. The way to "The Concord Quartets" lay open. It led through the Violin Concerto that Rochberg composed for Isaac Stern (1974)—a piece that seemed to me to show too ready a yielding to the lure of the Romantic past and to be little more than amiable platitudes strung out in sequences. (I've heard it only once, and perhaps I'm being unfair.) There is more matter in the new quartets. No. 4 begins with a fantasia and continues with a slow, sweetly euphonious fugue with Victorian harmonies; a serenade that is a fragmented waltz movement reminiscent of Berg; and a final fantasia of declamatory recitatives and emphatic gestures. No. 5 begins with an allegro marziale in A major—active, contrapuntal, ingenious, and Haydnish. The slow movement is an E-flat-minor elegy, an eloquent stretch of romantic musing. One of music's oldest devices, a major-minor alternation, is very beautifully spaced and scored at its close. Memories of Beethoven seem to have been coming to the fore, and the subsequent scherzo is written in Beethoven rhythms; its trio section is imitation Mahler. Then comes a serenade in which a brief reiterated motif much like that dominating the opening exchanges of Janáček's "Kát'a Kabanová" (where it carries the words "Oh what nonsense!") is prominent. There is a big, vigorous C-minor finale in late-Viennese vein. No. 6 opens with a rhetorical fantasia. Then there is a scherzo that carries hints of Tchaikovsky. In the central movement, the set of variations after Pachelbel, the harmonic idiom gradually swells to a Mahlerian richness. There is a serenade, again Bergian, and then the Romantic-into-classical finale already mentioned. The Fourth and Fifth Quartets last each about twenty-six minutes, and the Sixth lasts thirty-three.

On the positive side, there is everywhere evident what Rochberg once described as "an urge to compose the most beautiful melodies I could imagine and an obsession with creating a sense of rightness of harmony and harmonic progression." That was in a sleeve note for the CRI record of the nearly atonal First Quartet, the twelve-note Duo Concertante of 1955, which is a graphic and inventive work of strong character, and the blamelessly A-major "Ricordanza;" the same urge and the same obsession mark "The Concord Quartets." Next, there is unfailingly "grateful" writing for the instruments—and perhaps this is the place to praise the Concord String Quartet's performances. Its players provide the kind of quartet playing I admire and enjoy most—lean, lithe, alert, and colorful, unconcerned with displaying a fat, full sound for its own sake. (If I were a composer, I would want the Concord Quartet or the Composers Quartet to play my works.) Rochberg's quartet writing is marked by an evenness of assignment among the players. Second fiddle is every bit as important as first. The special characters of viola and cello are seldom stressed. The composer writes "on" the four instruments as if they all lay under his fingers, distinguished only by pitch. It is not a failing but a manner, and it is very much suited to the Concord—four exceptionally well matched, even players. I particularly admired their handling of the dramatic and emotional kaleidoscope of the scherzo in the Sixth Quartet—and throughout the evening enjoyed their quick, sensitive response to what Rochberg was doing.

Now some doubts that crept in must be expressed. In the fugue of the Fourth Quartet, I suddenly seemed to hear an echo of the sweet, slack, ingenious imitations that in my organist days I was taught to improvise while the congregation dispersed. (Of course, my efforts weren't as elegant or as neat as Rochberg's are, but they did have the same quality of *Fortspinnung*—self-indulgent spinning out of counterpoint.) There were episodes that recalled those student exercises: "Continue in the style of . . ." There were passages that sounded more like pastiche than like original composition. In theory, there is no reason a modern composer shouldn't write a Monteverdian madrigal as good as any Monteverdi wrote (or an artist paint in Vermeer's manner a "Christ at Emmaus" as moving as if it had been painted by Vermeer himself). In practice, it doesn't happen. And when Rochberg essays a development section in the manner of Haydn or Beethoven it becomes apparent not only that he is not their peer but also that he has donned fancy dress.

I enjoy masquerades. And I respect a creator who genuinely feels that clothes of the past are more comfortable and more expressive garments than those of today. Over "The Concord Quartets" I would leave a question mark. Beside Elliott Carter's, or Britten's last, or Shostakovich's late string quartets they may seem insignificant. Almost irrelevant. Yet, in addition to raising questions about what music *is* "relevant," they are attractive, tunable, never dull, and often moving.

—ANDREW PORTER

• •

THE PATIENT

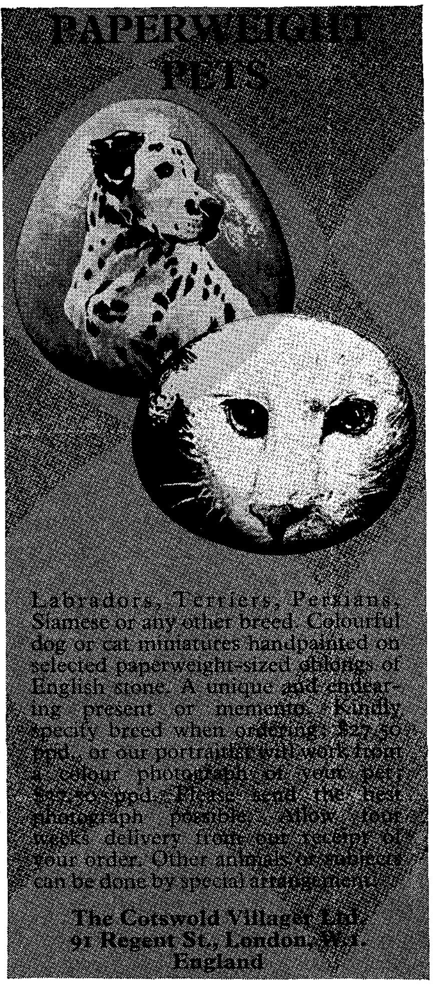
One day he said to himself, I will let nothing
disturb me. The past whispered to him on the beach,
You are mad, but waves tidied the shoreline one by one, white brooms.
As the moon climbed, he watched his doctors
leave and fumble through the deserted city.
Could they hope to establish its marble areas?

They had left nothing behind to annoy him
except, perhaps, their instruments shining feebly—ducts and meters
through which one body worked into the mulch of another.

Every sail in the harbor was folded. Soon each would expand its
whiteness, pages torn from books filled with wind.

Sailors dreamed weatherless tides. Everything was much
as if he'd done nothing at all, but still there was the sky,
the beach, the ocean, each in its remembered place!
Windowless buildings could be distinguished, bureaus where
nothing, not even a paper clip, survived.

—ALEX STEVENS



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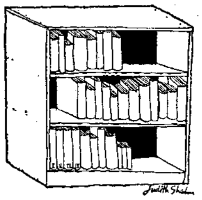
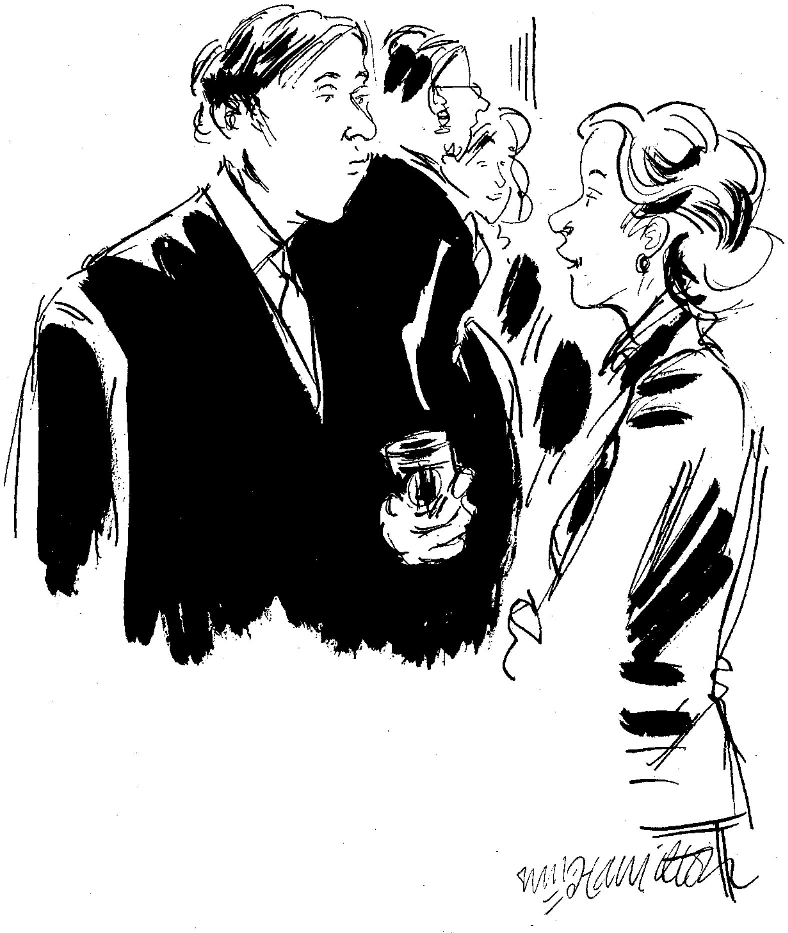


NO ages are less serene than ages of faith. Whenever men and women take belief seriously, orthodoxy and heresy emerge struggling, like Jacob and Esau, and spiritual disagreement becomes physical conflict. The longevity of heresies has always fascinated me: ideas that were stigmatized as heretical in the earliest days of the Christian Church have constantly reappeared in European history. The Romans could not eradicate Christianity by slaughtering Christians and destroying their books; neither could Christians, using the same methods over a longer stretch of time, eradicate heresy. I wonder whether twentieth-century methods of thought suppression will succeed in killing ideas or whether the amazing vitality demonstrated by our abstractions is a human constant. Like other English historians who have attempted to define a *native radical tradition*, Christopher Hill is not averse to mentioning the ancient pedigree of a heretical concept, but in "Milton and the English Revolution" (Viking; $20) he is primarily concerned with heresy as a source of political radicalism in England during the tumultuous sixteen-forties. Mr. Hill thinks that Milton—who supported the Revolution and, despite his disillusion with the Commonwealth, served the foreign office under Cromwell—shaped and tested his own ideas in relation to radical ideas that were publicly aired after 1642 (when Charles I fled London), and assimilated some of them; for example, the idea of decentralizing government as a defense against one-man rule.

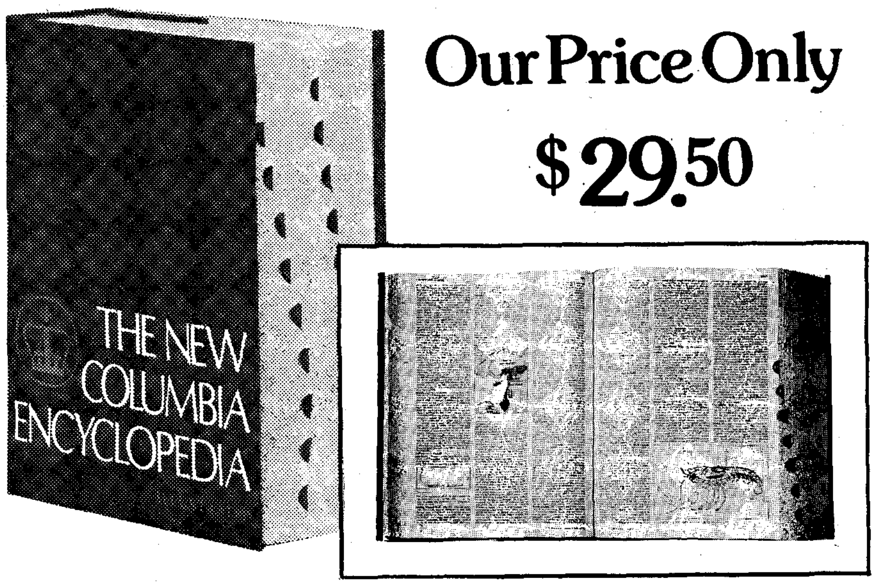


"Stuffy is a defense mechanism."

Mr. Hill emphasizes that although Milton had a formidable classical education, he learned from people as well as from books. He traces Milton's friendships with members of the avant-garde of his day, and shows Milton discovering the "latest" ideas about science—reading Bacon, and visiting Galileo and his friends while travelling in Italy. The past as modern times is as hard to imagine as the youth of one's parents, but Hill's account of Milton makes real what we know to be true of ourselves: how people impress each other—the effects of persuasion and affection, the *hum of chat and the buzz of argument.* Then, too, he stresses how keenly Milton as a young poet resented the debilitating effect upon literary culture of Charles I's reign. (Charles acceded in 1625, when Milton was sixteen.) The King seems to have actively disliked language—he fired Ben Jonson as a writer of masques for putting in too many words (foreshadowing Joseph II's complaint that Mozart used "an enormous number of notes" in "The Abduction from the Seraglio")—and to have employed fine art and architecture as a shield against reality. Literature is less amenable than other arts to such manipulative uses. We know that Van Dyck flattered the King and the court, yet his paintings have an admirable, fluent grace; if you put the same thing into words, it would remain only flattery. As Charles strove to enforce his authoritarian policies in religion and politics, official literary taste grew more insipid and censorship grew increasingly stringent. Milton—like T. S. Eliot or Alexander Solzhenitsyn—felt that his present had fallen away from an unrealistically idealized past, and, at least in part, was driven to dreams of reforming society in order to insure himself an audience. Milton's seventeenth-century radicalism seems more palatable to Americans than Eliot's and Solzhenitsyn's twentieth-century conservatism, because his revolution is the parent of our own and his radicalism is the common coin of our political discourse. Hill frequently refers to Milton's radical friend Roger Williams, but he does not mention that Williams figures in American hagiology as the apostle of religious tolerance; because of his willingness to tolerate Catholics and Jews, Williams was considered more radical than Milton, who would tolerate only Protestants. The ferocity of seventeenth-century religious passions seems particularly displeasing in the educated, since sixteenth-century humanists, such as the Catholic Erasmus and the Protestant Melanchthon, had found it possible to believe what they believed while also believing in peace. Besides, we now recognize that the Reformation and the Counter-Reformation were parallel efforts to tidy up the ramshackle institutions of the Middle Ages. The religious radicals, accounted heretics by Catholics, Calvinists, and Lutherans, were men and women who resisted being tidied up by any authority. Milton belongs with them, primarily, I think, because of his own expressive needs—the need to envision for himself and to compose his visions—but he did not join any sect or party.

Mr. Hill's drive to push Milton as far as possible toward radicalism sometimes produces strain. Especially when it comes to religion, Hill resembles a tone-deaf man who insists that the world's concertgoers cannot truly be enjoying music; they must be doing something else, even if they do not know or admit it. When, for example, he wishes to demonstrate Milton's unorthodox notions about immortality, he adduces the sonnet "Methought I saw my late espousèd saint," remarking that the poem, in which Milton recalls a dream of his dead wife, "looks forward to Milton's reunion with his wife in heaven, but this brings little consolation: the sonnet is about the pain of her absence in this world." Exactly. The poem is about mourning. Hill apparently thinks that a genuine belief in the Resurrection affords relief from ordinary human feelings—though we see every day how demanding love is, and how insistently it wants the beloved now. Men have been known to miss their children in summer camp, let alone their dead spouses. Hill's apologies when he cannot make Milton radical enough also miss the point. The contention that Milton retained the Bible as the ultimate source of truth in order to bolster his belief in hierarchy is insensitive to the power of the word over a poet. The heretics who threw away Scripture to rely upon their own "inner light" were not poets. Indeed, there is very little antinomian literature. Antinomian behavior—"going naked for a sign" in the seventeenth century or streaking in the twentieth—entails an element of showing off: the *soi-disant* sinless depend upon an audience of alleged sinners who will be shocked. Literature can employ virtuosity, but it can support exhibitionism no more than flattery.

Despite its flaws, Mr. Hill's portrait of Milton—the poet cast into the fiery furnace of revolution and not consumed—is majestic. Milton's endurance of personal unhappiness (blindness, impoverishment) and public disappointment (his feeling that the Revolution had failed, and the foreclosing, by the Stuart Restoration of 1660, of the possibility of retrieving that failure) is awesome. That his suffering enhanced rather than diminished his artistic powers is as impressive as it is inexplicable. One begins to suspect that muses are not pretty girls but men in armor. Hill has sensitive things to say about the poems. But so do other writers who



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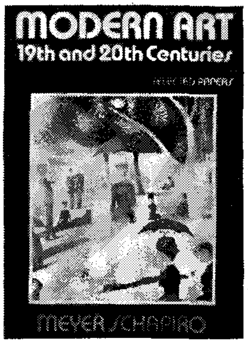

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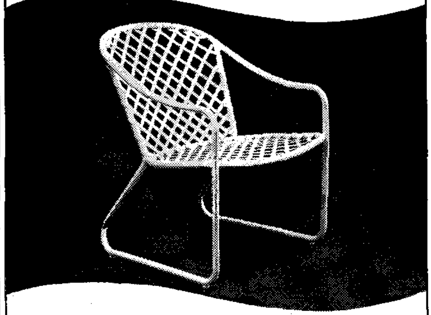

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want Milton on their side, and who disagree with Hill. The poems are not on anybody's side—or perhaps they are on everybody's side. Some things are uncanny leaps of imagination, such as Milton's description of Eden, which does not resemble any garden Milton could have known but prophesies the gardens and landscapes of eighteenth-century England. The poems seem to me to be Christian, yet if I were suddenly asked to discuss "Paradise Lost" with a class of youngsters about whom I knew nothing—not even if they had been to Sunday school—I might call it literature's greatest work of science fiction (for when angels and devils ceased to figure in literature, they were replaced by beings, often from another planet or galaxy, with powers greater than man's, who wish us either very well or very ill) and a heart-wrenching love story (the passage in which Adam decides to eat the apple, because Eve has and he loves her so much he would rather die with her than live without her, is more moving than the "Liebestod"). Milton's broad themes—the importance of man and the nature of good and evil—swamp historical allusion, and are about all times. But Hill may well be right in suggesting that some of the devils were drawn from Cromwell's major-generals as fallen angels of the Revolution, for the failures of revolutionaries pained Milton most, and in "Paradise Regained" Christ (or Milton through Christ) rejects revolutionary means. I myself have not found Satan's greatness in evil as difficult to accept as many other readers have found it. There is a passage in Hannah Arendt's "Eichmann in Jerusalem: A Report on the Banality of Evil" which I think explains the stature of Milton's Satan. Miss Arendt recalls that Himmler soothed the uneasiness of S.S. men at the prospect of mass killing by telling them that they were performing a "superhuman" task: "What stuck in the minds of these men who had become murderers was simply the notion of being involved in something historic, grandiose, unique ('a great task that occurs once in two thousand years')," she wrote. Though evil may become humdrum and petty, the Satanic enticement is a kind of glory; the opportunity to participate in a historic event is used to justify the unjustifiable—"necessity, the tyrant's plea," Milton called it. The English Revolution, like the Russian, fell not when it executed a king but when, intoxicated by its historic uniqueness, it destroyed a legislature: the assassination of legislatures is revolution's Original Sin. Yet this is only politics. You may not find it in Milton at all. For Milton, like every other great poet, wrote a Scripture that we, as heretics, read in our own ways. —NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

DODO; DODO THE SECOND; DODO WONDERS, by E. F. Benson (Crowell; $14.95). The Dodo trilogy (published as separate books in 1893, 1914, and 1921, and now reissued in a single volume) has long been enjoyed by the sort of fans who can tolerate a writer (Wodehouse, Waugh) who loves his characters and chooses not to sacrifice them to farce or satire. Dorothea (Dodo) Vane is a beautiful and eccentric Englishwoman who spends her days and nights in the company of her vivacious and wealthy friends, talking nonsense and having a splendid time. But trouble of increasing magnitude threatens to spoil the fun. Dodo bungles two marriages, the first to an English lord, the second to a Russian prince, before she discovers that she loves the old friend who has courted her for years. Then her daughter (by the prince) almost makes the same kind of mistake, and brings down misery upon a number of men while she straightens herself out. In the final book, the endangered peace is not marital and intimate but political and vast: the First World War crashes the party. Dodo's war efforts (as an administrator on her estate, which has been converted into a hospital) are ineffectual, but they reveal that her brilliant and buoyant spirit is also generous and brave. And tough: It is a joy to hear her, shortly after the Armistice, wonder aloud to her exhausted husband and friends whether their prewar life might not be revived. E. F. Benson's style is mannered and ornate, and he celebrates a long-gone world populated by a privileged few, but this was as apparent in 1921 as it is today, and the trilogy will always find, and deserve, new admirers.

GENERAL

BONAPARTE, by Correlli Barnett (Hill & Wang; $19.95). At first glance, this elaborately illustrated book appears to be another pictorial exaltation of the first emperor of the French. Examination proves it to be an energetic demolition job that leaves very little of the Napoleonic legend standing. The author, an English military historian with a lively, caustic style, sees Napoleon as a forerunner of the kind of political demagogue we have come to know well in the twentieth century—the man from nowhere who claws his way to power by manipulation of popular opinion and maintains his position by ruthless suppression of opposition and a mastery of the arts of publicity and self-glorification. Mr. Barnett's attack really warms up when he comes to assaying Napoleon as a military leader—fast and showy and aggressive, he says, but actually not very good. He owed many of his famous victories, like Marengo and Austerlitz, to the rescue actions of others or to sheer luck, and even the maneuvering around Ulm, which some historians have claimed to be a classic of military skill, gets low marks. As for the disaster at Waterloo, far from being the fluke that some French military writers have called it, it was consistent with the pattern of Napoleon's flawed generalship.

THE LITTLE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA: A MODERN DOCUMENTARY HISTORY, edited by Elliott Anderson and Mary Kinzie (Pushcart; $25). This delightful volume is an assemblage of first-person expositions—memories, interviews, explanations, opinions, and gossip—by men and women who have founded or worked for American little magazines. One or two current publications—*Poetry*, most notably—are venerable, but the majority have had relatively short lives and have resisted becoming institutions. Indeed, the most marked division between the contributors is that some have accepted the shelter of an institution—usually a university—and others have refused to consider such stability or control. The reader may be awestruck by the number of first-class talents that little magazines have discovered, but their editors are more often irreverent, whether they are describing their experiences with great poets or small printers. Many photographs.

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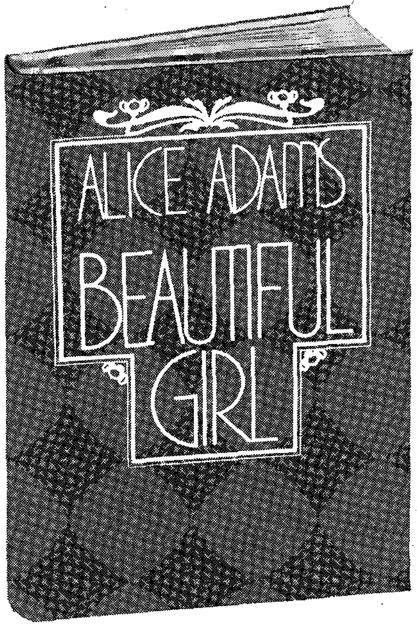
As with most performing artists there is usually one night or one performance that sticks out above the rest. Hers was at a convention of distillery executives in New York City.

"I'll never forget it," she said. "It was either at the Astor or the Waldorf."
—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Have another Martini and forget it.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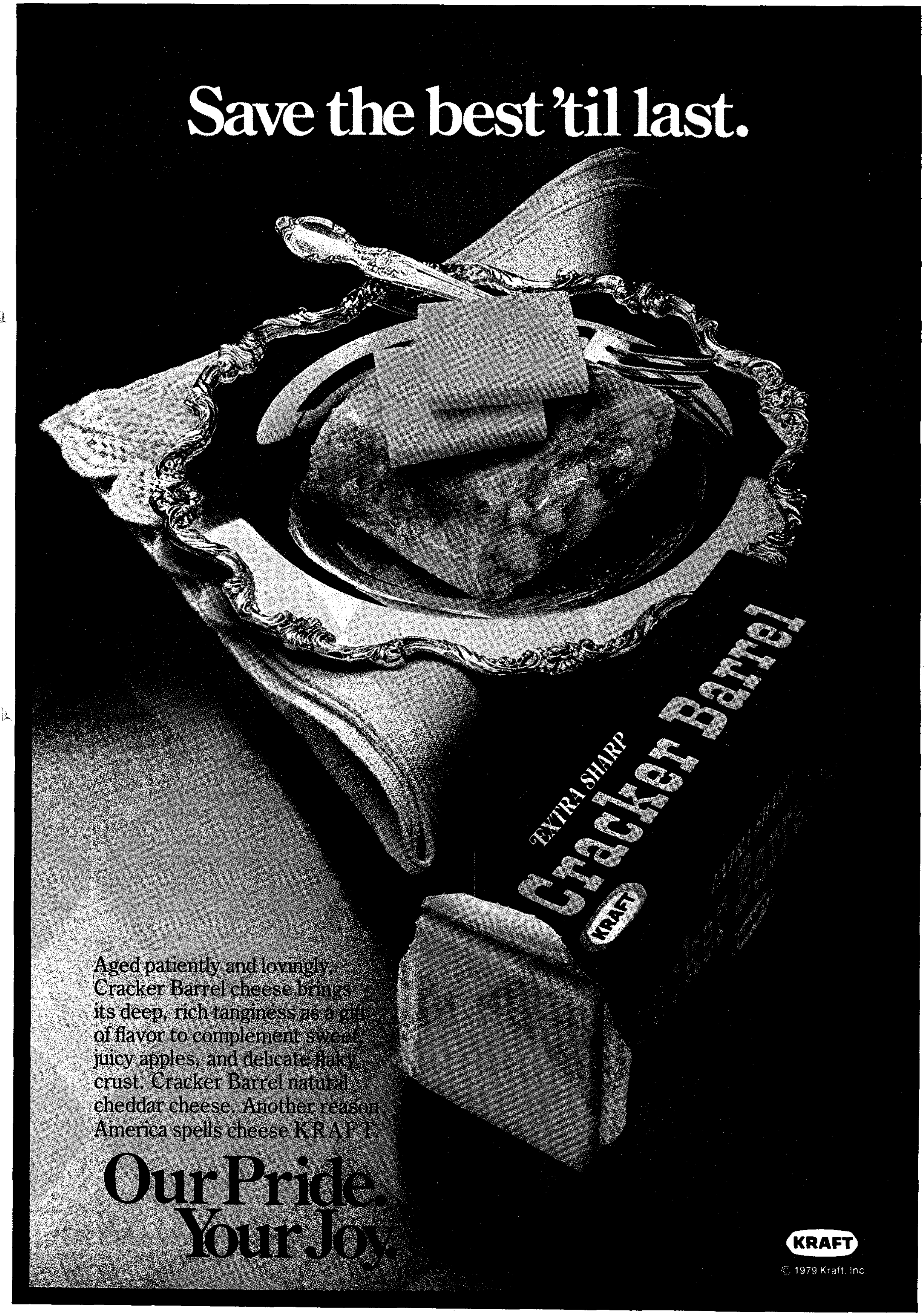

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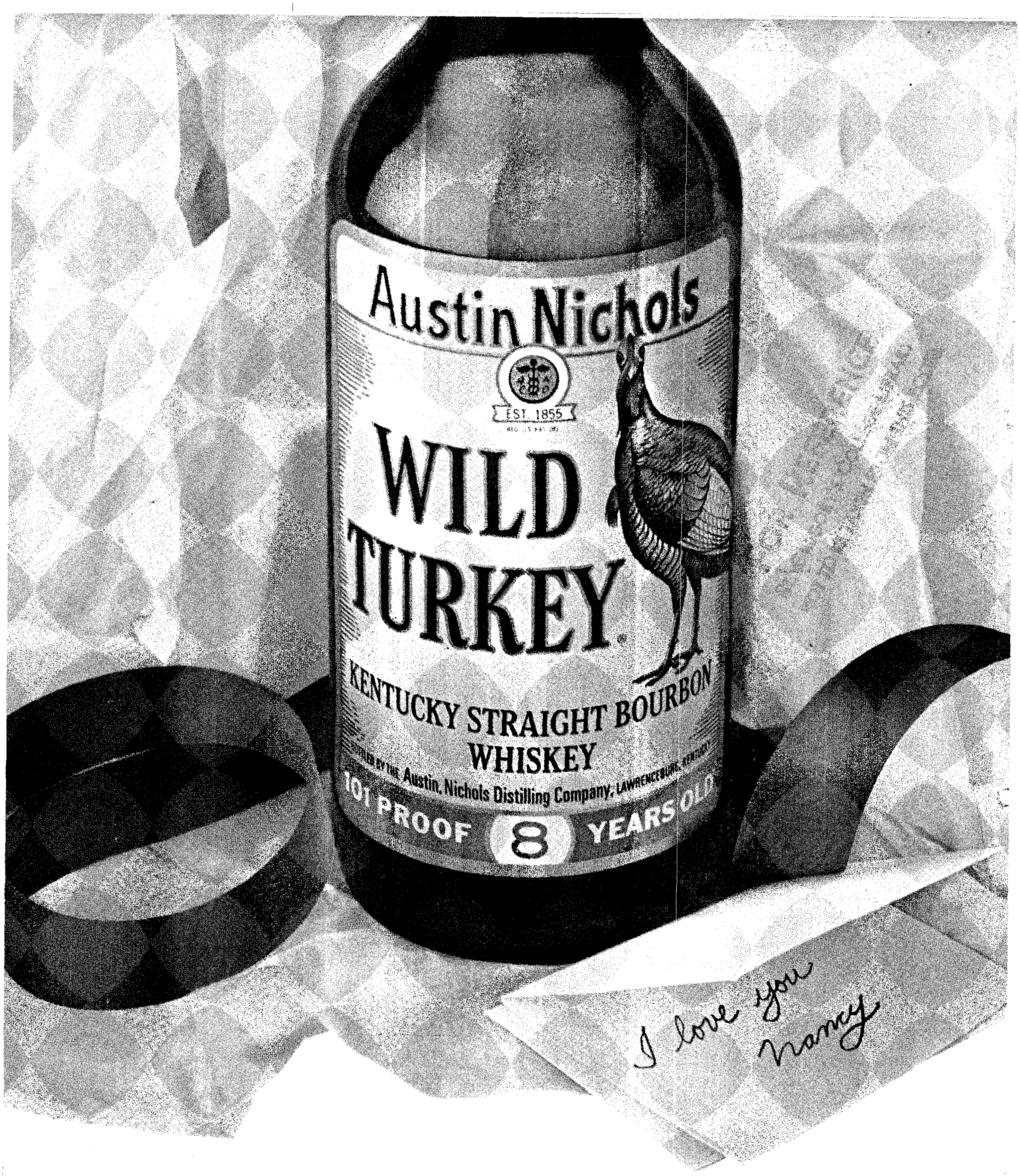
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